

SPORT

APRIL

To Al Dark And Ralph Houk:
**WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW
ABOUT MANAGING**

By Solly Hemus

SPECIAL ISSUE: THE NEW FRONTIER IN SPORT

**FABULOUS PREDICTIONS
FOR THE SIXTIES
By STARS OF THE FIFTIES**

**STAN MUSIAL
NORM VAN BROCKLIN
BOB COUSY
ROCKY MARCIANO
MAURICE RICHARD
RAFER JOHNSON
SAM SNEAD**

**FLOYD PATTERSON'S
INDEPENDENCE**

**ELGIN BAYLOR AND
THE BIG EXPLOSION
IN BASKETBALL**



FRANK HOWARD
The Man Behind The New
Babe Ruth Myth



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APRIL, 1961

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FULLMER



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MANTLE

NEXT MONTH IN SPORT

If you're interested in behind-the-scenes stories, packed with controversy and inside information, don't miss May **SPORT**. People are going to be talking about it for a long time to come. For the baseball fan, we start off with "The Big Leagues' Five Hottest Questions," written by expert Tom Meany and brimming with sizzling material straight from the dugouts about Rocky Colavito, Roy McMillan and Frank Bolling, Harmon Killebrew, Johnny Antonelli and Harvey Kuenn . . . The players themselves feed you inside dope in May **SPORT** in our "Exclusive Ballplayer Pennant Forecast" . . . Our **SPORT** SPECIAL takes a detailed look at Dick Groat, captain of the Pirates, and probes his personal relationships with all of the defending champs.

Three of the year's hottest byliners help give May its history-making punch. They are "I Broke Baseball's Rules" by Cincinnati pitcher Jim Brosnan . . . "Don't Call Me A Dirty Fighter" by Gene Fullmer . . . and "A Plan To Save American Track And Field" by former Olympic hero Bob Richards.

Also in May **SPORT**, a special picture story tracing the highlights and turning points of "Mickey Mantle's Major-League Decade" . . . And for golf fans, a full-blown text and photo feature on the Masters Tournament . . . Plus profiles of Jim Taylor, the man who powers the Green Bay Packers; Ken Aspromonte, whose story shows what it has been like for the fellows going to the new AL teams; Minnie Minoso, who seems to have found the secret of perpetual youth; and Ernie Broglio, the pitcher who rose to the top from nowhere. All of this and a lot more in May **SPORT**.



LETTERS TO SPORT

205 EAST 42 STREET, NEW YORK 17, N.Y.



A GRATEFUL PLAYER

SPORT and writer Bill Surface deserve a trophy for the story, "Basketball's Big Recruiting Scramble," in the February issue. It was a shocker and held great meaning for me. I am a freshman on our junior varsity basketball team, and I do not plan to act the way those players in the story did if I get colleges who want to give me an athletic scholarship.
Miami, Fla.

Kenny Donahue

NEVER ARGUE WITH A BIG DADDY . . .

I deeply resent **SPORT** calling Big Daddies Lipscomb and Simas the only football-playing Big Daddies (**Sport** Talk of February issue).

I, too, am deserving of this title. I am six-two, weigh 240 pounds, play tackle and love far-out jazz. A little recognition would be gratefully accepted.

Dorchester, Mass. Big Daddy Tazkohn

Consider yourself recognized.

. . . EXCEPT A JOKE-STEALING ONE



In the **SPORT** SPECIAL in the December issue, "Life Among The Champion Colts," writer Dick Schaap discusses Gene (Big Daddy) Lipscomb's clever sense of humor. Mr. Schaap recalls a certain Big Daddy joke: "When asked how he made a tackle, Big Daddy said, 'I pick 'em up one by one and I throw 'em away till I come to the one with the ball. Then I keep him.'"

I have just read a sports book by an author of unquestioned validity. I came across the same remark that is attributed to Lipscomb, this time made in 1948 by one John Cunningham.

It's a sad thing, but all evidence points to Big Daddy being a grade A bona fide joke-stealer. Big Daddy, if you are reading this, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!

Wayland, Mass.

John Rizzo

'KID' FAN DISAPPOINTED

Much to my disappointment, Ed Linn in his article, "The Kid's Last Game," followed the general pattern of all stories on the Splendid Splinter. He emphasized all through the story Ted Williams' hatred of the press. It was obvious that Mr. Linn was gaining revenge for Ted's discourtesy to him and all the editors at **SPORT**.

When I saw in the January issue that Ted would be the **SPORT** SPECIAL

subject for the next issue, I was filled with joy and pride for Ted always has been my favorite athlete. Mr. Linn, who wrote the only good article I've ever read on Ted ("The Ted Williams Miracle" in the January, 1958, issue), sure goofed things up in this one. I don't blame Ted for his attitude toward writers. After reading "The Kid's Last Game," one would get the impression that Ted is an unsympathetic egoist.
Rochester, N.Y.

David Slade

ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW

I was fortunate enough to speak with Ted Williams before and after his last game last September 26. Reading Ed Linn's story was reliving the game from start to finish.

Ted's home run, in his final at-bat, will always remain one of the game's most dramatic moments. It was my greatest baseball thrill.

Now the entire sports world can follow Ted, from the moment he came into the dressing room on September 26 until he left Fenway Park for the final time as an active ballplayer, through your story. Thanks.

Milton, Mass.

Brian Interland

GO-GO WILL MEAN GONE-GONE

The go-go White Sox are a bunch of overrated bums. They have no hitting and their fielding and pitching are far below par. The only things on their side are speed and a decent manager. I predict the go-go White Sox will be gone-gone into the second division this season.

Cliffside Park, N.J.

Tom Tripodi

BROTHER KNOWS BEST



The story that Larry Klein did on Gene Shue in the February issue of **SPORT** was good but had one slight mistake. It said that Carl Braun of the New York Knickerbockers held the record for NBA backcourt men for scoring in a single game. Sorry but Richie Guerin holds this mark with 57 points, ten more than Carl Braun's top effort.

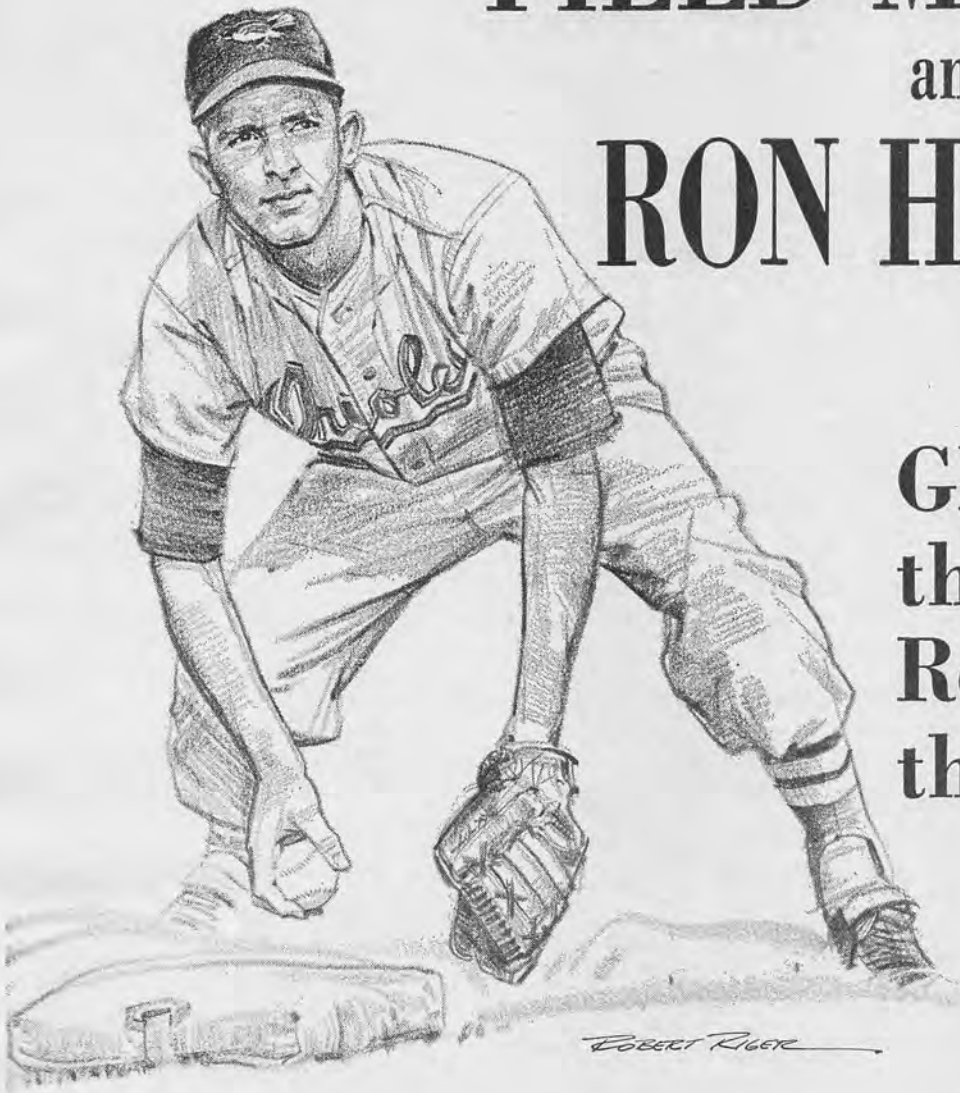
Taunton, Mass.

Gerald Klein

Gerald, 14, is a younger brother of **SPORT** Magazine's associate editor, Larry Klein. One of Gerald's biggest projects is keeping big brother alert.

FIELD MASTER and RON HANSEN

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the year...
Rookie of
the year



Ron Hansen of the Baltimore Orioles put his MacGregor Field Master to a rugged test in 1960. And it paid off, helping the rangy shortstop to American League "Rookie of the Year" honors.

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LETTERS TO SPORT

continued

PERTURBED OVER PHILLIES' RAID

What's reader Gabe Greeley trying to pull—a player raid? I saw his all-rookie team. He stated that his team had hit more home runs than the entire Philadelphia Phillies team. If he took another look at his team, he would see that two of the members, Pancho Herrera and Clay Dalrymple, are both on the Phillies.

If you deduct the 21 home runs that these two hit, reader Greeley's team would have only 89 round-trippers, far fewer than the Phillies' 99 home runs. I can take those 21 homers away because players can't play for two teams. Bronx, N.Y.

Robert Margolies

MAN OF THE YEAR

You guys must be nuts. How could you pick Danny Murtaugh as "Man of the Year"? The award should have gone either to Miss Wilma Rudolph (You can change your title to read "Woman . . .," you know) or Arnold Palmer. How can you compare sitting on a bench—guessing who might get a hit—to winning three gold medals in the Olympics or winning eight major golf tournaments, including the National Open and Masters? I will say Palmer must steal his come-from-behind tactics from Murtaugh's Pirates. Pittsburgh, Pa.

Marc Green

Danny Murtaugh truly deserved the "Man Of The Year" award from SPORT. He brought his Pirates to the top, turning trick after trick during the most cliff-hanging ballgames. He always came up with the right answer at the right time. Hats off to the plucky Irishman!

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Jack Robbins

Boy, did you guys make a mistake! How can you call Danny Murtaugh the "Man Of The Year"? Sure he was the manager of the world champions, but that doesn't make him man of the year. The way the Pirates had the breaks going for them, any manager could have led them to the pennant. What's the matter with you guys, anyhow? Merrick, N.Y.

Guy Blynn

SMALL KNOCK AT HOCKEY

I love hockey and I think that Gordie Howe is the greatest. However, I feel Howe left out an important criticism of the game in his article, "Don't Knock Hockey To Me," in the December issue.

The ridiculous manner of determining the scoring champion should be changed. Why should an assist count as much as a goal? Perhaps one assist should be recorded, but too often the second assist is a gift of a local scorer.

If the assist method were used in football, the center would get one on all touchdown passes. I don't care much for basketball, but at least separate credit is given for field goals and assists.

Ironia, N.J.

Walter Motz

A DEFENSE

It's nice to see a competitor like Gordie Howe firing back at the people who try to distort hockey so the game fits their own ideas. In my book the

game of hockey, with all its action and suspense, is great.

Hempstead, N.Y.

Jeffrey Bettan

THE UNSUNG HOCKEY HEROES

I like to read about Gordie Howe and all the other hockey greats, but the unsung hockey heroes should also be written about. Such a hero is Bernard Burke, Jr., coach of the Boston College freshman hockey team.

He first came into my life when I was a junior at high school and very much interested in becoming a hockey goalie. Mr. Burke had once been a very fine goalie. Although he knew I intended to go to Boston University, he spent many patient hours teaching me the art of goaltending. Often he ate quick suppers to work with me on the Boston College rink.

Some day I would like to be a hockey coach. I hope I can give to the many young boys I will come in contact with the same unselfish devotion and inspiration that this fine coach gave me.

Waltham, Mass.

Bill Morris, Jr.

A PUT AND A PAT



If shotputter Bill Nieder really wanted to fight, he should have tried Sonny Liston. Then, if he still could have walked, he should have tried Floyd Patterson. One of these days, Nieder will break his arm patting himself on the back.

Germany

PFC Jim Norris

A ROCKY VIEWPOINT

Reader Pete Miller should take a second look. How can he say that Roger Maris is better than the great Rocky Colavito? Rocky tried hard to help his club into the first division. But you know one man alone can't do the job.

If Roger Maris wasn't on the Yankees, he wouldn't be so great. He has to be on the best team in the American League before he can do anything.

Fort Worth, Tex.

Mike Meacham

THE EDITOR PASSES

I fully agree that Johnny Unitas is without doubt the most overrated player in NFL history. Any comparison between him and the great Otto Graham is ridiculous. Without the outstanding blockers on the Baltimore Colts' line, Mr. Cinderella would be chased back to the sandlots where he belongs. The editor of SPORT could beat out Unitas as the Colt quarterback.

Dorchester, Mass.

Marc Lasky

The editor replies: "Lord help the Colts if this should ever come to pass. And Lord help my soft bones, too. I pass."

ANOTHER CHAPTER

How about a story on Dick Groat, the inspirational leader of the Pirates? You've written enough on Mays and Mantle to start a library.

Stockton, Calif.

Curtis Spurlin

Dick Groat will be the subject of the SPORT SPECIAL in the May issue. It will be the third chapter in our Groat library, for stories on Dick have appeared in two previous issues.

WILLIE-NILLIE? IT'S STILL WILLIE!

I think I have a very good system for rating the players. My method is this: I take points above a .300 batting average and add that to RBIs above 90. Then I add this total to runs scored above 90. I take these three and add them to home runs above 20. Then I add stolen bases above 10 and conclude with adding all hits above 160.

For last season here are the ten top players and their point totals:

Willie Mays	103
Hank Aaron	86
Ed Mathews	71
Mickey Mantle	57
Minnie Minoso	57
Ernie Banks	54
Dick Groat	51
Roger Maris	49
Luis Aparicio	47
Maury Wills	40

Baltimore, Md.

Jim Stasiowski

A CHEEKY CHEW

Thanks for your article on "The Day The Yankees Won The Pennant." I'm getting sick and tired of hearing about the Pirates and Danny Murtaugh.

It will probably take the Pirates 33 more years to win a pennant. As for Murtaugh being a great leader, I don't think he could find his way out of a phone booth. All he can do is sit in the dugout, chew tobacco and spit it out.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

M. R. Jennings

SURROUNDED BY NUTS

I would like to inform your many readers of a very alarming situation. It is that the people of Boston are crazy. How my neighbors can fill up the Boston Garden to see a last-place team like the Boston Bruins or pack Fenway Park to view the Red Sox and then almost completely ignore the champion Celtics is beyond me. Is there any comment?

Boston, Mass.

Joe Ristagno

No. That's a matter for you and your neighbors.

A MATTER OF FOOTWEAR

The February, 1960, issue of SPORT stated that Jerry Lucas was six-nine. By January, 1961, SPORT had reduced him to six-eight and in the next issue he shrank another half-inch. If you ever find out his correct height, I would very much like to know.

Clinton, Wis.

Ken Taylor

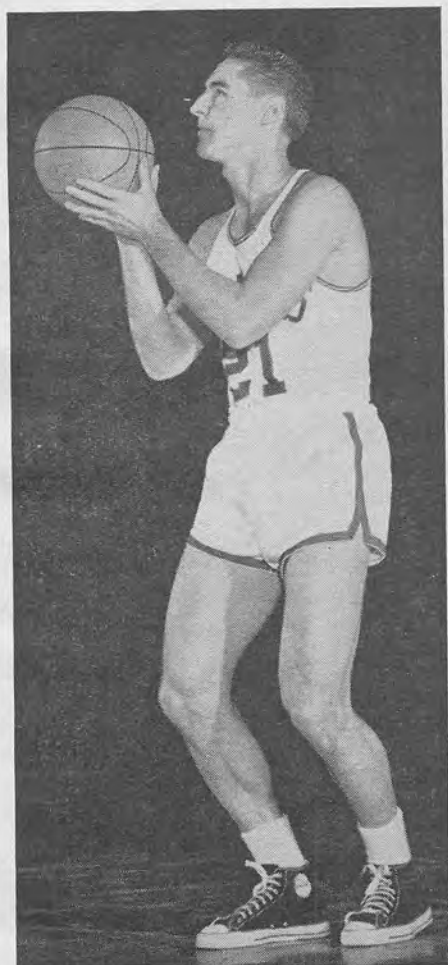
It's like this Ken. Jerry is six-seven-and-a-half in socks, six-eight in sneakers and six-nine in street shoes.

Tips from another Spalding star... Bill Sharman!

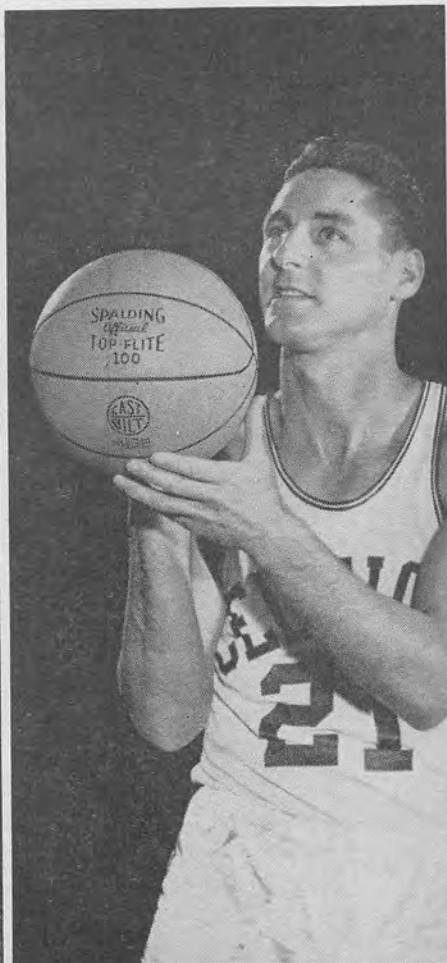


A looping set shot swishes through the net, a delicate lay-up adds another two points and Boston fans know that Bill Sharman's in action. In his ten seasons with the Celtics, Sharman has chalked up an impressive scoring total and helped pace his team to 3 NBA Championships.

Over the years, Bill has picked up a few tricks that he calls on to help him out of a tight spot. Here's how the pros' top foul shooter cashes in on a free opportunity:



"Here's how I take position with my right foot pointed at the basket, just touching the foul line, and with my left foot slightly back and at approximately a 45° angle. The trick here is to keep your knees slightly bent, and to relax by taking a deep breath and exhaling before sighting on the basket."



"I hold the ball so that it's controlled only by my fingertips. After a couple of 'waggles' to loosen up my wrists and get the feel and weight of the ball, I take aim at the basket—not the backboard. Make sure the elbow of your shooting arm is in close to your body in a relaxed position for good control."



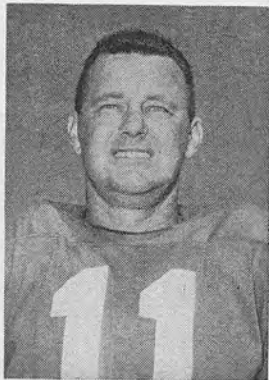
"As you start the shot, the real secret is a steady, smooth flow of power. Be sure not to jerk or give a sudden push as the ball leaves your fingers—smoothness is the important part. If you use your body for power and your wrists and fingertips for control, it will help you master the trick of shooting free throws."

Over the years, Bill Sharman has learned the value of using only the finest equipment. That's why, like so many sports stars today, he's a user of Spalding equipment. As a member of Spalding's advisory staff, he puts his experience to good use in helping design Spalding basketball equipment—the very best sold at your sporting goods store.

SPALDING
sets the pace in sports

Van Brocklin's Magnificent Farewell

Norm's last NFL game was one to remember. He won a title and a Corvette



NOT TOO long ago, word circulated through the football world to the whispered effect that Norm Van Brocklin was finished. It happened in 1958 when Norm was traded from the Los Angeles Rams to the Philadelphia Eagles. But in three seasons, Norm moved the Eagles from the bottom of the National Football League to the top.

On December 26, 1960, he steered the Eagles to a 17-13 victory over the Green Bay Packers, a victory that carried with it the National Football League championship. In the title game, Norm baffled the Packers with his passes, booming punts and play-calling. He sent his running backs poking through holes and he hit his receivers with carefully calculated passes. One of the passes—a 35-yard throw to Tommy McDonald—was good for a touchdown. Another—a 41-yard throw to Pete Retzlaff—set up the Eagles' field goal. A third—a key screen pass to Billy Barnes—was blended beautifully in a series of Van Brocklin-engineered running plays that brought Philadelphia the winning touchdown.

When it was over, Van Brocklin had earned *SPORT*'s third annual award as the top performer in the NFL's title game. Like Baltimore quarterback Johnny Unitas, who won the award in 1958 and 1959, Norm was the owner of a fire-engine red Chevrolet Corvette.



Norm, right, receives the keys to his Corvette from *SPORT* editor Al Silverman.

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SPORT TALK

COLAVITO HITS ONE

When we talked with Rocky Colavito, the Detroit Tigers' slugging outfielder, late last summer, he made a vow. "I'm going to shoot a deer this winter or walk my feet off trying," he said. Happily we can report that he still has his feet and he did get his deer.

"It was only a 90-pound doe," Rocky told us a while ago, "but believe me, I was really excited. I've been hunting for ten years and this was my first deer. The meat is still in the freezer, and I can hardly wait till my wife

serves it for dinner. It should taste pretty good after waiting so long."

Although Colavito grew up in the Bronx, one of New York City's five crowded boroughs, he developed an early love for hunting in the off-season. Living in Temple, Pa., his wife's hometown, for the last five years, he enjoyed rabbit- and pheasant-hunting success. Deer, however, had been much more elusive.

"Deer week looked like another shutout for me this year," Rocky said. "I hunted bucks for four days and didn't even get off a shot." He grinned. "Then, on the last day, I went out for

does with my friend Woody Johnson, a radiator mechanic from Jonestown, Pa. Woody knew how badly I wanted to bag a deer, and since he already had shot his limit of one, he volunteered to guide me.

"I met him at 5:45 that Saturday morning. It was so cold—about 15 or 20 degrees—that we decided to have a good breakfast in a nearby diner. Then we drove to the Army garrison at Indiantown Gap, Pa. We parked the car and began walking through the woods. At seven a.m., we reached the edge of an open field only to find about 15 other hunters already there. Rather than risk getting caught in a crossfire, we walked another 300 yards into the woods until we came to a good spot near some pines and scrub oak. 'I like this place,' I said to Woody. 'I'd just as soon stay here all day if I have to.'

"Just then we heard a volley of about 25 shots coming from the place we had left a few minutes earlier. Obviously a deer had run across the open field. Ten minutes later, we heard another volley that sounded like a small war. When the noise quieted, Woody said, 'I feel kind of blue bringing you here. I guess we should have stayed with the others.' He no sooner said that than I saw something move in the brush about 75 yards away. 'Don't move, Woody,' I whispered. We didn't make a sound, and finally three does appeared near the edge of a scrub oak patch. Two of them stood still while the third stepped into a small clearing. I raised my rifle—a .257 Weatherby Magnum—and waited for a clear shot. 'Shoot!' Woody whispered. I did. I hit the doe in the hind quarter and she buckled. I shot again, hit her in the head and she dropped."

Rocky, who has hit 314 home runs in his baseball career and one deer in his hunting career, leaned back in his chair. "Shooting that first deer," he said, beaming, "was like hitting a homer with the bases loaded."



Using a rifle instead of a bat, Rocky Colavito got a big hit this winter by shooting his first deer. Woody Johnson, left, a Pennsylvania friend, guided him.



Music man Gaspar Ortega, dressed in a Mexican hat and serape, serenaded rather unappreciative Carmen Basilio with soft guitar strains before their welterweight fight in January. A few days later, in the Madison Square Gar-



den ring, Ortega changed his tune and used his flailing fists. Basilio, who has been a pro for 13 of his 33 years, did not appreciate that either and let Ortega know. Carmen's punching power helped him win the decision.

PAUL HORNUNG'S BIG DAY

By the time our man shouldered his way into the crowded Green Bay Packer locker room, Paul Hornung was nearly engulfed by well-wishers and writers. Paul was dressing quietly, pausing often to shake another hand or answer another question. "Was this your greatest thrill?" a writer asked.

Hornung shrugged. "I guess it has to be," he said softly, unemotionally. During that afternoon last December, he had scored 23 points, raising his season total to 152 and breaking an 18-year-old National Football League record. The visiting Packers had beaten the Chicago Bears, 41-13, at Wrigley Field for the first time in eight years and moved into a first-place tie for the Western Division championship, but the day belonged mostly to Hornung.

"Did you ever see Hutson play?" another writer asked. "You broke his record, you know."

"No, I never saw him," Hornung said. Paul, a Notre Dame graduate and 1956 college football player of the year, did not bother to explain that he was only six years old when Don Hutson, the Packers' brilliant end, set the previous NFL record with 138 points in 1942.

"Paul, were you celebrating when you tossed the ball into the stands after your second touchdown?" a man asked.

Hornung smiled thinly, then shook his head. "No," he said. "I had no idea the ball would end up in the stands. I threw it just to be throwing it." Looking puzzled, the questioner edged away from the group. Another man, pushing a reluctant, embarrassed teen-ager forward, quickly filled the place. Awkwardly he introduced the boy, who was wearing a green jersey with No. 5—Hornung's number—on it, to the Packers' triple-threat star. "Nice knowing you, sir," Paul said, politely shaking hands with the gaping boy.

As Hornung slipped a black sleeve-

less sweater over his curly blond hair, he turned to a teammate. "Boy," he said, "my knee is killing me."

Bad knee and all, Hornung had quite a day. Needing ten points to break Hutson's record, he scored two touchdowns (a ten-yard run around right end and a 17-yard pass play), kicked two field goals (21 and 41 yards) and five extra points. The record-breaker came early in the third quarter when Hornung caught a screen pass on the Bears' 17, shoulder-faked past two defenders and ran into the end zone. The Wrigley Field band quickly saluted him by playing the Notre Dame victory song.

"Be careful, Paul," a dressing-room visitor warned. "George Halas (the Bears' owner-coach) may come over to collect ten bucks for that ball you tossed away."

Paul's handsome face wrinkled as he smiled. "I'd be glad to pay it. I guess today was worth it." He glanced over his shoulder at fullback Jim Taylor, then at the half-full soda bottle that Taylor had placed on a ledge. "Don't mind if I do," Paul said, reaching, uninvited, for the bottle. He took a long swallow and handed the near-empty bottle back to Taylor.

"Were you disappointed, Paul, when they didn't stop the game and present the record-breaking ball to you?" a writer asked.

Hornung stared at the writer. "You kidding?" Hornung said unbelievably. "I never heard of anything like that!"

"Well, they do it in baseball," the writer said. "But if it doesn't bother you, I guess it's all right."

Hornung nodded. "Yes, everything is fine today," he said. Then the new NFL record-holder excused himself, picked up his coat and walked out the locker-room door.

AN ALL-AMERICA AT WORK AND PLAY

Of the five college seniors on last season's consensus All-America basketball team, four—Oscar Robertson,

Jerry West, Darrall Imhoff and Len Wilkens—went on to pro ball and made good. The fifth, Lee Shaffer, remained in amateur ball and made good.

A University of North Carolina graduate who led the Atlantic Coast Conference in scoring and rebounding in 1959-60, Shaffer rejected an attractive pro offer to work and play in the National Industrial Basketball League. He joined the Technical Tape Corporation of New Rochelle, N.Y., and began playing for its team, the New York Tuck Tapers.

Many people said that Lee made a mistake, that he should have signed the \$10,000, no-cut contract the Syracuse Nationals offered him. Wondering how Lee felt about it, we walked into the 69th Regiment Armory on New York's East Side one January night. It was an hour before the Tuck Tapers' game with the visiting Seattle (Wash.) Buchanan Bakers. In a corner of the dressing room, we spotted a blond, crewcut young man. "Hi, Lee," we said. "Got time to answer a few questions before you begin to warm up?"

"Sit down and fire away," Shaffer said, pulling on a red woolen sock. He slid over on the bench to make room. At first glance, he looked older than his 21 years and smaller than his six-foot-seven, 220 pounds.

"You've been playing in the NIBL for half a season now," we said. "How do you like it?"

Shaffer thought for a moment. "Well, let's face it," he said, reaching down for a sneaker. "Everybody knows that this is not National Basketball Association or even college ball as far as the league goes. As for the players, though, we have some real good ones who could make the pros right now. Our attendance and refereeing are much worse than the NBA's, and we play only a 35-game regular schedule compared to their 79. But we have one major advantage that goes far beyond basketball; we gain terrific business experience 12 months a year." Like his teammates,



SPORT TALK

Lee works a full nine-to-five day at Technical Tape whenever he is not playing. He is an executive in the marketing research division.

As Lee tucked in his white jersey, someone said, "Okay, 20 minutes to game time. Let's get up there and warm up."

"I'm afraid I have to go," Shaffer said. "Maybe we can finish talking after the game." He followed his teammates up a long flight of stairs and onto the well-lighted Armory court. A microscopic crowd of about 150 greeted them with scattered applause. (The league's other five teams draw better than the Tuck Tapers, who average 900 spectators a game.) The game, fortunately, was much better than the attendance; New York beat Seattle, 101-93. Playing only 36 of 48 minutes and relying on jump shots and driving layups, Shaffer made 12 of 21 field-goal attempts and two of three foul shots. His 26 points led both teams in scoring.

Later, back in the dressing room, we told Lee that he looked tired in the last period. "I know it," he said, frowning. "That's one of the problems. We play all our home games on Friday and Sunday nights, and it's tough to stay in top shape that way. We usually play more often when we're on the road."

Lee laughed. "Even though we travel first class, those trips can be rough. Take the one last month. After beating Bartlesville Phillips Oilers on Wednesday night, we had an hour bus trip to Tulsa, Okla., to reach our hotel. At seven Thursday morning, we took a plane out of Tulsa, and although we had the best connections available, we made about six stops and didn't reach Seattle until six that night. Another bus ride got us to the gym at seven for an eight o'clock game." The Tapers won, thanks to Shaffer's season high of 30 points. (He averaged 19 points while the second-place Tapers won eight of their first 15 games.)

"Why," we asked, "would an All-America choose that kind of life over the NBA?"

Shaffer stared at the floor, thinking. "That rush was not typical," he said finally. "And even if it were, the few playing inconveniences couldn't outweigh the NIBL's working advantages. With a wife, one child and another on the way, I think I was right in accepting owner Paul Cohen's offer last summer. He gave me a chance to pick the division I wanted—accounting, finance, production or marketing. I chose marketing because it was my major in college, but in a year or two I can move into another division and learn another end of the business—at a pretty good salary, too. Many Harvard Business School graduates ac-

All-America Lee Shaffer, getting away a jump shot here, does not regret having turned down a pro contract to play in the National Industrial Basketball League. "My job is terrific," he says.

cept jobs like that for almost no salary, simply to get the valuable work experience." Lee paused. "And just think. They don't even get the chance to play basketball at the same time."

LUNCH WITH VAN BROCKLIN

Two days after quarterback Norm Van Brocklin led the Philadelphia Eagles to the National Football League championship last December, he came to New York to pick up Sport's Chevrolet Corvette Award as the game's outstanding player. We also held a press luncheon in his honor at Dinty Moore's.

Between bites of sirloin steak, Norm handed us two telegrams that he had just received. One said: "Congratulations on a fine ball game and also on winning the Corvette. Best wishes for the new year. (Signed) John Unitas." The other said: "All the honors that have been bestowed on Norm in our game, during the 1960 season and throughout his entire career are deserving tributes to a worthy athlete. Congratulations in the masterful handling of the championship game. (Signed) Vince Lombardi, coach and general manager, Green Bay Packers."

Van Brocklin took the telegrams back, folded them carefully and put them in his jacket pocket. "I want to keep these," he said, "to show my grandchildren the kind of guys I played against. Real pros and real gentlemen." He turned to his wife. "Gloria, did you tell them what the girls thought of the game?"

Gloria Van Brocklin smiled. "Our three daughters—Karen, ten; Lynne, nine; and Judy, eight—and I liked it because of the final score. We sat on the 50-yard line but had our problems. Our seats were in the lower deck at Franklin Field, three rows from the back and right behind a post. We spent nearly the whole game craning our necks to see how much time was left."

"That was a pleasure, though," Norm said, laughing, "compared to the time they went to the Pro Bowl game two years ago. I was playing for the East, and when we fell behind late in the game, the girls started crying. They kept it up so long that the people around them began to root for the East, hoping we would go ahead and make the girls stop bawling."

When the meal ended, Lee Grosscup, the New York Giants' young quarterback, walked over and congratulated Norm for winning the championship. "Say, Norm," Grosscup said, "do you usually take the game films home to study?"

Van Brocklin shook his head. "No, Lee, I don't. I go out to the field and look at them before the other players. I watch them an hour or two a day, depending on how we did the week before. The worse we did, the more I watch."

"What do you look for?" Grosscup said.

"A lot of things," Van Brocklin said. "Don't forget, if you study that defensive backfield enough, you'll see



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Johnny Mantz

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SPORT TALK

the little moves that can help you win ball games. Then maybe in about ten years, just when you really get to know a few things, you'll be ready to retire like I'm doing now."

Grosscup nodded. "You know, Norm," he said, grinning, "you and I have a lot in common. You wore number 25; I wore number 25. You switched to 11; I switched to 11. You have three girls; I have two." Lee stopped and laughed. "Aw, never mind," he said. "You won a Corvette."

THE PALMER METHOD IN REVERSE

For 31-year-old Arnold Palmer, the 1960 golf season was nearly one miracle after another. He came from behind often and ended up winning, among other things, the Masters, the National Open and \$80,738 total prize money (golf's all-time high). In his first 1961 tournament, however, he earned no money and many headlines—by shooting a 12 on one hole.

"I'm afraid that figure was correct," Palmer said when we caught up with him in early January. He had just finished shooting a one-under-par 70 at the Mission Valley Country Club in San Diego, Calif. "It took me a nice round dozen strokes to hole out on the 18th at El Rancho Municipal Golf Course last week."

Palmer carefully set the scene for us. "It was the first round of the Los Angeles Open," he said. "About 9,500 spectators showed up that day, and many of them waited around to watch me play the 18th, par-five, 508-yard hole. I wasn't especially hot, but I had a reasonable 65 for the first 17. My 18th tee shot was a pretty good drive—about 270 yards down the middle. Then the horror happened."

"I pushed a number three wood out of bounds into the practice fairway. I was bothered and the gallery was

surprised. The shot cost me a penalty stroke, but unfortunately that was only the beginning. My second shot landed near the same spot; my third and fourth went clear across the opposite side of the fairway and onto the highway."

Arnold raised his hand and pointed at us. "Mind you now," he said, "none of those four shots—which cost me eight strokes—was particularly bad. By the time I belted the third one out, a lot of people were laughing. A few people, probably friends or folks who bet on me, were crying. I finally reached the green in ten and was pretty relieved when I two-putted and could get off that course."

"Was it the worst hole you've ever had?" we asked.

"Well, I can't remember any worse," he said matter-of-factly. "I can't even remember shooting in double figures. The funny thing is, I've played that hole about 20 times in the last five years without much trouble. I have no excuses. I had played the Coral Gables Open in Florida a few weeks before and was feeling fine."

Seeking to record for posterity an immortal line or two from one of golf's greats when he was failing, we asked, "What did you say to your caddy after each of those four out-of-bounds shots?"

Arnold threw up his hands. "What could I say?" he said, his eyes twinkling. "I said, 'Give me another ball.'"

FAN CLUB NOTES

The Boston Fan Club, formed to honor the Red Sox, Celtics, Bruins and Patriots, is seeking members. Everyone interested can receive a bi-weekly bulletin by sending 50 cents to Michael Karas, 78 Chester Avenue, Chelsea 50, Mass. . . . Louis Levy of 2543 West Fargo, Chicago, Ill., would like to hear from people who want to join a Chicago Cub Fan Club . . . President Carole Rudnianski reports

that the new Detroit Tiger Fan Club's slogan is, "You've got to have heart." Membership fee of 50 cents should be sent to Judy Jackson, 21500 Nowlin, Dearborn, Mich.

American League batting champion Pete Runnels and his Red Sox teammate, Frank Malzone, have a joint fan club. Their pictures and membership may be obtained by mailing 25 cents to Peter Fitzgerald, 14 Steven Road, Westboro, Mass. . . . Jim Wiegand and Steve Dudley of 712 Ravine Road, Plainfield, N. J., have organized a Willie Mays-Mike McCormick Fan Club. Sixty cents will bring two autographed pictures, a membership card and a club newspaper. . . . Stephen Hargrett of 2106 Spence Avenue, Tallahassee, Fla., would like to hear from anyone interested in joining a Walter Alston Fan Club.

Information about a Jim Piersall Fan Club may be received by writing to manager Barb Shantery, 3801 Newmark Avenue, Cleveland 9, Ohio. . . . Bob Sasloff, 84 Kings Walk, Massapequa Park, N. Y., has organized the Mantle, Maris and Moose Fan Club. Mickey Mantle, Roger Maris and Bill Skowron supporters will receive a club bulletin and a club button for 25 cents.

Three young pitchers have new fan clubs, too. Information about the Joe Gibbon Fan Club may be obtained from president Nancy Lee Burr, 2102 Vodell Street, Pittsburgh 16, Pa. Twenty-five cents sent to Dan Capriola, 2229 East 17 Street, Brooklyn 29, N. Y., will entitle anyone to membership in the Milt Pappas Fan Club. Members also will receive a monthly bulletin and an autographed picture of Milt. . . . To join the Frank Funk club and receive an autographed picture, send 25 cents to Marilyn Kreczmer, 4029 East 142 Street, Cleveland 28, Ohio.

Julian Stein of 225-07 Hillside Avenue, Jamaica 27, N. Y., would like to hear from people interested in joining her Mickey Mantle Fan Club. For 25 cents annual dues, members receive three newsletters. . . . St. Louis Cards' slugger Ken Boyer has a fan club run by Jerry Roney, 9295 55th Street, Pinellas Park, Fla. A 25-cent fee entitles new members to a ten-page pamphlet and a monthly bulletin.

After following the high-scoring heroics of Cincinnati Royals' rookie Oscar Robertson this winter, John Sweeney has started a Big O Fan Club. Prospective members may contact John at 3738 Dina Avenue, Cincinnati 11, Ohio.

A THINKING MAN

Ageless Archie Moore, boxing's answer to baseball's Satchel Paige, has been fighting all over the world long enough to know a few basic facts of life. A while ago, after he had lost to Giulio Rinaldi in Rome, someone asked Moore why he didn't protest the debatable decision. "Because I was a guest in their country," Archie said, winking. "And besides, I hadn't been paid yet."

See you next month.

—LARRY KLEIN



"That baseball grip won't work in this game," golf star Arnold Palmer, left, told World Series star Bill Mazeroski when they met a while ago. Each gave sport dramatic moments during 1960.

"Zero-five-seven...

you are

fifty feet above

glide path...

increase your

rate of descent...

you are now

on course,

on glide path...

over

touchdown point...

take over

visually for

landing and

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THE SPORT QUIZ

For Answers Turn to Page 92

Les Keiter, sports director for New York's WMGM, is the voice of the new AFL over ABC-TV, airs a nightly show on radio

1 Lew Burdette, one of the most successful active pitchers in the National League, also pitched one inning for an American League team. Which AL team?

2 All former New York Knicks, name the NBA team each player is on now.
a. Walter Dukes
b. Mike Farmer
c. Ray Felix

3 Which of the following New York Rangers has the most NHL points?
a. Dean Prentice
b. Andy Hebenton
c. Bill Gadsby

4 In the American Football League's first season, I was selected as the most valuable player of the year. I led the AFL in yards gained rushing. Name me and my team.



Tommy Harmon, the old Michigan football hero, directs sports in Los Angeles on KNX radio, does specials for the CBS network

5 Defeated by Althea Gibson in the final round of the 1958 United States women's singles championship, this native Californian finally won the coveted title in 1960. Who is she?

6 Match the Los Angeles Angel player with the team he played for in 1960.
a. Ted Kluszewski Tigers
b. Ken Aspromonte White Sox
c. Eddie Yost Indians

7 The tallest listed player in the NBA is which one of the following?
a. Wilt Chamberlain
b. Bill Russell
c. Swede Halbrook

8 The halfback who scored the final touchdown for the West in its win over the East in the recent Pro Bowl game wore number 26. Name this swivel-hipped speedster.

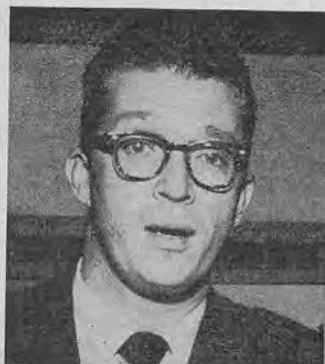
Bob Elson, the dean of active major-league baseball announcers (28 years at it), covers the White Sox over WCFL in Chicago

9 Mickey Mantle and Roger Maris finished one-two for the American League home-run crown in 1960. Name the player who finished right behind them.

10 Match the players with their respective nicknames.
a. Dick Farrell Ach
b. Al Smith Turk
c. Bob Duliba Fuzzy

11 All these top hockey scorers are young. Who is the youngest?
a. Frank Mahovlich
b. Bobby Hull
c. Henri Richard

12 The last American League player to hit more than 50 home runs in a season was Mickey Mantle. Name the last player to do it before Mickey, the year and number of homers he hit.



Joe Croghan, popular sportscaster for WBAL in Maryland, is behind the mike for the Baltimore Colts and the Orioles

13 I finished second in the voting for the 1958 Sullivan Award as the nation's outstanding amateur athlete. I came back to win the award in 1960. Who am I?

14 Paul Pender and Gene Fullmer fought in 1955. What was the result?
a. Pender won
b. Fullmer won
c. They drew

15 No amateur golfer has ever won the Masters. Who came closest?
a. Jack Nicklaus
b. Arnold Palmer
c. Ken Venturi

16 Three players on the 1946 World Series-winning St. Louis Cardinals were also on the playing roster of the 1957 World Series-winning Milwaukee Braves. Name two.

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 - ☐ Salesmanship and Management
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 - ☐ Construction Engineering
 - ☐ Highway Engineering
 - ☐ Professional Engineer (Civil)
 - ☐ Reading Struc. Blueprints
 - ☐ Sanitary Engineer
 - ☐ Sewage Plant Operator
 - ☐ Structural Engineering
 - ☐ Surveying and Mapping
 - ☐ Water Works Operator
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 - ☐ Drafting & Machine Design
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 - ☐ Electrical Engineer Drafting
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 - ☐ Sheet Metal Drafting
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 - ☐ Supervision
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 - ☐ Industrial Engineering
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THE NEW

A harvest of revolutionary changes is in store for sport in the Sixties. Some

ALTHOUGH IT IS essentially self-functioning, the world of sport extracts its character from surrounding over-all patterns. In the Roaring Twenties, for instance, sport produced its Golden Age, and in the war-torn Forties dipped to its ebb. It makes sense, therefore, that in these changing, exploding times, sport should be roaring right along.

The progress in athletics can be mapped out crystal clear on both the business ledgers and playing fields. All around us, new teams are springing up, new records are being set and a new frontier is bursting out, rich and buoyant. The framework for the progress—built in the Fifties—is filling, certain to reach monumental structure in the Sixties.

Already baseball has ripped up its *status quo*, expanded to one ten-team major league and set up another for next year. Professional football, strutting in its greatest prosperity, is bursting with accomplishment and ambition, too. The NFL, due

to move into Minneapolis-St. Paul in 1961, is looking further ahead. The AFL, though barely surviving, is passing aside pessimism and priming for growth. Professional basketball, with one league healthy and expanding, is being tapped for full-scale growth by fellows determined to organize a second big league. Hockey, long stagnant, seems finally ready to accept—or be forced into—a sincere look at expansion.

To fill the new franchises and enrich the old, special heroes are rising, ready to meet the challenge with the full flush of their youth. They are setting new trends in their sports, demolishing the patterns still flavored by any form of slow motion.

Rafer Johnson, one of the stars of the Fifties who offer fabulous predictions for the Sixties, has thrown up a statement that best sets forth the capacities of the new frontier's athletes. "Anything can happen," Rafer says. "I set no limit to what the human being can do."

FRONTIER

will be produced by the men who run the games, most by the men who play in them

Such is the spirit with which the new heroes approach the Sixties. Frank Howard, the fellow picked to break Babe Ruth's home-run records, won't say he will, but he says he sure will try. Ron Hansen, compared to the best shortstops ever, accepts the praise humbly but insists, too, that "I expect to be around a long time." Bill Mazeroski, already a big star, is only beginning in baseball. Carl Yastrzemski, hand-picked for stardom, has been striving for it all his life.

Al Dark and Ralph Houk, the new managers, have the potential to place their names alongside the greats. So has Solly Hemus, who has learned a lot of baseball already and tells about it in this issue.

Floyd Patterson—calling his own shots finally after a long fight for independence—seems ready to carve new notches on the monument of boxing history he built last June. Frank Mahovlich, who rose to the top from almost nowhere, may go on to be hockey's greatest scorer.

The success of pro football has been built upon the wide-open game, getting still more frenetic. The slotback position, a new and daring one, has helped the game break loose and nobody mans it with more skill than Tommy McDonald. His story is the story of football's limitless potential.

Symbolic of the high-scoring trend in pro basketball, Elgin Baylor is certainly the man with a right to examine it and its capacities for the new frontier. Symbolic of the new frontier as a whole are the twin cities of Minneapolis-St. Paul. Suddenly they are housing big-league teams in football and baseball.

An examination of the new frontier must be conducted on many levels—the franchise growth, the changing strategy, the teetering records and, of course, the heroes. All are important components.

On the pages that follow, we explore all elements of this new frontier. It shapes up as potentially the most fabulous era in sport.

FABULOUS PREDICTIONS FOR THE SIXTIES

*The stars of the Fifties see
eye-popping things ahead for the
new decade. They say it will be the genuine
Golden Age of Sport*



VIC
SEIXAS



SAM
SNEAD



ROCKY
MARCIANO



NORM
VAN BROCKLIN



STAN
MUSIAL



BOB
COUSY



MAURICE
RICHARD



RAFER
JOHNSON



BILL
HARTACK

By CHARLES DEXTER

IN SPORT, as elsewhere, accomplishment and history are grouped in decades, to be remembered forever in the full force of a ten-year cycle. The 1920s still stand as the Golden Age of Sport. Built to glorious bloom by such giants as Babe Ruth and Jack Dempsey, the Twenties are remembered as the decade of 60 home runs hit in a single baseball season and a \$1,000,000 paycheck earned in a single prizefighting night. It was a decade of swashbuckling glamour and unprecedented performance, but after 30 years of supremacy it is about to topple from its pinnacle. So says SPORT's board of experts.

The experts foresee unparalleled sports growth in the decade now upon us. Their predictions for the Sixties are truly fabulous. Most important, their predictions are born of close-up, behind-the-scenes knowledge. Our experts are men who should know. They are the stars of the Fifties, who have learned, first-hand, the capacities of today's sports world.

SPORT's panel of experts was scattered from Hollywood to St. Louis, from Boston to Miami, from New York to Halifax. I interviewed baseball's Stan Musial in the St. Louis office where he conducts his out-of-season activities. Football's Norm Van Brocklin, basking in his greatest glory, was at home in Wayne, Pa. Sam Snead had been hunting wild turkey in West Virginia; I caught up with him just before he won a \$15,000 golf match in Palm Beach.

Vic Seixas discussed tennis in the Philadelphia broker's office where



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he sells stocks and bonds. Rocky Marciano sat behind a desk in his Times Square business suite. Maurice Richard was on a good-will hockey tour of Newfoundland. Rafer Johnson had just come off a Hollywood set after completing his first movie. Bob Cousy had just flown from Los Angeles to his Worcester, Mass., home; he was in bed, relaxing before a basketball game in Boston. Bill Hartack was home, too, after a hard day at the race track.

Each panelist impressed me with his faith in the future of sports. As Maurice Richard said, "We're looking for new worlds to conquer." Or to quote Rafer Johnson: "I set no limit to what the human being can do in sports."

It is in this spirit that the champions look upon the Sixties as potentially the most fabulous decade in sports.

STAN MUSIAL ON BASEBALL

The structure of organized baseball seemed as indestructible as the Rock of Gibraltar in 1941 when Stan Musial broke into the majors. No franchise changes had been made in the National or American Leagues since 1903. The situation was a simmering status quo. Today baseball is exploding in all directions. Clubs are hopping from city to city. "Expansion," says Stan Musial, "is only beginning. We have only seen the squealing birth pains. The majors will complete their expansion from ten clubs to 12 by 1965. By 1969 the four new clubs in each big league will have been lopped off to form a third league. Then baseball should settle down for a long, long time."

"With three leagues in operation, we'll have a play-off in September. After the first round, the two winners will meet in the usual seven-game World Series. That's the way I'd like to see it, and the sooner it comes the better for baseball."

"I've heard talk about a future international World Series involving Japanese and Latin American teams. That won't happen in the Sixties. Foreign players haven't developed enough yet to compete with our stars."

"As far as the playing of the game goes, the emphasis was on long hitting when I broke in with the Cardinals 20 years ago. Now we have a tighter defense, more inside play and better pitching. This trend will continue. The fans like it because it provides for closer games with dramatic finishes in which each pitch counts."

Who will be the super-stars of the Sixties? "First let's define a super-star," says Musial. "He's a player who has consistently starred for at least 15 years. He's the .300 hitter, the 20-game winner. He has kept himself in top condition, and he's had the luck to be healthy and free from serious injury. Willie Mays and Mickey Mantle need only fulfill those conditions for a few more years to be the super-stars of the 1960s. I know of no other younger players who fit this description."

Domination by baseball dynasties, such as the Yankees and Dodgers of the Fifties, is coming to an end, says Stan. "We have already witnessed the first stages in the decline of these two powerful teams of the Fifties. The White Sox won the 1959 American League pennant. The Pirates won the 1960 World Series. The Dodgers dropped out of contention last year. Don't be surprised if a different club wins the pennant in each league each year in this new decade."

"The teams with a chance to dominate in the Sixties

are the Cardinals and the Orioles. Both have youth on their side. The Cards have a fine farm system, with many prospective stars in it. The Orioles already have an all-star infield and a great young pitching staff. They need little more to be the most dangerous team in the American League.

"Games are played much more seriously today than when I was a rookie. Older fans complain that there's less color and fewer rhubarbs on the diamond. They miss the old feuds and frolicking. Those days will never return. Today's fans come to the ball park to see a ball game, not free-for-alls and windy arguments."

"The stars' salaries have reached a peak, but I believe minimum pay will go up in the Sixties. No changes in playing rules will take place because none are necessary. We'll have bigger, more comfortable weather-proof ball parks by 1970. Announcers will give running accounts of ball games over the public address system, informing fans of details of play, and even of the batting and pitching records of the players during the contest, much as it's done in football."

"I can safely make one prediction that I know will come true—1961 is my last year as an active player. But I'll still be in baseball somewhere in the decade. I love the game; it's been good to me. It's the best game in the world and I want to stay in it."

NORM VAN BROCKLIN ON FOOTBALL

If you think today's football can't be improved, forget it. Norm Van Brocklin predicts that fans are going to see a faster, fancier game in the Sixties. True enough, professional football was never more popular and true enough, the game never was more exciting. But Van Brocklin is a perfectionist. His perfection paid off with an NFL championship for the Philadelphia Eagles last year, and he believes the game will rise to its greatest heights in the next ten years. A change in strategy, he says, will be largely responsible. "It's getting to be a goon's game," he says. "Defensive linemen are so big that it's hard to get a running game going. In 1950 everyone used a 5-3 defense, covering man for man. Linebackers had to cover fast backs swinging out, which was a mismatch for the defense. Then Greasy Neale came in with the 5-4 Eagle defense, and Steve Owen went to 4-3 for the Giants, and finally to 6-1, which is the primary defense today."

"The big change in the secondary is zone defense to stop the long touchdown pass. I predict we'll see spread formations soon, with the quarterback six or seven yards behind the line, in Sammy Baugh style. There'll be more and varied use of the double wing, and I'm sure some young bright coach will come up with other devices that will open up the game for razzle-dazzle and spectacular runs."

"There will be smarter football all around, because college coaches are doing a better job teaching good sound fundamentals. And the players are coming off the campuses bigger, faster and smarter. I can name eight quarterbacks in college in 1960 who may very well make pro history by 1970."

Norm's selections are: Mel Melin, Washington State; Bob Schloredt, Washington; Dick Norman, Stanford; Lowndes Shingler, Clemson; Dick Thornton, Northwestern; Francis Tarkenton, Georgia; Norman Snead, Wake Forest; and Jake Gibbs, Mississippi.

Regarding expansion, Norm says: "I'm not in a position to speak for the league, but I predict that eventually the National League will have 16 clubs, with a

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PREDICTIONS BY THE STARS

STAN MUSIAL "Three major leagues in baseball by 1969."

NORM VAN BROCKLIN "A return to spread formations and double wings in football with the quarterback standing six or seven yards behind the line of scrimmage."

BOB COUSY "Wilt Chamberlain will be the big star in a basketball decade featuring lower scoring and nationwide pro expansion."

ROCKY MARCIANO "Boxers will take over control of their sport."

MAURICE RICHARD "A big boom in United States hockey is imminent."

RAFER JOHNSON "The 3:50 mile will highlight an avalanche of broken records in track and field."

VIC SEIXAS "Open tennis will rejuvenate the sport."

SAM SNEAD "The government will sponsor golf as a health program, triggering unprecedented popularity and success."

BILL HARTACK "Horse racing will be saturated with necessary and revolutionary reforms."

14-game schedule. Exhibition games will be cut down from six to four, which will be okay with the players, who don't like to risk injury in pre-season games for \$50 a game. The only rule change I can foresee is sudden death in all league games in case of a tie, as it's done in the playoff. I think the fans would get a kick out of it. Both teams will have a chance to advance the ball. If one scores on its first try, the other team will have an opportunity to try for a score, too.

"The top teams of the next decade will be the ones who do the best job of scouting and drafting rookies. Paul Brown, the winningest coach of all time, attributes his success to his habit of always having good football players. The team with the ablest management and coaching in Paul Brown style will dominate its division every time."

ROCKY MARCIANO ON BOXING

Boxing's sad state deeply troubles Rocky Marciano. "I received a letter from my old trainer, Charlie Goldman, who's in Miami," Rocky said. "Charlie tells me that boxing is at its lowest pitch down there, and that he's calling it a career. He's going to sit in the sun. It's the same everywhere except in a few spots like Boston or Hollywood. It's terrible."

When Rocky retired as undefeated heavyweight champion a few years ago, boxing was fairly strong. Now the age-old sport is staggering. "There are poor fights or none at all," Rocky said. "There are investigations. Everyone is panning everyone else. Something's got to be done. Lots of kids want to fight. They have no place to fight in, no small clubs, no one to take them in hand the way I was, no one to train them into champions."

"But I haven't given up hope. Boxing will come back with a bang soon. Joe Walcott is proving how it can be done. Joe's in Camden, N.J.," Rocky said. "He's working with kids who want to fight. He's head of a youth program supported by the local government. Any kid who wants to fight can come to Joe, get gloves,

mouthpieces, lessons in boxing, and if he shows promise, Joe will start to train him for a professional career.

"There's no money in it for Joe right now. The money's in the future. Boxing can be saved if other ex-fighters like Joe—not necessarily ex-champs but fellows with six or seven years' experience—start the same kind of programs in their hometowns. If they do, I predict we'll be having great fights again by 1970."

Rocky fought clean and lived clean and says that other fighters do the same. "Not one boxer in a thousand gets mixed up in shady deals with underworld characters," he says. "Fighters get into the game because they love to fight and can make money at it. That's why I say that ex-boxers can be trusted to handle the game's comeback and to develop real fighters. We'll have great fights again, great champions. The fans will come back to the ringside and forget all about television. Maybe we need federal control, too. I'm for it, if it helps."

"With Sugar Ray Robinson and Archie Moore at the end of their ropes, the only real fighters we have for the Sixties are Floyd Patterson and, perhaps, Paul Pender. Patterson, though, stands pretty much alone as the fellow with a chance of being a real big man in boxing in the Sixties. He's improved greatly and should get better from now on. He'll have little trouble with Ingemar Johansson in their upcoming fight and Sonny Liston is still three or four fights away from being able to cause Floyd any kind of trouble."

"Sam Silverman has a heavy, Tom McNeeley, up in Boston who has played football, is strong, keeps in shape and may come through one day. I'm trying to get a young heavy started, too—a kid down in Miami, Tony Alongi. He could be a good one. I haven't seen Cassius Clay, the Olympic champion, but I hear he has possibilities, too."

"I do know that kids like to fight. We boxers have to give them a chance. We've got to take the game away from the hit-and-run money guys. We've got to do it the Joe Walcott way."

BOB COUSY ON BASKETBALL

"Basketball is due for its biggest decade in history," says Bob Cousy, star of the Boston Celtics and the man who made the pro game go.

"There's been a revolutionary change in the pro game since I broke in over ten years ago," Bob said. "The 24-second rule has eliminated the intentional foul for one thing. It's speeded up the game, made it more exciting, given the fans dramatic finishes. A 20-point lead is negligible today; a team that's far behind can roar to a lead with a sudden spurt. I predict that colleges will adopt the 24-second rule before long.

"I credit this rule as playing a major part in the 25-percent increase in attendance around the league. Fans have been turning out full force lately, even in cities with weak clubs."

But despite the fans' enthusiasm for the game as it is played now, Bob believes that certain changes should be made. "Scores are too high," he said. "I'm opposed to widening the foul lane or giving three points for shots beyond the 25-foot mark. But I do believe that defense has been penalized at the expense of offense by officials who give the offense an advantage in blocking-calls.

"Defensive players should be given more leeway.

The league administration has the power to instruct officials in this respect. The present situation is unfair to a defender who plays his head off, yet can't avoid giving his opponent 20 points a game. A more lenient interpretation of the rules would reduce that total to six or eight points.

"On the other hand, I am not in favor of rough contact play. The fans don't like to see bloody wrestling matches. Players in the old rough days lacked finesse. Quick thinking and speed are popular today."

Cousy is in an especially favorable position to observe the quality and effectiveness of young players. During the off-season, he operates a basketball school at Camp Graylag, Pittsfield, N.H.

"I have seen young players who shoot the eyes out of the ball," he said, "but totally disregard defensive tactics, on the old theory that high scorers ride in Cadillacs and defensive players ride in second-hand flutterbugs.

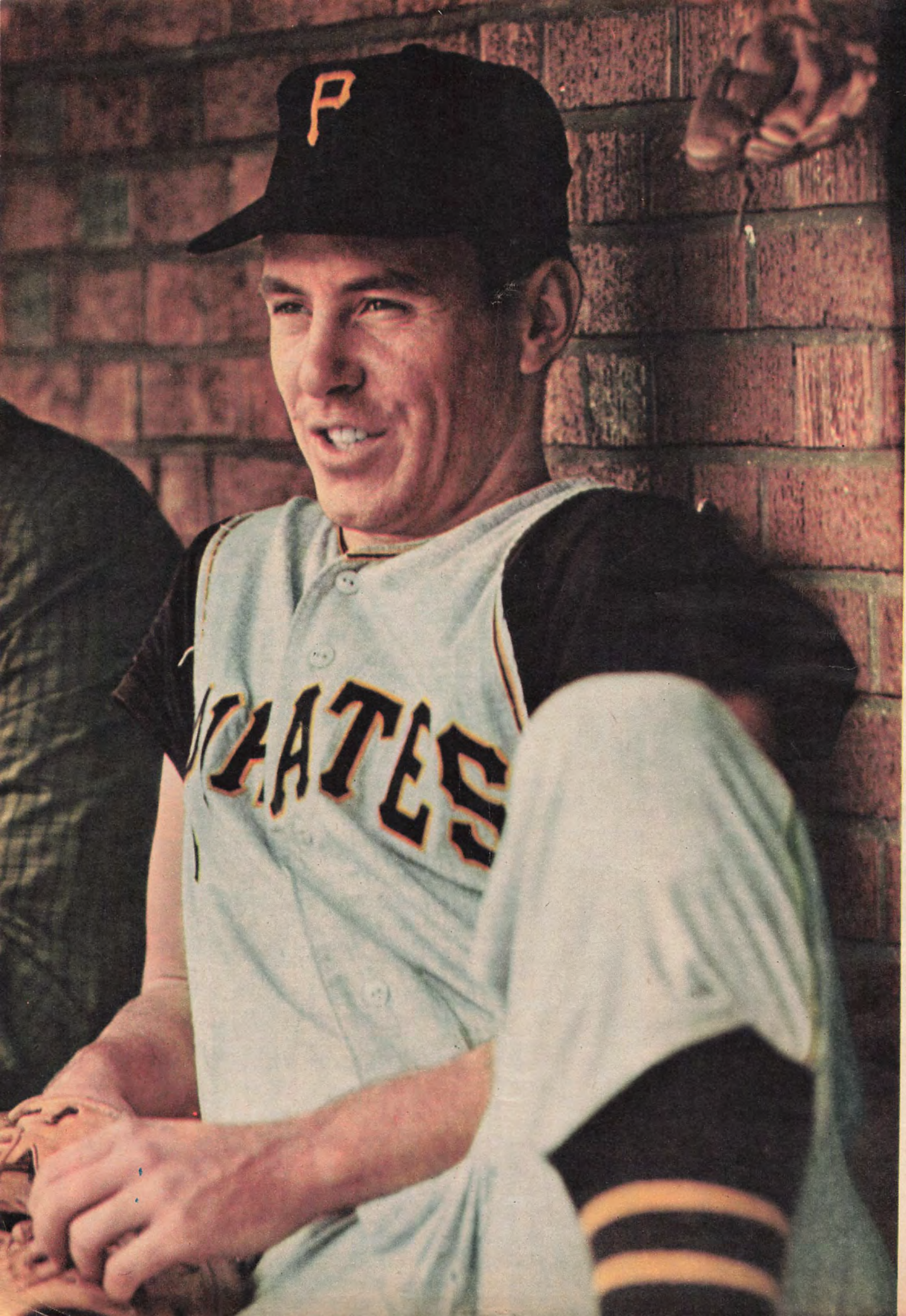
"These kids are eager to learn; they are faster and smarter today than when I played high school and college ball. Many of them can be stars of tomorrow, but they should polish their over-all games if they want to make it.

"I predict that although big men over six feet, six inches will always be needed for (→ TO PAGE 80)

Herb Scharfman

The ease and grace with which Wilt Chamberlain dominates a game will make him basketball's top star in the Sixties, says Bob Cousy. "Oscar Robertson will be second," Cousy says, "and the Boston Celtics will continue to be the best team."





*Only 24, Maz already has bounced
from hero to flop, then back to the top. The
Pirates predict he will stay there*

No-Touch Mazerowski

By Myron Cope

ONE AFTERNOON in the fall of 1958, I sat in the third booth of Frankie Gustine's Pittsburgh restaurant, waiting for young Bill Mazerowski. Presently he entered the restaurant, appearing slight and anonymous in his street clothes. He paused at the cigar counter, bought a fistful of two-for-a-quarter smokes, then came to the booth to talk about his career.

At the time, Maz had put in only two full seasons as the Pirate second-baseman, but baseball men already were boosting him as an even-money bet for the Hall of Fame. The 1958 season had just ended, and Bill had hit 19 home runs and played second base so gracefully you'd have thought he was gunning for a berth in the Bolshoi Ballet. He was the toast of Pittsburgh.

The next season—1959—Bill Mazerowski became a bum. Overweight, he lost a half step in the field. Pitchers curveballed him and he hit only .241, with seven home runs. Pirate broadcaster Bob Prince, who the previous season had referred to Bill on the air over and over again as Golden Boy, now called him, sadly, Bill Mazerowski.

In 1960 Maz was on top of the world again, finishing the season with a climax such as no other ballplayer has ever known—a seventh-game, ninth-inning home run that won the World Series. And so, this past winter, I again arranged to meet him in Frankie Gustine's.

Maz entered the restaurant, paused at the cigar counter, bought eight cigars—two-for-a-quarter brand—and walked over. We were sitting in, yes, the third booth. Nothing changed. The cigars were the same, the booth was the same, and Bill Mazerowski was the same. Though 24 years old this time, he did not seem to have aged a day. He still smiled almost shyly, like a kid fresh up from a triple-A farm. A newspaper executive in Boise, Ida., had recently told me (→ TO PAGE 88)



Pivoting on a double play, Mazerowski gets rid of the ball so quickly the players all call him "The No-Touch Kid." Pittsburgh manager Danny Murtaugh says: "He's the fastest double-play man I've seen in all my years of baseball." Dodger manager Walter Alston goes a large step further. "Bill Mazerowski," Alston insists, "is the best second-baseman that I have ever seen."

Color by Lee Balterman





ELGIN BAYLOR AND BASKETBALL'S BIG EXPLOSION

Where will the sharpshooting trend end?

*Baylor insists we haven't seen anything yet. Soon, he says,
a player will score 100 points in a game*

BY MILTON GROSS

BASKETBALL, PROFESSIONAL basketball in particular, not only has come of age, but has reached its atomic, most explosive stage. Individual skills have been perfected, scores are hovering in a special stratosphere. But still, the big show, the *really* big show, is yet to come. Our authority on this is Elgin Baylor, the Los Angeles Lakers' incomparable shotmaker, who last season set a National Basketball Association one-game scoring record of 64 and early this season broke it with a 71-point performance.

"My record isn't going to stand too long," Baylor said recently. "The way I see it, some day soon somebody is going to score 100 points in a game. There's no ceiling except time on how many points a man can score in this game. There are too many good shooters around."

"When it happens, when a player scores 100 points, it will be more the logical conclusion of a trend than a freak. There are more and better players in our league all the time. Players are taller. They've become more agile. They have more ability and body control and they take the game seriously. We're scoring more points all the time."

"All the points that are coming in the NBA aren't a result of bad defense either. We play

defense in this league. It's just that the shooting is so good. It doesn't start in the pros either. It starts way back in high school and college. There's more interest in basketball, more concentration, more practice.

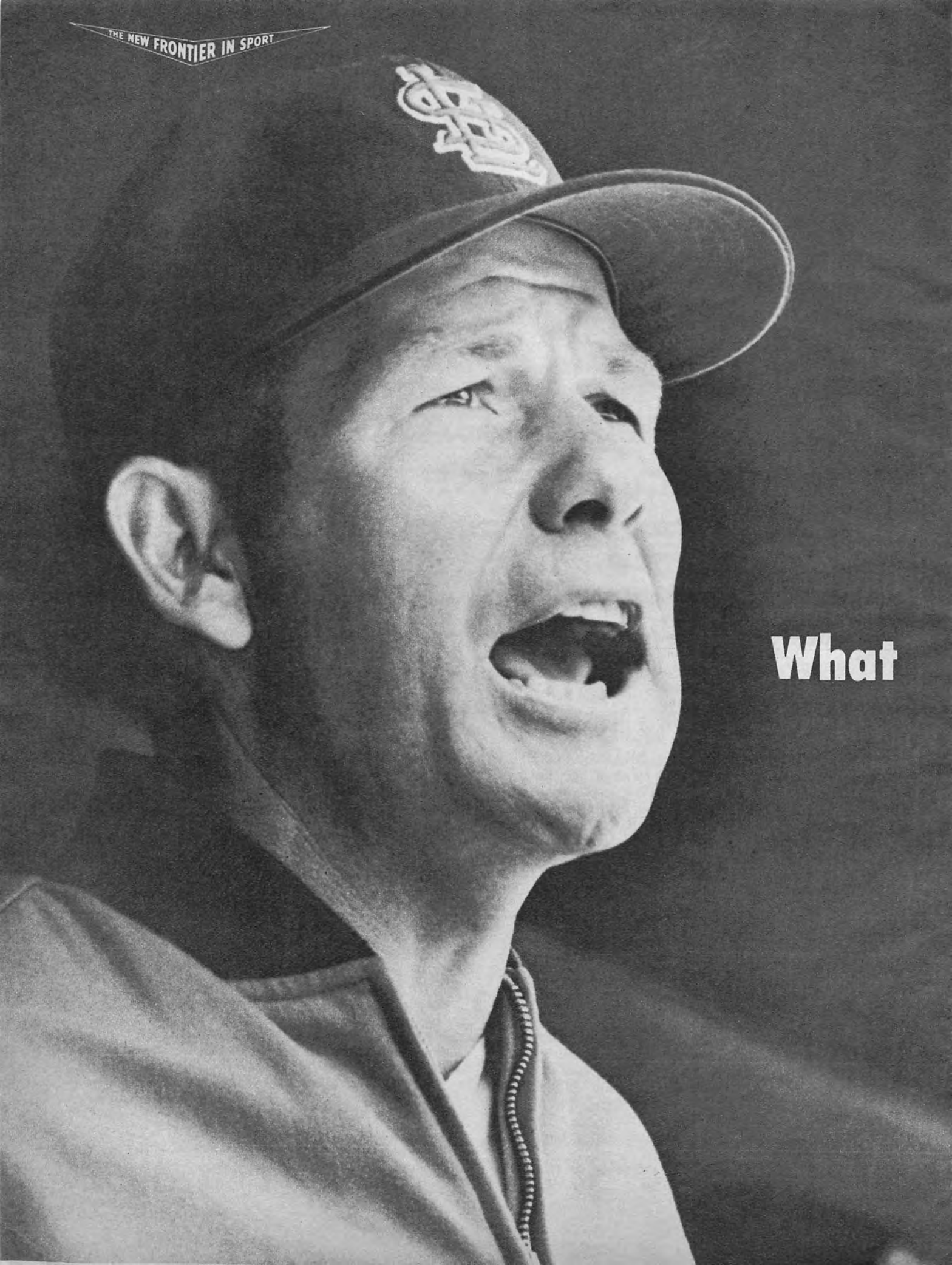
"Kids now think shooting is everything, points are everything. A 23- or 24-point average in our league this year puts you with the also-rans. Years ago that won the scoring title. No question, the sky is the scoring limit in the NBA. That's why I know someone will break my record and score 100 points. My guess is that Wilt Chamberlain will be the player to do it. On a hot night, Wilt could make it."

We were sitting in Baylor's room in New York's Hotel Manhattan, where the Lakers stay when they play at Madison Square Garden. It was clear that Elgin wasn't making a casual statement off the top of his head. He is not a casual man, although his basketball style is free-wheeling. This was the second of several conversations we were to have about the high-scoring trend in pro basketball and obviously he had thought long and hard about his basketball era.

"What would a hot night constitute?" I asked, inasmuch as Chamberlain, the towering Philadelphia Warrior center, (→ TO PAGE 94)

Color by Herb Scharfman

THE NEW FRONTIER IN SPORT



What

Running a major-league ball club, the Cardinals' young manager insists, is hazardous work. "The fewer mistakes you make," he says, "the more you win." Solly reveals what he has learned after two years in the big time



Dark, left, and Houk have big jobs ahead as rookie managers in San Francisco and New York. The Giants want to rebound and the Yankees want to win again.

To Al Dark And Ralph Houk: You Should Know About Managing

By Solly Hemus

as told to Larry Klein

IT'S ALMOST that time again. Six or seven weeks from now, when spring training ends and the regular baseball season begins, the other 17 major-league managers and I become open targets. Every time we make a wrong decision, and we will make plenty, some fans and sportswriters will gladly let us know about it. Of course, we do have one consolation. If we make too many mistakes, we won't be bothered any more; we will be fired. Managing, you see, is a hazardous job, but it pays well if you meet the challenge.

Nearly every big-league ballplayer dreams of the day he can manage in the majors. And every big-league manager dreams of the day he can win the pennant. New fellows like Al Dark of the Giants and Ralph Houk of the Yankees are certainly no different. After playing against Dark for ten years, I know he is a very capable guy. And, although I don't know Houk as well (he was an American Association manager and American League coach while I was in the National League), I've heard that he also is a sound, well-respected baseball man who wants to win as badly as I do. I am neither a preacher nor a pessimist, but Dark and Houk may learn that wanting and doing are two different things.

In 1959, my first year as manager, we won 71 games, lost 83 and finished seventh. Last year we won 86, lost 68 and finished third, three places higher than most

experts predicted in the pre-season polls. That 15-game improvement was pretty good considering that we finished fifth in batting, fourth in pitching and tied for fourth in fielding.

Did that make me a genius? No, it didn't. The truth is, three factors contributed to our jump in the standings: (1) we had more talent to work with in 1960; (2) we got a few more breaks; and (3) I had learned a few things about the art of managing.

A manager's most vital asset, I found out, is knowing his players. That Rodgers and Hammerstein song, *Getting To Know You*, should be a thinking manager's national anthem. He must mentally catalogue the strengths and weaknesses of all 25 men on his roster and be able to pick the right man for a given job. No one can perform miracles, but I believe that a manager who manipulates his men skillfully can win an extra 15 or 20 games a season. He may have to experiment a whole year to collect this data, but it eventually pays off in the most important department—victories.

Learning to manage is not an overnight job. I started studying for it when I began playing class C baseball in Pocatello, Idaho, in 1946. My first manager, Bill Brenzel, taught me to play for the team instead of myself and he showed me that, to get things done well, a manager must first earn his players' respect. They don't have to love you or even (→ TO PAGE 85)





MINNEAPOLIS- ST. PAUL

Symbol Of The New Frontier

*Suddenly the Twin Cities are
sizzling with excitement. They've become
America's top sports boom towns*

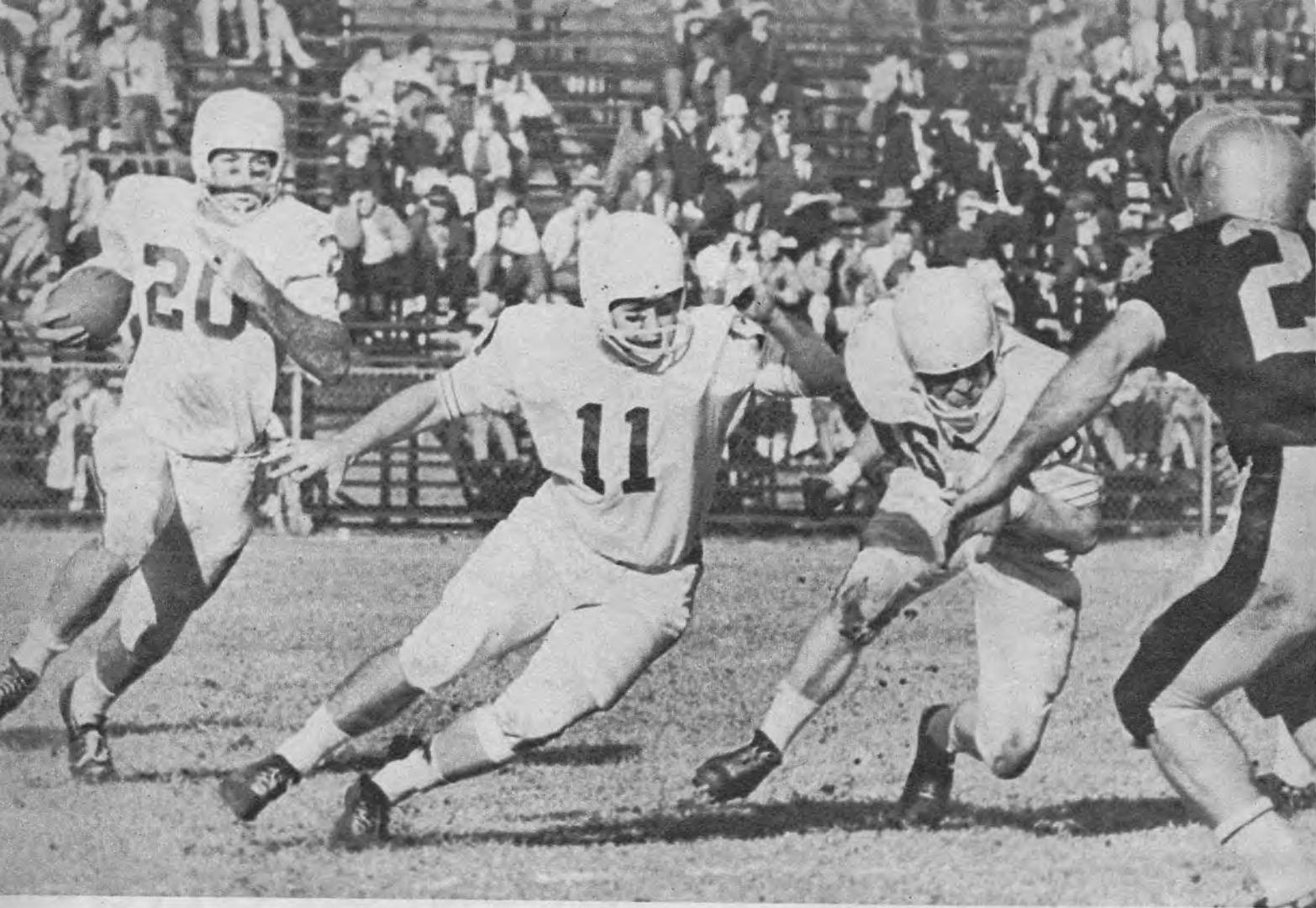
By Red Smith

THIS IS AMERICA'S breadbasket, this fat, black, smiling land which the poet Anon has described in deathless rhyme as follows:

*Across these plains where once there roamed
The Indian and the Scout,
The Swede, with alcoholic breath,
Sets rows of cabbage out.*

Outwardly the land has not changed, yet perhaps the verse should be edited slightly to read:

*Where once the Swede on aquavit
Got stiffer than a boot,
Today Cal Griffith and Bert Rose
Are harvesting the loot.*



Top draft choice of the Vikings was Tommy Mason, grinding out a gain for Tulane, above. The fellows inspecting Metropolitan Stadium—Bert Rose, left, William Boyer, center, and Gerald Moore—were instrumental in bringing the team into the NFL. “Without the stadium we couldn’t have done it,” Boyer said. “At times it was tough to keep it going, but we ran any promotion we could to raise a buck.” One promotion was the NFL game, below, between Green Bay and Dallas, which drew a crowd of 20,000, proving the towns could support big-league football.

Minneapolis Star and Tribune



Minneapolis Star and Tribune



MINNEAPOLIS-ST. PAUL

continued

Calvin Griffith, president of the Minnesota Twins of the American League of Professional Baseball Clubs, sits at his desk in the First National Bank Building and suffers no superstitious qualms about occupying Suite 1300 on the 13th floor. It was October 26 when he got permission to move the Washington Senators up here; his team won't play a game in its new home until April 21. Yet, by January, he already had a cool million dollars in his kick.

Bert Rose is general manager of the embryonic Minnesota Vikings, unborn stepchildren of the National Football League. In January, long before the head coach, not hired by then, could send his squad, not assembled by then, through its first workout in the training camp, not selected by then, Rose had sold 25,000 season tickets at \$40 each for a total of \$1,000,000.

America's breadbasket is going big league this year, doubled in spades. In 1960 the Twin Cities got a baseball franchise in the American League, a football franchise in the National League and a national college football championship at the University of Minnesota. Never anywhere in the whole history of games has there been a community that went major league all in a heap like this. Never anywhere did the people of a community earn big-league status more fairly, for these people put up their own money on a long gamble to accomplish the end they sought. They bet \$4,500,000

on their judgment that this was legitimate big-league territory. That's what it cost for their ball park—the only one built with private capital in the 40 years between Yankee Stadium and Chavez Ravine. Griffith and Rose are grabbing large dividends from the successful gamble.

"It's kinda hard to believe," Griffith said last winter. "We haven't even opened season ticket sales. But it says in the contract that bondholders on the stadium get first crack at the choice seats, and already we've got orders for almost half a million dollars' worth, about 1,600 seats."

The other half-million that Griff had collected—actually \$525,000—came from the sale of seven players at \$75,000 each to the new Los Angeles and Washington clubs. That dough came in and was banked at the beginning of 1961, so it won't have to be reported for taxes until next year.

A box seat sells for \$234 for the season, or \$3 for each of the 78 dates in the 81-game home season. Reserved seats are \$195 for the season, or \$2.50 for each home date. It has been announced that only 12,000 season tickets will be sold, approximately \$2,500,000 worth.

Rent for the stadium is seven percent of the home club's net, after taxes and the visiting club's share have come off the top. The Twins will also get the con-

Dick Magnuson



Hockey is one of the Twin Cities' booming sports. Stars of the Minnesota college team are Larry Johnson, left, and Jerry Norman, with coach John Mariucci in photo above. At right, a life-sized portrait of Walter Johnson is moved into the baseball offices, a reminder of the days when the new Twins were the old Washington Senators.

MINNEAPOLIS-ST. PAUL

continued

Earl Seubert



First of the big-league baseball stars to move into Minneapolis was Bob Allison. He settled in a suburb with wife, Betty, and sons, Kirk, one, and Mark, three.

Minnesota Twins' president Cal Griffith works in a large office in downtown Minneapolis. "The enthusiasm for baseball here is amazing," Cal says. "We will easily make more money than we did when we were in Washington."

cessions minus ten percent on profitable items only. Income from non-profit merchandise like scorecards and tobacco doesn't have to be split.

How does a club get a deal like this? Well, seven years ago a young man named Jerry Moore, then president of the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce, decided this was a major-league town in major-league territory. He enlisted allies, and chief among his converts were Bill Boyer, automobile dealer and now president of the C. of C. (Moore is executive vice-president), and Charlie Johnson, executive sports editor of the *Star and Tribune*.

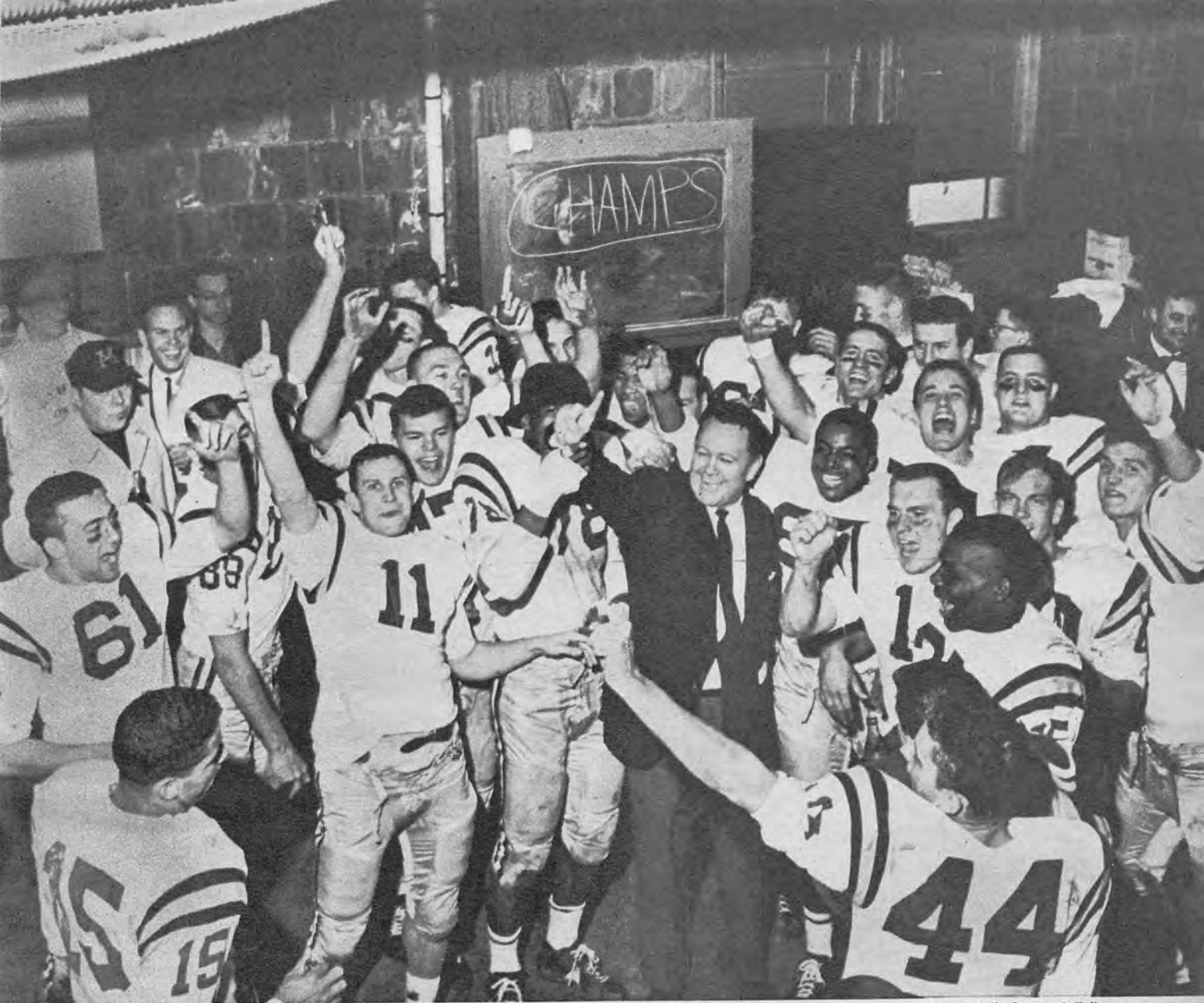
They hired a research firm whose report was that the area could produce an average annual attendance of 700,000 for major-league baseball from 1953 to 1960, increasing to 1,000,000 after the later date. (Population of the metropolitan area, with a radius of 35 miles, is estimated at 1,500,000 now.)

Even back in 1953, there was a major-league realignment committee but it wasn't doing anything. "Get a stadium," the committee said, so the guys in the Twin Cities did. How they did it is a long and wonderful story that boils down to this: Public funds couldn't be used, so the guys went out and sold bonds and built with \$4,500,000 of private capital.

They couldn't build in Minneapolis and they couldn't build in St. Paul, because the two towns are always battling. So they built in Bloomington, the southern point of an equilateral triangle about eight miles from the center of each city. Now that major-league tenants are guaranteed summer and fall, the city is backing a

Dick Magnuson





Minneapolis Star and Tribune

Part of the Twin Cities' new sports success was supplied by the Minnesota football team, whooping it up here after a late-season win. The Gophers were picked as the country's No. 1 college team.

\$4,000,000 bond issue to enlarge capacity from 22,000 to 30,000 for baseball, 40,000 for football.

In his last years in New York, Horace Stoneham kept casting goo-goo eyes at Minneapolis as a new home for the Giants. When he got a better offer from San Francisco, he told local boosters, "Go talk to Griff. He wants to get out of Washington." Griff wanted to come but he couldn't until the American League decided to add two cities, enabling him to grab the Twin Cities while a new group got the leavings in Washington.

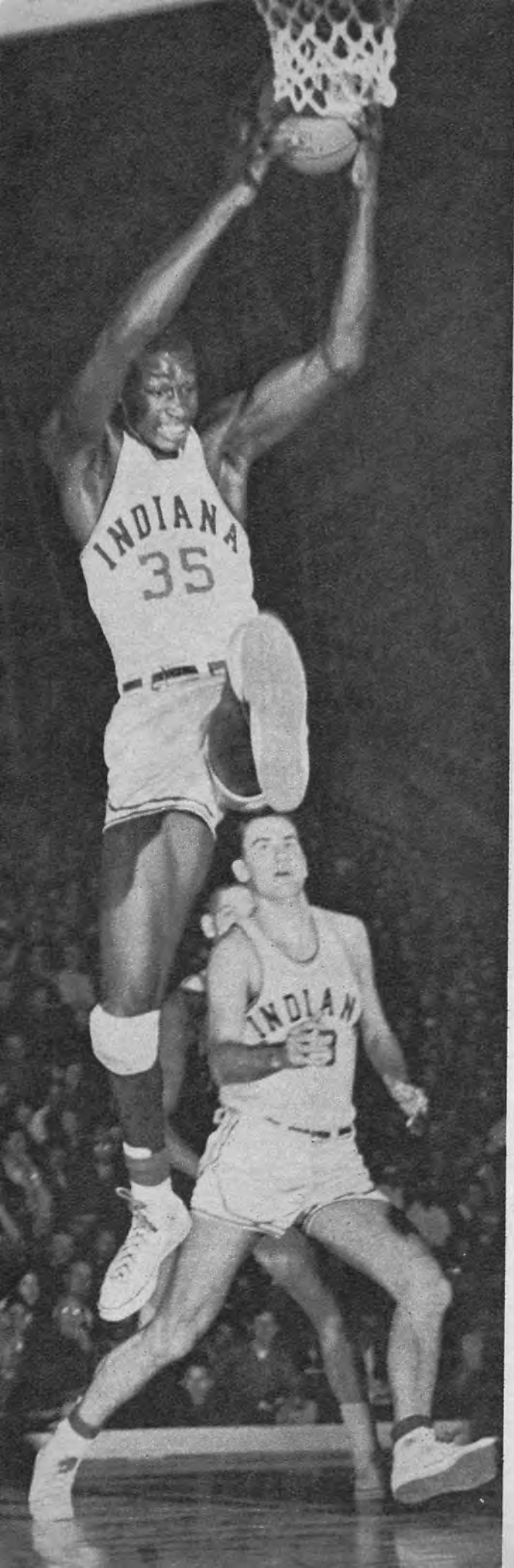
This is the only virgin territory being opened in the 1961 expansion and, unlike Washington and Los Angeles, it is not getting an ersatz team composed of American League culls. For the first time in years, the Senators clung to the first division until late last season when they dropped to fifth. They could be an exciting team, presenting to their new public bright young men like Harmon Killebrew, Bob Allison, Jim Lemon, Pete

Ramos, Camilo Pascual and—Griff believes—a rising rocket named Zoilo Versalles, a young Cuban short-stop.

When he got permission to move, Griff said the Twin Cities were guaranteeing 1,000,000 home attendance for five years but they're not. A tentative agreement not yet sealed, calls for 3,750,000 customers in five years with a rent rebate if the annual average of 750,000 isn't maintained.

"That's a little better than we did in Washington," Calvin said. "And although we have to pay rent here, we don't have maintenance and real-estate taxes." Meanwhile he'll be getting the rent on Griffith Stadium from the Quesada Senators, though not from the Redskins if the new District of Columbia stadium is ready by fall. Then when the Senators move to the new stadium, he'll have that choice hunk of Griffith Stadium real estate to sell.

(Reprinted from New York Herald Tribune, January 9 and 10, 1961)



*Only three years ago, people
laughed when Walt Bellamy stumbled around
on the basketball court. Today
the fans love him and the pros are ready
to name him a top draft choice*

INDIANA'S BIG BELL

By JIMMIE ANGELOPOLOUS

AFTER A FRESHMAN basketball game three years ago, a visiting scout cornered Branch McCracken, Indiana University's veteran coach. "You know, Branch," the scout said, laughing, "that center of yours, Walt Bellamy, would do better in a sideshow than in a gym. I know he's six-nine and growing, but he's awkward, timid and bewildered. How do you ever expect to teach him to play college basketball?"

McCracken smiled. "Walt's got a long way to go," he said, "but I hope he develops." McCracken did more than hope in the next two seasons. He worked hard with Bellamy, teaching him to rebound, run and shoot. Now, near the end of his college career, Indiana's Big Bell is rated an outstanding pro prospect.

"I'd take him right now," said Detroit Pistons' coach Dick McGuire. "He's great. He has all the moves, and if he goes with a fast-breaking team, he'll be terrific."

"Bellamy scares me in only one respect," said St. Louis Hawks' coach Paul Seymour. "He might go to the new Chicago franchise and we would have to play against him in our division. He's an excellent runner and rebounder and should do well in the National Basketball Association."

Relaxing in his dormitory room one day this winter, Bellamy tempered their optimism with some sober thoughts. "I think I can adjust to NBA ball just like I adjusted to college ball and to the Olympic tournament," he said. "But I really don't know how I'll do. I have great respect for the pros and I hope I can make it." The Big Bell shifted his six feet, 10½ inches and 220 pounds in the easy chair and continued speaking in soft, serious tones. "Whether I do well or not, I owe an awful lot to coach McCracken. He encouraged me to work hard. I skipped rope, shot 100 free throws every night after practice and worked on

Walt's rebounding strength lies in his powerful legs and 6-10½ body.

shooting from outside and from the corners. I still have plenty to learn, but my hook shot has come along pretty well and I think my 20-foot jumper would go against the pros."

Bellamy, now a full-fledged All-America and an Olympic veteran, thinks like a pro. "I don't care who I play for," he said, "just as long as I can play NBA ball and get paid for it."

Walt has been playing and enjoying sports—without pay—for most of his 21 years. Born and raised in New Bern, N.C., he starred in football and basketball at J.T. Barber High School. As a six-foot-six, 205-pound senior, he won All-State ratings in both sports and earned long looks from many college coaches.

It was a high-school coach, however, who helped convince Bellamy to choose Indiana. Simon Coates, the Barber High coach, spent two summers there, working for a master's degree. He liked the Indiana campus, became friendly with Hoosier coach McCracken and admired Branch's fire-wagon brand of basketball. Coates talked with Walt and the big center went off to Bloomington, Ind.

During a pre-freshman entrance study course, Bellamy failed to impress at least one professor. "He's a nice, polite boy," the professor told McCracken, "but he's too quiet. He rarely says anything in class and looks frightened. Frankly I think you're wasting your time with this boy because he'll never get the grades to remain eligible."

McCracken quickly discovered that Bellamy cast the same image on the basketball court. "I couldn't communicate with him at first," McCracken said. "He couldn't even talk so I could understand him. He wasn't aggressive and he didn't have a single good shot. Although he had the biggest hands I'd seen in more than 25 years of coaching, he didn't know how to use them."

In his first freshman appearance, against the varsity, Bellamy impressed no one. He scored only three field goals and dropped the ball so often that the fans booed.

McCracken didn't get too discouraged, however, and he and Bellamy worked double time. Slowly the diamond-in-the-rough began to take on a polish. As a sophomore, Walt led the varsity and finished third high in Big Ten rebounding with 15.2 a game while averaging 17.2 points.

Bellamy sharpened his shooting as a junior last season. His 24-game average of 22.4 (537 points) placed him 22d in the national scoring race and his 53.5 field-goal percentage placed him 11th in the national shooting race.

An All-America on many major teams, Bellamy earned high praise from everybody's All-America, Jerry Lucas of national champion Ohio State. "Walt was the best big man I faced all year," Lucas said, and the statistics backed him up. The schools split their two games. In the first one, which Ohio State won, 96-95, Lucas scored 20 points and collected ten rebounds; Bellamy scored 17 points and collected 11 rebounds. In the second one, which Indiana won, 99-83, Lucas had 27 points and 20 rebounds; Bellamy had 24 points and 19 rebounds. One other vital statistic from the second game: Lucas played all 40 minutes; Bellamy played only 28½ minutes!

A physical education major who wants to coach after his playing days end, Bellamy has maintained a C average. Besides keeping up with his studies and playing basketball, he has an added responsibility this year—providing for his wife, the former Helen Ragland, a North Carolina schoolteacher whom he married last June.

Early this season, while Walt was averaging 23 points and 20 rebounds a game, coach McCracken finally allowed himself a brief I-told-you-so, probably aimed at the visiting scout of three years ago. "When Walt was a freshman," McCracken recalled, "a teammate caught him in the throat with an elbow and knocked him out. When Walt came to, he insisted on staying in the scrimmage. During the next few minutes, he threw in eight straight baskets, and that's when I knew he had it inside."

Now Indiana's opponents know and the pros will soon find out.



Coach Branch McCracken, left, and his wife happily welcomed Walt home from the Olympics. "He really helped me an awful lot," Bellamy says. "He made me work hard for four years."

The Making Of A Baseball Star

Carl Yastrzemski, groomed for the majors since he was a tot, is getting ready for his big test. The Red Sox have picked him as the fellow to take over for Ted Williams

By Lee Greene



At the close of the 1960 season, Boston Red Sox manager Mike Higgins announced that he would try an entirely new outfield in 1961. For right field, Mike named Jackie Jensen, for center field, Gary Geiger. To replace Ted Williams in left field, he picked rookie Carl Yastrzemski.

IT HAPPENS EVERY spring. From out of the minor leagues pop hundreds of fired-up young men dreaming the big dream of major-league glory. Only the very best receive the courtesy of an invitation to a big-league training camp and by the end of the first week, they return to the minors—by the dozens. It matters little what sort of reputation the rookie brings along with him, or even how big his bonus; if he can't produce, he sits down for a sad little chat with the manager and is handed a ticket back to obscurity.

For a few, the ticket never comes. They are the lucky ones, hand-picked for stardom, whether they like the idea or not. Even before they arrive at camp, they have been

Basically a singles and doubles hitter, Carl received some sage advice from Ted Williams. "Your swing is perfect," Ted said. "Don't you let anybody change it."



A star since his Little League days, Yastrzemski learned his early baseball lessons from his father, *right in top photo*. Carl's family—his wife and parents are with him *at right*—takes an active interest in his career. His dad went to spring training with him.



given that rarest of all rookie distinctions—first shot at a regular job. Where other rookies must fight to displace veterans, and often must spend long periods on the bench, the youngsters are faced with a different problem. Under the hot glare of publicity and biting comments of the second-guessers, they must prove to a skeptical baseball world that they are worth the special treatment.

Carl Michael Yastrzemski, Jr. (pronounced Yass-TREM-skee) is one of the elite corps, a young man picked for stardom in his first big-league season. His problem is compounded because he has been tapped to fill the shoes of the greatest hitter of this generation.

The young man faced with the burden is handsome, clean-cut and a veteran of only two seasons of professional baseball. At the age of 21, Carl is about to begin the third season of a five-year bonus arrangement that will eventually cost the Red Sox better than \$100,000 even if he never makes a base hit.

In receiving a big bonus for signing, Yastrzemski is fairly typical of today's top rookies. As a business management student at Notre Dame from September to February each year (until 1963), he also typifies the intelligent "college-type" players being attracted to baseball in recent years. But it is his confidence, complete and genuine, that sets Carl Yastrzemski apart.

"I was disappointed at not being kept by the Sox a year ago," he said. "But I guess they figured I was only 20 and needed more seasoning. Looking back, I'd say I was handled properly. It's only natural to want

to move up quickly as soon as you get a toehold."

Carl was back in his hometown of Bridgehampton, not far from the easternmost tip of Long Island, for a brief visit before finishing his first semester as a Notre Dame junior. He relaxed in the comfortably furnished living room of his parents' home and talked calmly of his brief past and promise-laden future. There was little emotion in his voice as he spoke of Ted Williams, the superman he will replace.

"I worked with Ted last spring at Scottsdale, and I found him to be a real nice guy, very interesting to talk to," he said. "He didn't try to tell me how to swing, but advised me to study the pitchers very carefully so that I'd know what to expect in a given situation, and how to react."

Carl was talking about the man who has been his baseball idol since he can remember. Across the street from the Yastrzemski home in Bridgehampton is a Little League field. It isn't the one that Carl played on back in 1952 when he pitched and played shortstop for the Bridgehampton Lions, but it is symbolic of the swift passage of time from the Williams-worshipping Little Leaguer to the Williams-respecting heir apparent.

While Ted Williams was Carl's idol, Stan Musial was his model. There is a swift but striking resemblance to the coiled-spring Musial stance in Yastrzemski's batting posture. Both Stan and Carl are lefthanded hitters, both bend from the waist to get a better look at the pitch, both hold the bat high (→ TO PAGE 97)

TEEN-AGE GUN CLUB

BY JACK DENTON SCOTT



Fascinated by the sound, fury and sport of rifles, nearly 200 youngsters showed up at this meeting.

PHOTOS BY MARTIN BLUMENTHAL



*A revolutionary program is underway
in rifle sport. Budding sharpshooters are
benefiting all over the United States*

A RUMOR relating to the sports world ahead of us seems to be that young people aren't particularly interested in gun sport. Spread no doubt by anti-gun fanatics, the rumor falls flat on its boisterous face when confronted by research. Not only is gun sport booming among youngsters, but it is being supported and taught to them by civic-minded citizens and communities. Not too long ago, I visited Hempstead, a sprawling town on New York's Long Island jut, where everybody seemed interested in helping youngsters understand how to use guns properly. What happened in Hempstead is typical of the organized gun instruction so popular these days in towns all over the United States.

At 9:30 on the morning of my visit, almost 200 kids, average age 15, and members of the "Abraham and Straus Teen Hunters' Club," descended upon the Hempstead Police Training Center. This is a \$200,000 lavishly landscaped pistol range—where experts teach, demonstrate and supervise the proper use of weapons. I entered the gates with the boys and girls and listened to Hempstead's mayor, William Gulde, make his welcoming speech, ending with the words that were the key to the entire operation, "Cooperation of business, industry and community . . ."

Businesses really began the Teen Hunters' Club idea, which, through the efforts of the Sporting Arms & Ammunition Manufacturers' Institute, has now been adopted in Babylon, N. Y., Kansas City, Pittsburgh, Detroit and 50 other communities.

A wave of mothers who came up to clerks in the sporting goods section of Hempstead's Abraham and Straus department store and asked: "Where can my son receive instructions in the correct use of firearms?" gave Jennings Dennis, manager of special events, the idea. He sought the help of Jim Dee, director of shooting development of the Sporting Arms Institute, and they set the format for the clubs.

*Firing is fun, but
it can be dangerous, too.
That's why the teen-
age gun clubs hire only
experts as teachers*



Proper handling of the weapon, as taught in photo above, will eliminate most shooting hazards. "A gun is not a plaything," the instructor cautioned. "Treat it with respect and you'll get years of fun from it." Girls as well as boys shared in the fun at the Hempstead club meeting and took some shots at the targets, right.

Dee, representing industry, and Dennis, pitching for business, approached the mayor of Hempstead seeking help and advice in locating an area where the shooting clinic could operate. Mayor Gulde went to his Village Board with the suggestion that the Police Training Center be utilized to aid the youth of their community. The mayor also asked the help of LeRoy Tintle, local recreation director. Dee had remarked that the Teen Club would need a continuing program, and Tintle would be the man in the community to put it into action and supervise its continuance.

Next Dennis took half-page ads in the local papers announcing the formation of the Teen Hunters' Club. He also displayed posters in the store, and set up a registration desk in the sporting department. Two hundred youngsters signed up in a few days. They put their names on registration slips, entitling each shooting member to obtain free Ranger targets at any time from the A & S sporting goods department. The fired targets, if scores qualified, could be returned to the store and exchanged for the colorful and impressive National Rifle Association Ranger brassard.

I was impressed with the brevity of the mayor's speech as I stood with the 200 would-be gunners watching the program swing into action. Dee launched it with a few terse sentences and some humor, telling the teen-agers that actual shooting performances would start right away, explaining why it was necessary for them to observe guns in action before sitting with their instructors.

Dee also did the shooting, using quart oil cans filled with water which exploded dramatically when hit. He talked as he shot, using a .22 rimfire rifle, a .257 Roberts pump, a 30-30 lever action, a .308 lever, and 12- and 20-gauge shotguns. He used a handtrap, too, tossing clay birds into the air for a crack shot from Remington Arms, who knocked them to pieces. A spring trap mounted on top of Dee's station wagon was also used for the shotgun demonstration and Dee told the kids how easy it was to dream up inexpensive gimmicks like the trap to make shooting more fun.

The shotgunning was skillful but I think the kids (—→ TO PAGE 76)



REPORT ON THE AFL

Will The New Football League Survive?

The owners say yes. They still have some surprises up their sleeves

MOSQUITOES ARE ALWAYS annoying, and one that will continue to buzz this autumn is the American Football League. The AFL certainly hasn't raised any blotches on the tough skin of the healthy giant that is the National Football League, but as long as the young league is able to survive, it will be a source of annoyance to its less than friendly big brother.

Despite the scalding bath in red ink that AFL club owners endured last season—almost \$4,000,000—the league emerged reasonably healthy. Only one of its eight team presidents—Charles (Chet) Soda of the Oakland Raiders—resigned his post and even Chet retained his stockholdings in the club. Dollar losses ranged from the \$50,000 sustained by Bob Howsam's Denver team to the \$700,000 inflicted on Barron Hilton's Los Angeles Chargers. The vast Hilton hotel chain, though, has a way of recouping this deficit.

It is folly to assume that the AFL will continue to operate while absorbing such losses. But it is also apparent that AFL leaders are dedicated to continue the grim battle for survival with the NFL for at least several more seasons.

A talk with AFL and NFL people revealed that there are two roads to AFL survival—one temporary and the other permanent. For immediate salvation, the young league must continue to snare the top college stars. The prize grab of the 1960 season was Billy Cannon, the Heisman Trophy winner the preceding year and everybody's All-America. Cannon paid off for the league in publicity and performance. More than 32,000 attended the first AFL championship game in Houston on January 1 (a nationwide television audience was estimated at close to 40,000,000) and the award as the

outstanding player of the game went to Billy. His top play, and the development of other young stars like quarterback Jackie Kemp of the Los Angeles Chargers, will certainly help boost future gates.

Considering that young Barron Hilton made an impressionable dent in his family's fortune last season, it is significant that his Chargers have signed eight of their 12 top draft choices for 1961. It means that despite his losses, Hilton is prepared to continue spending money in the all-out war with the NFL. The other AFL owners are making similar progress. Ask any of them who'll wind up with the top players from the draft lists of both leagues next year and the answer is: "We'll end up with as many and probably more of the top players. This is the league of opportunity for the young players and they, in time, will put it on equal footing with the NFL."

A requirement, of course, for the AFL's permanent survival is for one of its teams to play against an NFL club and to do well. AFL commissioner Joe Foss admits the game will never come about if it's left up to the NFL. "They won't touch us with a ten-foot pole," he says. "They would like to take the cover off the manhole and drop us in. However, we're a great annoyance to them. You could see it in the draft when they were forced to hold a marathon session. Someday we'll annoy them on the same field but only a demanding public will bring this about."

One AFL club president noisily engaged in trying to whet the public's appetite for a head-to-head clash with the NFL is the New York Titans' Harry Wismer. Wismer fears no enemy except a continuance of the small crowds his team drew last season. Harry challenged the Washington Redskins first, was refused,

and then on the same day the New York Giants were taking their season-ending lumps from the Cleveland Browns, Wismer went on the half-time show of an AFL game and challenged the Giants. Giant boss John Mara, with nothing to gain and everything to lose, naturally refused.

How does Wismer think his club would fare against an NFL team? "We have the greatest offense of any pro team," Harry says. "If we could control the ball we'd win the game." The statement, like Harry himself, is loud and boastful. At present there is no public demand for the game.

Joe Foss fervently believes that there isn't that great a difference in caliber of play between the two leagues. He uses the defunct All-America Football Conference as an illustration. "They argued that the AAFC couldn't fight its way out of a wet sack," Joe says. "However, when the league expired, the same Cleveland team that dominated the AAFC continued to dominate the NFL. The only difference between the AAFC and us is that we're here to stay!"

Offense was the byword last year in the AFL and the fans liked it. The teams fought hard and the league, itself, is fighting hard. It's an uphill fight to be sure, but the mosquito is buzzing and battling. If the NFL were to absorb a couple of the stronger new teams, it might kill the new league as it did the AAFC; but even this might not work. The eight AFL owners appear determined to keep alive pro football's second league. They have money to spend and many of pro football's future stars are listening to and accepting their offers. As long as the money survives, so will the mosquito.

—Joe Donnelly

THE INCOMPLETE ALL-AMERICA

By JOE DONNELLY

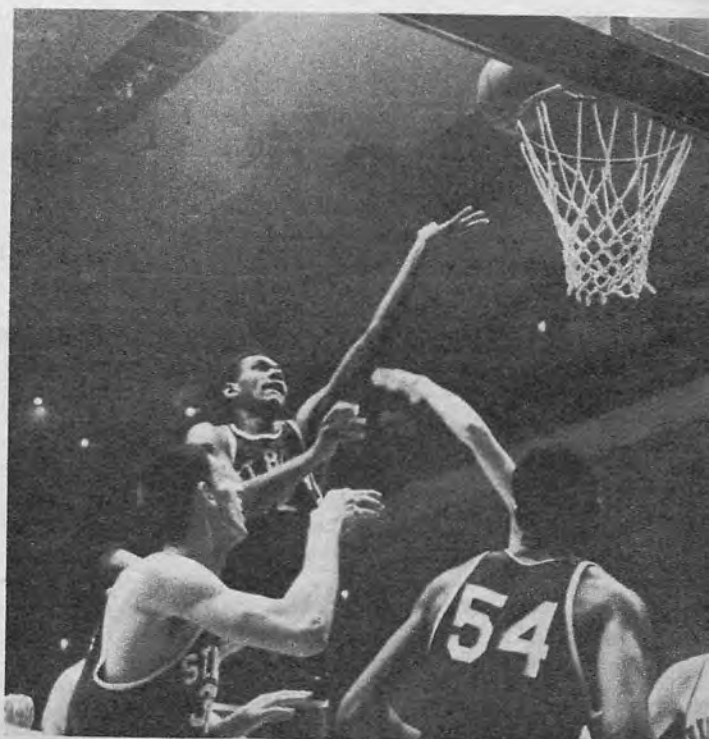


OHIO STATE BASKETBALL coach Fred Taylor sipped a soft drink and answered sportswriters' questions as he stood in a Madison Square Garden dressing room New Year's Eve. Moments before, Fred's team—No. 1 in the nation—had beaten St. Bonaventure, 84-82, to win New York's Holiday Festival tournament. One of Taylor's large hands held the silver bowl given to the tournament champion. Several feet away, the even larger hands of All-America Jerry Lucas held the trophy given to the tournament's outstanding player. Taylor, Lucas and the rest of the Buckeyes were the winners, but the words they spoke were all about a loser.

"Tom Stith is greater than we thought he was," Taylor said. "When the chips were down, he was the one the Bonnies fed the ball to. He's got great pro shooting moves."

"He's great inside," Jerry Lucas said. "The only one I've played against who compares with Stith in getting off his shots is Purdue's Terry Dischinger." The only awkward moment that Lucas suffered in the tournament came when Jerry tried to stop one of Stith's smooth, lefthanded shots. Tom, shifting his six feet, five inches, outmaneuvered Lucas under the boards, forcing the Ohio State star to commit a clumsy foul.

A Garden aide brought in copies of the game's statistics and the Ohio State players examined them. "Wow, Stith got 35 points," one player said, "and 28 of them in the second half." "Yep," said State's John Havlicek. "There goes my reputation as the great defender." Havlicek is the man State uses to guard



So far, shooting skill has been enough to bring Tom Stith success. In the NBA—where he hopes to play next season—he'll have to show more

the opposition's high scorer. He's considered a top college defenseman. New Year's Eve, he had given up 35 to Stith, who pumped in points with his versatile outside-inside skill. "When Stith gets down to working," Havlicek said admiringly, "he's one of the game's greats."

With these words, Havlicek probed the controversy raging around Tom Stith, who is considered by many the incomplete All-America. Stith has been accused of loafing on defense and not working when he doesn't have the ball. Big men in college basketball have praised him, but equally big men have tempered their praise with criticism. "Tom Stith's a fine shooter," says Utah's veteran coach, Jack Gardner. "If he ever learns to play defense, he'll be a fine basketball player. He seems to have no desire to go both ways."

In a Holiday Festival tournament game against Utah, with his St. Bonaventure team leading, 87-84, Stith lost the ball near the Utah basket. He dove to the floor, trying to retrieve it, but remained sitting there as the Utes went 90 feet to score.

Earlier in the Utah game, Stith even failed to raise his hands when a smaller opponent drove in for a lay-up. He had provided Gardner with fodder for criticism, the same as he had given Taylor cause for praise. Against Ohio State, Stith blocked shots, moved well without the ball and led his team in assists and scoring.

Perhaps Eddie Donovan, the St. Bonaventure coach, has the best answer for Stith's critics. "If there's anything Tom has to learn about basketball, it's probably on the defensive side of the court," Donovan said. "Don't get me wrong. I've seen him make great defensive plays. But he's so well co-ordinated and so loose that sometimes he gives the appearance he's holding back."

Ask Tom Stith whether the loafing charge bothers him, and you can see that it does. You can see the hurt in his eyes and hear it in his voice as he replies—so softly that you ask him to repeat: "I try as hard as I can. I want to win as much as anyone else."

Tom has proved how much he wants to win and his scoring records reflect only part of his will and skill. Statistics show that in last season Tom's 31.5 scoring average placed him second in the nation to Oscar Robertson. They show, too, that Tom is high up among this season's top college scorers. But statistics, of course, omit the drama behind the points.

Consider, for instance, St. Bonaventure's 90-89 triple-overtime victory over Providence last season. Tom scored all of his team's six points in the first overtime and eight more points before the game was over, including the winning basket with 15 seconds remaining.

"Anybody who says this kid doesn't hustle is crazy,"

said Providence coach Joe Mullaney. "Just look at what he did to us tonight. He was the whole show." St. Bonaventure got 90 points; Tom got 46 of them.

Sixty-three of the points Tom scored last season don't appear in any college record book. They were scored against an industrial team, the Cleveland Pipers. "I learned a lot from that game," Tom said. "I learned you can be a goat with 61 points and a hero with 63. We were winning by a point with less than a minute to go and I lost the ball. The Pipers scored. Fortunately, when we got the ball back, I scored the final basket."

Skill in the clutch is Tom Stith's playing answer to his critics. His spoken answer is: "I have a style. I can't help it if some people don't like my style. It is what I am."

One of Tom's biggest boosters is his brother, Sam. A year older at 23, Sam Stith has poise and polish that don't show in Tom. It isn't that Tom is unfriendly. He smiles easily but shyly. Sam smiles easily and exuberantly. Despite the personality difference, there is a very strong bond between the brothers.

Born and raised in Harlem, New York City, the Stith brothers triumphed over taxing odds. Their father died when they were very young, and their mother passed on when Tom was in the seventh grade of grammar school. An 18-year-old sister, Eva, became the head of the family. Eva and a younger sister, Virginia, 16, went to work and were able to feed and clothe the growing boys. Tom and Sam agree that Eva's ability to function as head of the family was their saving grace. But something else helped, too. Space to live and breathe in teeming Harlem was then and still is at a premium. Schoolyard basketball courts are the empty pockets between crowded buildings and one of them lay across the street from the tenement in which Tom and Sam lived. Their hours of play were spent in that schoolyard. There they began to play basketball.

Later Sam attended and played basketball for Frederick Douglas JHS and Tom followed a year behind. Two basketball games on their junior high school schedule brought a change into the lives of the Stith brothers. They led their team to two victories over St. Francis Prep's junior varsity. Impressed, Brother Cyprian, OFM, athletic director at St. Francis, gave Tom and Sam athletic scholarships to the private school.

Both boys earned All-City basketball ratings and Tom, in his senior year, was voted to the high school All-America. When it came time for college, Sam turned down 20 basketball scholarship offers to continue his education with the (→ TO PAGE 99)



Hockey's

A mystery still surrounds Frank

FRANK MAHOVLICH'S 6-1, 200-pound streamlined figure became a blue and white blur as he whooshed across the milky ice of Toronto Maple Leaf Gardens. It was the night of November 5, 1960, and the current hockey season was in its infancy. Frank rushed toward the New York Rangers' goal like a comet, zipped around opponents as if they were stationary tenpins and shot the puck past Jack McCartan so fast the goalie must have thought it was invisible.

After the goal, New York's Camille Henry skated off the ice, plunked himself on the bench and turned to teammate Red Sullivan. "Something's happened to the big guy," Henry whispered. "He's going to be trouble."

Sullivan had scarcely digested the warning when Mahovlich nearly decapitated McCartan with another scoring shot. Before the night was up, Frank had smashed in four goals, enough for a Toronto victory. "The way he's going," Sullivan said later, "he'll break Rocket Richard's record of 50 goals in a season."

Sullivan wasn't kidding. The night of November 5, 1960, is now remembered as the night missile "Big M"—until then a sputtering dud—finally flew off the launching pad and into the National Hockey League stratosphere.

By early January, Mahovlich had scored 35 goals in 39 games and oddsmakers were quoting even money that

Hottest Scorer

By Stan Fischler

Mahovlich's sudden rise to glory. What was it, really, that held him down until now?

the shy 23-year-old would break Maurice Richard's 50-goal record. "Frank is better now than Jean Beliveau," said King Clancy, Toronto's assistant general manager. "Now everybody is afraid of him."

What frightens opponents are the left wing's multiple skills. Frank has a 90-mile-an-hour shot, an unfathomable shift, dynamic skating power, locomotive speed and the strength of a rhinoceros.

"He's the toughest man in the league to stop," says veteran Ranger defenseman Harry Howell. "A fella like Henri Richard gets by on skating but he doesn't have Mahovlich's strength. Bobby Hull has power but he doesn't have Mahovlich's reach or shift. Beliveau can stickhandle but he doesn't have Mahovlich's speed."

Despite these riches, Frank was denounced as a failure as recently as last season. In fact, ever since

1957, when he broke into the NHL, Mahovlich has been speared by charges that he is moody, lazy, indifferent and immature and that he wastes his talent. This despite 20 goals in his first year when he won the rookie award, 22 goals in his second year and 18 goals last year. Even after he scored a three-goal hat trick and then followed with a spectacular four-goal night early this season, some critics still raged against him.

When Mahovlich scored a key goal against Montreal, Boston's vice-president, Lynn Patrick, labeled him a "homer." But Mahovlich had an effective comeback. In Toronto's next two games at Boston, he scored four goals, piloting the Leafs to two victories. Then somebody complained that Frank was scoring against soft goaltending. So, in the weekend doubleheader of December 10 and 11, he put five goals (→ TO PAGE 72)

Frank's hard, accurate shots brought him 35 goals in his first 39 games, a jet start toward Maurice Richard's NHL all-time record of 50. "I don't know if I can break the record," Mahovlich said at mid-season, "but I'm sure going to give it one helluva try."





Ozzie Sweet

FLOYD PATTERSON'S FIGHT FOR INDEPENDENCE

By **BARRY GOTTEHRER**

It took a lot of trouble and brooding to touch off the heavyweight champion's personal rebellion. But once Floyd decided to become his own man, nobody—not even his mother-hen manager, Cus D'Amato—could stand in his way

A few minutes past noon last June 21, the heavyweight champion of the world, tired and sheepish, entered the crowded ballroom of New York's Hotel Commodore. Less than 14 hours earlier, Floyd Patterson had brutally defeated Ingemar Johansson, becoming the first man ever to regain the heavyweight title. It was time for the history-maker to face the press.

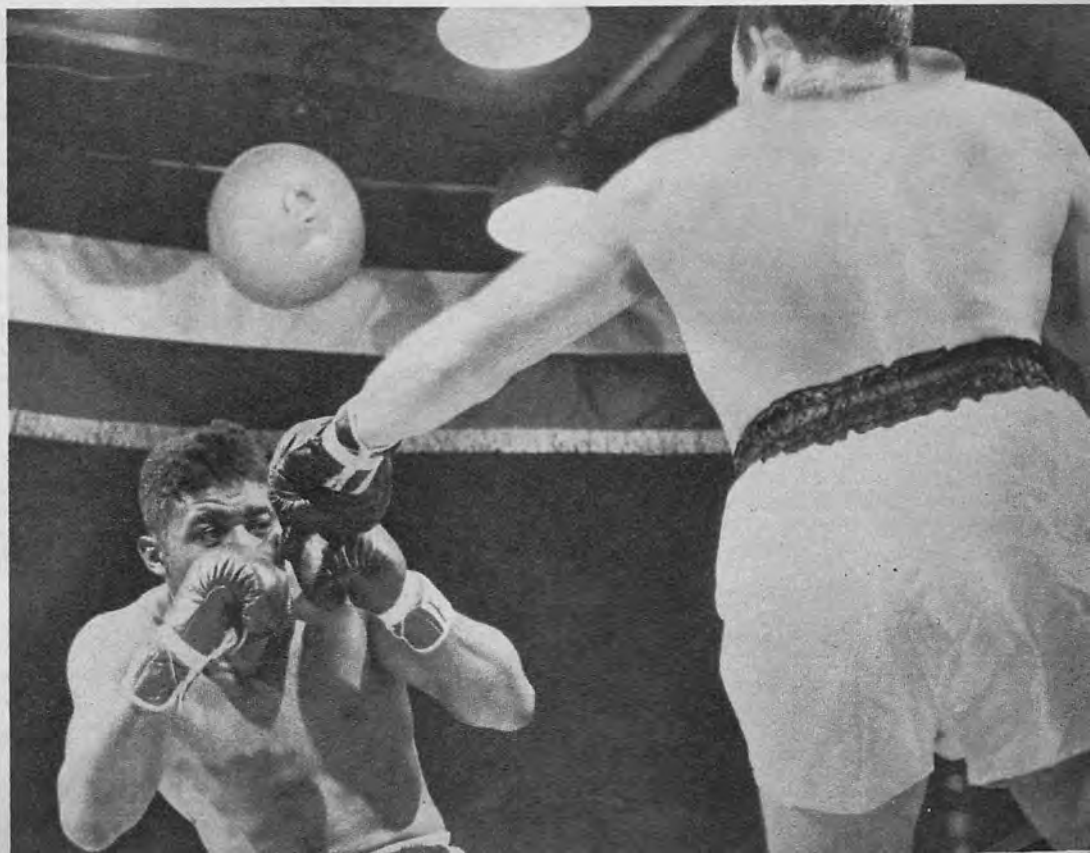
"Floyd, we all know that Joe Louis gave you advice on how to beat Johansson," one writer said. "But who would you say was the greatest influence in your regaining the title—Louis or your manager, Cus D'Amato?"

The silence that followed was broken by D'Amato, seated directly behind the champion. "Say Floyd Patterson," he whispered, loud enough for everyone to hear. The champion, a sly, almost imperceptible smile dancing across his face, glanced at his manager and paused. Then he answered: "Floyd Patterson."

For every sportswriter in the room, there could be only one conclusion: Cus D'Amato was still doing the talking—and the thinking—for the heavyweight champion of the world.

Relaxing in his new training camp in Spring Valley, N.Y., a few months ago, Floyd Patterson laughed when I reminded him of the press conference and of his manager's unsolicited prompting. "You may have thought I was saying what Cus wanted me to but I wasn't," Patterson said, stretching out on his rumpled bed in Room 214 of the Spring Rock Country Club. "I spent a lot of time by myself in those 12 months I wasn't champion, thinking about all the things I'd say and do if I ever got the chance. One thing I decided was that no one—including Cus—was going to brainwash me any more. I knew I could fight and I

Patterson's peek-a-boo defense—shielding him here against an assault by Ingemar Johansson—is one of boxing's most unorthodox styles. It is constantly criticized, but it has let Floyd down only twice in his career.





Manager Cus D'Amato, left, ran Floyd's personal life as well as his boxing career with such a firm grip that people began to resent both men. "Things have changed," Floyd says. "Cus has accepted the change but hasn't adjusted to it yet."

knew I could think. I didn't need anyone to tell me what to say that afternoon at the press conference, and I don't need anyone now."

The telephone rang in the next room, and Dan Florio, the champion's trainer, came in to say that D'Amato was calling. It was the first day of training in the new camp, and Patterson was far from satisfied with the arrangements. He felt the trappings were too plush and there wasn't enough privacy. He doubted if he'd ever be able to get tough enough under the prevailing conditions.

Floyd walked to the phone, winked and began to demonstrate his independence. "There are hundreds of people walking all over this place, Cus," he said. "This isn't the way you said it would be. I don't like it this way. I think you'd better get me a new camp, Cus, or at least get us some privacy up here."

In the next ten days, Cus D'Amato tried but couldn't find another camp, principally because Patterson's No. 1 choice, La-Ronda in Newtown, Conn., where he had trained for his last fight, no longer was available. But D'Amato did make sure that the champion would have more privacy and, for the first time, he listened and let his fighter do the talking.

How does D'Amato react to his fighter's declaration of independence?

"I'd say Cus has accepted my new attitude," Patterson says. "But he hasn't adjusted to it yet."

"Floyd Patterson hasn't changed," D'Amato says. "He was a man when he was 14. I've always known that. The only change is that other people are beginning to realize this also."

This new relationship with his manager forms only one step in Floyd's battle for total independence as a man and as a fighter. "Cus is still my manager and he's still my friend. That's not the point," Patterson says. "Some people reach maturity at 18, some at 45. Some never do. I reached maturity at 25 in that year I wasn't champion. Then things began to change."

To Floyd Patterson, 26 this January, maturity has meant that he must speak and act for himself in everything—in his attitude toward his manager, his family, his friends, the writers, boxing, religion and racial problems. Still one question flares: Why were so many people concerned about his maturity and independence in the first place? The answer is obvious: His manager, Cus D'Amato, whose aggressive personality forced his withdrawn fighter to retreat further into his shell. If D'Amato had been popular, few people would have cared what Patterson said or did. But D'Amato was—and still is—actively disliked by a great many people who consequently have demanded more of Patterson than they have of other athletes.

Unquestionably, Patterson first began to assert himself in the dark days of 1959 immediately after he lost the title to Johansson. D'Amato had lost his manager's license and was forced to stay away from his fighter, leaving Patterson training alone in the secluded hills of Connecticut. Scorned by (→ TO PAGE 77)

Smarting from criticism heaped upon him after losing the title to Johansson, Floyd showed them all in the second fight. Charging in from the start, he demolished Ingo with hard, lightning left hooks. ▶



The Ron Hansen Miracle

*Almost overnight, the
young Oriole became the American
League's No. 1 shortstop.
Ron's road to the top was short,
but from start to finish
it was stacked high with hurdles*

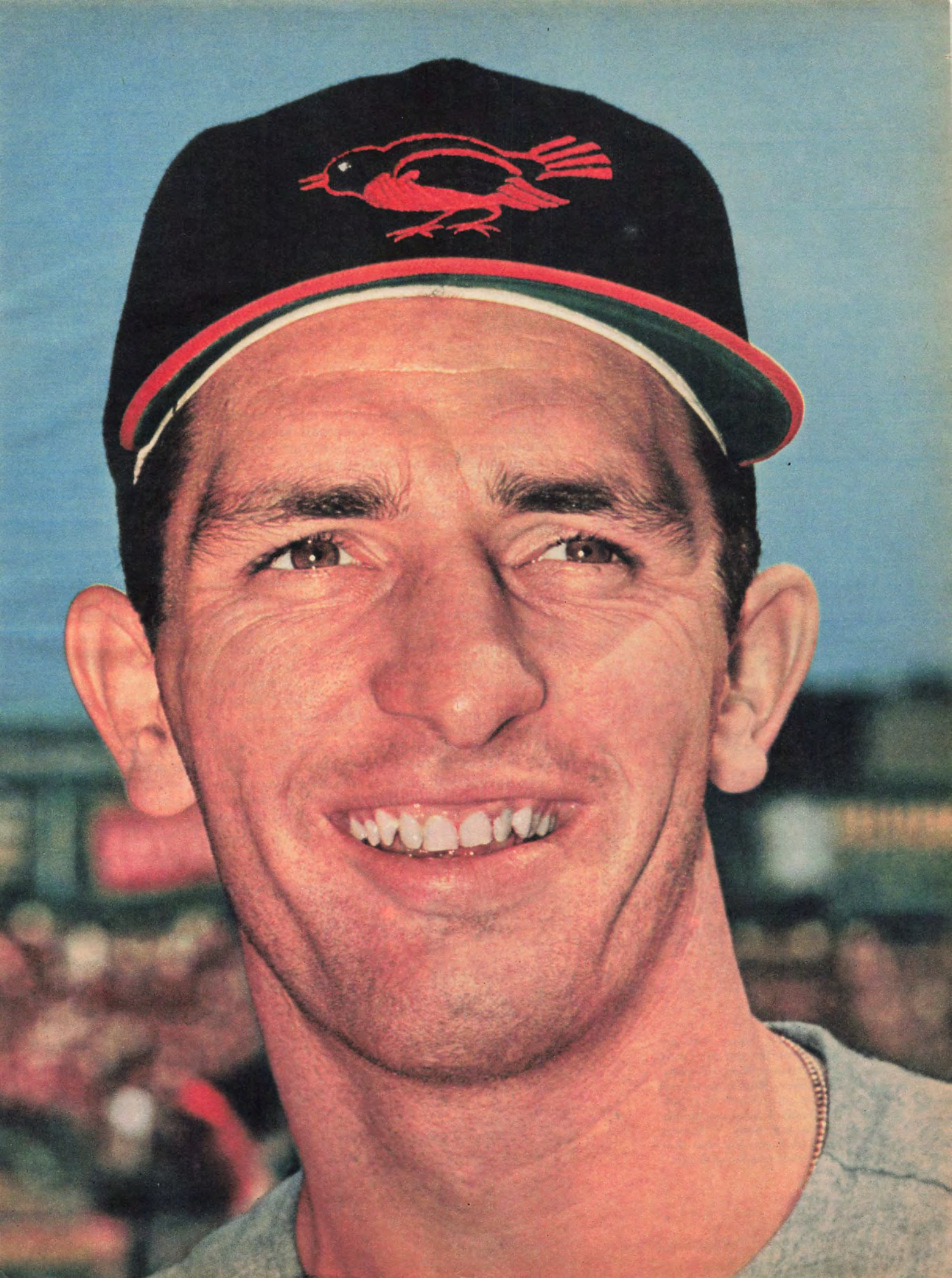
By Bill Surface

EVERYBODY EVERYWHERE likes to know a somebody. When a fellow makes it to the top, he finds himself surrounded by friends and fanfare. Most times, the man on the top is prepared for the ballyhoo, but sometimes fame catches him by surprise. It comes unexpectedly, perhaps miraculously. It happened that way to Ron Hansen.

A year ago, Ron Hansen was a 21-year-old rookie, a fellow with worlds of promise, but many problems. There were the usual baseball problems, of course—the burdens that confront any young man trying to break into a big-league lineup. There was the additional difficulty of a leg injury that only three years before had almost ended his career. But Ron hurdled the obstacles with miles of space. He became a key man in the Baltimore Oriole infield, the top shortstop in his league and the American League's Rookie Of The Year.

Today, Hansen's supporters range from the young men of Fort Knox's C Company, Sixth Regiment, Third Battalion—with whom he served this winter—to the older men who play baseball with and against him. They all tell you that Ron's impact upon baseball is only beginning, that he is surely one of the budding super-stars of the next decade. In fact, most people insist, he is almost there now.

Casey Stengel, for instance, talks about Hansen as if he owned the young shortstop and was looking for a trade. Stengel picked up the phone in his Glendale, Calif., home and reacted with enthusiasm to a writer's questions about Ron. "So you're going to write a story about Hansen, huh?" Casey said. "Well, now he's a California boy. So why don't you come here and go to the beach and let his mother write the story? She can brag on him all day and your editor won't get mad. 'Cause everything she says about him is going to be true.





A smooth fielder, lanky Ron reminds people of the old St. Louis Cardinal shortstop, Marty Marion. At bat, however, Ron is awkward—at least by pure baseball standards. “They say I hold my hands too close to my body,” Hansen says, “but I feel comfortable that way. That’s what counts with me.”

“He looks like one of those how-to-field clinics with the glove. Hitting? I didn’t think, or I was told, he couldn’t hit a low inside pitch. So I passed the tip along to the Red Sox. Well, to wrap up a three-game series in three seconds—’cause this call is costing you money—Hansen went about 12 for 15, and I don’t think I’m on a friendly basis with the Boston fellows. He’s still a growing boy, too, you know.”

Casey’s overflowing point—that Hansen is a good one—receives full-blown endorsement from other baseball people. Dick Groat, Pirate shortstop and the National League’s Most Valuable Player, says, “I hadn’t seen Hansen until last summer’s All-Star games, but I had seen Luis Aparicio and I said to myself: ‘If the American League players voted Hansen over Aparicio, he must be something.’ All ballplayers study guys who play their position, so I watched Hansen the first chance I got. Five minutes after I got a good look at him, I immediately thought of him as another Marty Marion.

“Hansen’s built like a basketball forward, so people might get the mistaken impression he’s slow. But with his long legs, he covers more ground than the little guys and makes it look easy. He knows how to handle himself and has the tools to stick in the big leagues a long time. The way he fields, his hitting is a bonus.”

It is simple to understand such lavish testimonials for Ron Hansen. For five years, the Orioles lost so often that many players joked that they were ashamed to admit they were on the team. Then last season, practically overnight, Baltimore catapulted from sixth to second and battled the pennant-winning Yankees head and head for 140 games. Rookies were mostly responsible for the rise, and Hansen was the best of the rookies. He was a landslide winner (22 of 24 votes) for the American League’s Rookie Of The Year Award, and he was fifth in the Most Valuable Player balloting.

Six-foot-three and animal strong, Ron strengthens the normally light-hitting shortstop position by batting with the power of a cleanup first-baseman. His righthanded long drives produced 22 homers, 22 doubles and 82 RBIs last season.

“The thing that is so impressive about Hansen,” Oriole manager Paul Richards will tell you, “is that he isn’t close to reaching his peak. Wait about three years, then you’ll really see something.”

Heavily boosted players such as Hansen usually spend the off-season getting paid to talk baseball at banquets and booster-club meetings. But the wintry Saturday I visited Ron, he was about as far from big-time baseball as you can get. Army Private Hansen,





Although thin, Ron packs power. His 19th homer triggered this 1960 victory celebration with Steve Barber and Gus Triandos, right.

BR 13690572, was sitting on the steps of barracks No. 7372 at Fort Knox, Ky., shielding an ear from icy winds with one hand and scraping mud off his combat boots with his other.

"Sorry I didn't answer your letter," he said. "But C Company—that's my outfit—spent the last five days and nights in pup tents. It rained two days and two nights and I had time to answer. Except I couldn't find a mailbox.

"I'm sure glad you're here, though. I just finished basic training a few minutes ago, and after eight weeks of 4:30 in the morning to 8 or 9 at night, talking baseball is going to seem like playing in the All-Star game to me. Been any big trades or baseball news the last five days? I've been out of touch in those pup tents."

Ron had just completed the first nine weeks of his six-month service tour, and he was happily fingering his first weekend pass in nine weeks. I suggested we drive to Louisville, where he could get a taste of the civilian life he had temporarily left.

"Great," Ronnie said. "Maybe I can go to the bat factory. I'll be out of these fatigues in about five minutes."

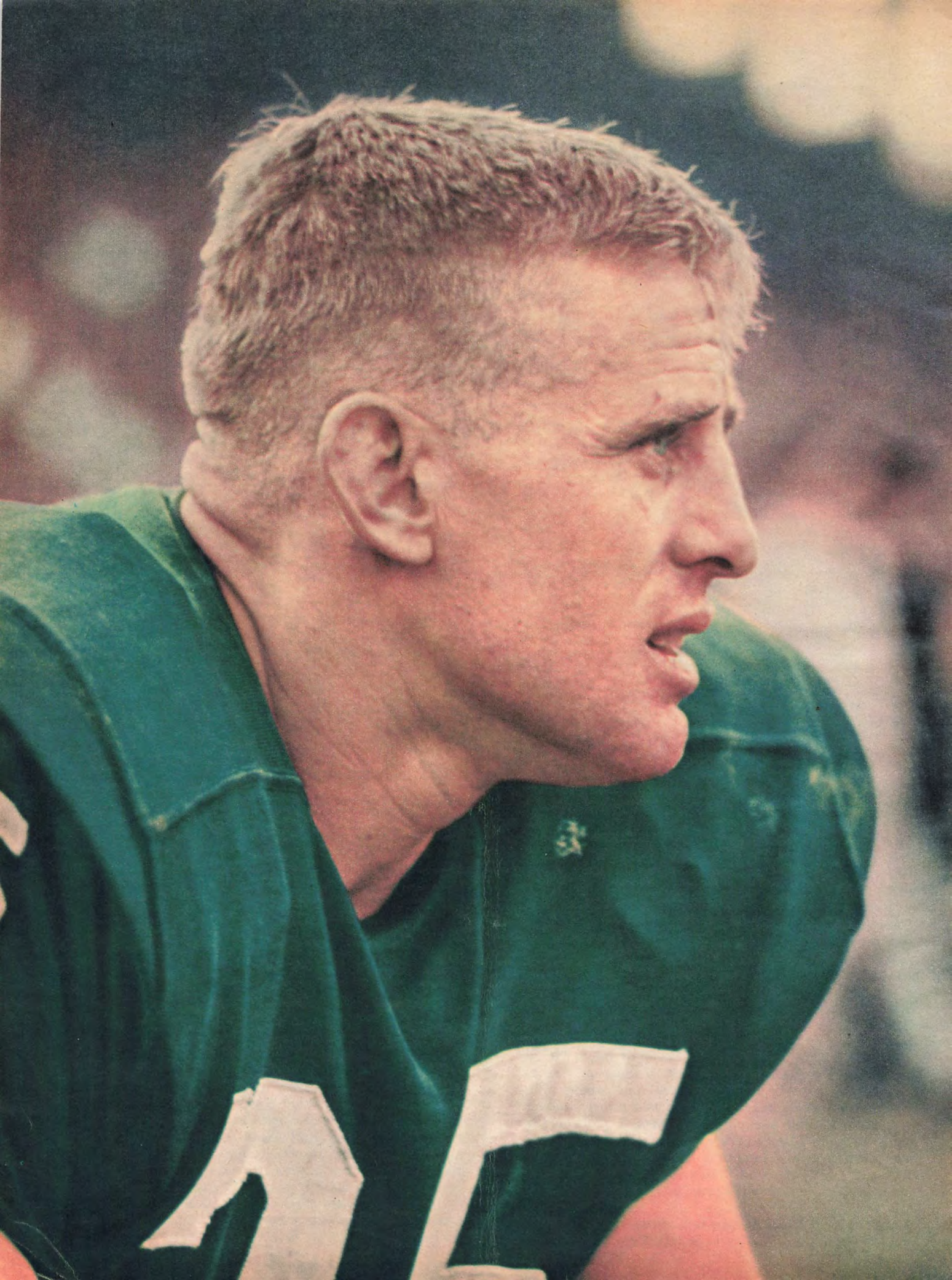
I sat on a foot locker, two bunks away. Then another soldier walked up. "Bet you're writing a story on Ron,

aren't you?" he asked. "Real shortstop. I'm a shortstop, too. Garry Hess. Play in the Red Sox system. You won't find anybody who lives baseball like Ronnie. During basic, they were toughening us up. Rough stuff, too. We get a couple ten-minute breaks and how's Hansen resting? Throwing a tennis ball against a jeep and practicing his fielding.

"Nicest guy in the barracks," Hess continued. "We were having close-order drill when a lieutenant called Ronnie aside and told him he won the Rookie Of The Year Award. Five minutes later, Ronnie was back in ranks, so excited he had to fight himself just to stay in step to march."

"Ready?" Hansen said, appearing in his drab green Army uniform, and we began the 33-mile drive to Louisville. En route, several automobiles with soldiers passed us, honking their horns and boyishly hollering, "Private Hansen, front and center!" and all the other things they yell around Army camps. Ron enjoyed the clowning and the interview, too. "I've never been interviewed for an actual life story before," he said. "Anything you want to ask will be okay."

"A lot of rookie stars flop in their second season," I said. "Does that worry you, especially since you won't be out of the Army in time for (→ TO PAGE 82) 57





Neil Leifer

MAGICIAN OF THE EAGLES

It took time for Tommy McDonald, a small fellow, to find a place among pro football's bruisers. But he battled all the way against all kinds of odds, and today he's the NFL's most elusive pass-receiver

By HUGH BROWN

IN 38 YEARS as a football coach, Buck Shaw worked with thousands of male mammals, most of them meaty. He cherishes the memory of some and detests the thought of others. But, from the time he became head coach of the Philadelphia Eagles three years ago, Shaw's admiration of one male mammal—among the smallest he has ever worked with—never wavered.

"Give me a squad of Tommy McDonalds," Buck said time and again, "and I'll win every game on the schedule."

"But how about Tommy's size?" Buck was once asked. "You had him when he was only 162 pounds, and the most he ever weighed for you was 175. You couldn't fashion a professional football team out of shrimps like that."

"I was speaking figuratively, of course," Shaw said. "What I meant was that I would have liked to have a squad of players possessing Tommy's courage, competitive spirit, magnificent skills and easiness to coach. But a coach's sorrow is that too many big men lack one or the other. And I'm well aware of the fact that for all Tommy's greatness, I could never use him as a defensive tackle."

Or as an offensive halfback whose job was only to run with the ball. Shaw's predecessor with the Eagles, Hughie Devore, tried Tommy at it briefly, then gave up. This was in 1957, the year the Eagles drafted McDonald from Oklahoma University after he had piled up All-America ratings for two years. After failing in his fling as an offensive halfback, Tommy spent most of 1957 running back punts and kickoffs, (—→ TO PAGE 91)



FRANK HOWARD

THE MAN BEHIND THE NEW BABE RUTH MYTH

Even the experts can't remember when a young man has come along packing as much power and potential. Already Frank is somewhat of a legend and the big ballyhoo has left him confused

BY ED LINN



Baseball is a game, a sport, an entertainment and a business, all of them wound together in a ticker-tape mass of records. The records give the game its continuity from year to year and generation to generation. The records give the new fan, the new player and the new writer a standard against which to measure today's hit, tomorrow's game, next week's score.

In baseball, yesterday never dies. For the world of baseball is a small, self-sufficient world, and like many primitive cultures it practices the simple rites of ancestor worship.

In such a culture, there is no surrender to time, no recognition of the improvement of the breed. Consider the interminable selections of All-Time, All-Star teams, invariably staffed by the old, authenticated

gods. The greatest is still Ty Cobb. How do we know? Why, there stand his records—cast in bronze, carved in marble, encased in cement.

As a matter of fact, the records have taken over the game to such an extent that it sometimes seems as if the main purpose of the new season is to feed the machine a new set of figures. One of the arguments against expanding each league to ten teams, if you remember, was that the resulting 162-game schedule would render all those sacred old 154-game records obsolete—the most bloody and blasphemous act, it would seem, since Macbeth gave poor old Duncan his unconditional release. Ford Frick's answer was, in effect, that the old records would be carved on Mount Rushmore, alongside those old Presidents, so that future generations of worshippers could gaze upon them in wonder and awe.

For the fans, records are more than a guide through the catacombs of the past; they are a part of the attraction of the game itself. Much of the pleasure of watching any sporting event is the pleasure of anticipation, and the prospect of a fellow breaking a record is a sturdy interest-whether.

What has all this to do with Frank Howard, whose picture adorns these pages? Just this: In this era of the record book, the record is Babe Ruth's 60 home runs, a figure which has withstood assault for so long that it seems to lend stability to an unstable world. Now young Mr. Howard is threatening that one oasis of stability.

Does it not seem to us, 34 years later, that it was somehow ordained in heaven that the home-run record should be 60? Ruth, after all, could have stopped at 59 (which was, indeed, the record he had set in 1921)

Color by Ozzie Sweet

or he could have gone on to 61. But 60 home runs, by now at least, has a nice round, solid ring to it. When it is broken—if it is broken—the earth will slip just a bit under the feet of all us graying baseball fans.

Think, though, of the rewards that will come to the man who does it. In the scrambling world of bubbling press-agentry, the man who takes Ruth's measure will become a national institution the likes of which we have not seen since Lindbergh crossed his own frontier in an equally whacky time.

So you have Frank Howard, a man of our time, the man who seems destined to make the next real bid, if a bid is to be made. Babe Ruth, a gross man, a carouser, was right for his time. And Howard is the right man for our own parlous times.

The best way to describe Frank is to say that if Al Capp had decided to put Li'l Abner in a baseball uniform—instead of hiding him away in the hills of Dogpatch, a class D town at best—he would be playing baseball for the Dodgers today un-

der the name of Frank Howard.

In the age of bigness, Howard is the biggest man in the majors. He is six feet, seven inches, he weighs 245 pounds and he has shoulders that look as if clothes-hangers have come back in style for streetwear. When Frank stands in front of a doorway, he obliterates it.

Like all folk heroes, he is pleasant and polite, a genial giant who gives the impression of strength and innocence and goodness. When he shakes your hand, he has to bend over, and since he smiles warmly to show more than a casual interest in the person he is meeting, he seems to be clicking his heels like a musical-comedy officer.

The day the Dodgers announced that Howard had been given a bonus of \$108,000 to sign with them, chief scout Al Campanis proclaimed him a "righthanded Babe Ruth" and fearlessly predicted that Frank would break the Babe's home-run record. Well, if all the new Babe Ruths, lefthanded and righthanded, held a convention, they would have to hire Yankee Stadium and

install outside microphones to accommodate the overflow. Still, if Frank Howard does nothing else, he has already scored a notable first. He is the first \$100,000 bonus boy to make any contribution at all to the big-league team which signed him.

The questioning about the home-run record never fails to leave Frank rather embarrassed. "I don't understand how they can bring up that subject to a young fellow still trying to learn the game," he says. "I'm a big man and they figure a big man should be able to hit home runs often. But that's not so. They forget that ability enters into it. You find a lot of home-run hitters are little men who whip that bat around."

As a matter of fact, Frank seems poised to knock down every argument that might indicate he does have the ability to set his sights that high. In his first year, with Green Bay of the class B Three-Eye League, he hit 37 home runs, only one below the league record. "You know," he says, quite seriously, "I think I hit that league in an off year. In the past it had been noted as a real tough league, and it got good again right after I left. That's the way it goes, some years they load up a league and some years they pass it by. In the majors, you know it's *always* going to be strong. Heaven knows, I'm going to have a hard enough time making the team next year with all the great young players in the Dodgers' system, particularly in the outfield."

He is frank to say that he does not see what the Dodgers saw in him. "I think the bonuses they give to untried youngsters are ridiculous," he says. "But if they're foolish enough to offer it, you can't really blame the youngster for taking it, can you?"

That Howard is not kidding is shown by the fact that he has spent the past two winters playing in the Dominican Republic and Puerto Rico, partly to gain experience but also to learn something about playing first base. "If you can play two positions, you've got a better chance of getting into the lineup," he points out. "Doesn't that seem logical?"

And then he hastily adds: "Of course, with Hodges and Larker around, I'm not going to have much chance breaking in there either."

Between Hodges, who has worked with him in Los Angeles, and Vic Power, who was his manager in Puerto Rico, Howard has received instruction from the very best. "He moves better than I expected," Power says. "He surprised me. One thing you can be sure, he'll catch everything high. Nobody's going to throw a ball over his head."

Frank's size alone seems to set

Grim and determined at the plate, Frank tries hard and realizes he has faults. "I'm still young and learning," he says.

Dick Miller



Dodger coach Pete Reiser, at left, has moved up in the organization step by step with Howard, teaching him hitting.

him apart, even if he is only strolling down the street. There must be many people over six-six in this land—as a visit to any basketball game will amply demonstrate—and yet we do not normally see them on the street. In Puerto Rico, where the people tend to be rather small anyway and where the brown faces tend to emphasize the shifting of the pupils in white eyes, Frank's effect on the masses is more easily noticed. The children look up in awe as he approaches and the eyes turn to follow as he passes by. They whisper his name to each other and the Spanish pronunciation hits untutored ears as one word: "Frank-owwah."

"Frankowwah," they chant at each other, making sure it is just loud enough for Frank to hear. "Frankowwah, Frankowwah."

During the ball games themselves—night games except on Sunday—the chant that comes down from the stand is, "Néné, Néné," which, if our information is correct, means "little boy."

You can also catch a cry which sounds like "Condominia." Upon investigation, Condominia proves to be the name of an eight-story building now under construction in San Juan, the largest building on the island.

As Frank comes up to the plate to take his wide, spread-eagled stance, the buzz of excitement rises in the stands, just as it has risen in the majors when a Ted Williams, a Mickey Mantle or a Stan Musial walked to the plate. You can feel the rise of expectation sweeping across the ball park, like a rising wind. It is the expectation of the long ball, the home run; it is the anticipation of something about to happen, something that will justify the trip to the park.

Jack Vasquez, the civil engineer who owns the Caguas Criollos, noticed that Puerto Rican fans came to the park earlier than usual when Howard was playing, apparently because they wanted to watch Howard hit a few out during batting practice. "We'd like him back again next year," Vasquez says, "and not only because he's a gate attraction. He's a real gentleman."

Frank is without temperament. He kicks no water coolers after a strikeout. He badgers no umpires. When he gets a base on balls, in fact, he always stops to look back at the umpire. It seems as if Frank wants to make sure he isn't going to show up the ump by starting toward first and then being called back. Once he is convinced that it is indeed a base on balls, he carefully hands the bat to the bat boy, a ceremony which—considering their disparate sizes—always evokes gales of laughter in Puerto Rico.



The air fills with excitement in Los Angeles, too. Frank was recalled from Spokane early last season, just as the Dodgers were about to go out on the road. When they returned, after a mediocre eight-and-six trip, Los Angeles International Airport was unaccountably jammed with fans, far more fans, in fact, than had turned out to greet the Dodgers when they first brought big-league baseball to the city. The turnout was so unexpected that adequate police protection was not available. The players had to take refuge in the terminal until the crowd broke up.

If there was any doubt that the great majority of the people had come to gaze upon Howard, it was dispelled when a crowd of 37,000 turned up at the game to cheer every move the big boy made. Twice, after making catches against the left-field net, he ran the ball back into the infield, provoking waves of laughter from the fans. Each time he displayed his extremely powerful arm, he brought forth roars of admiration. The fact that he failed even to get the ball out of the infield in his four turns at bat didn't seem to dampen their ardor for him.

Through it all, Howard has maintained a shyness, particularly when talking about records. "I don't know whether I have the ability to set any records," he says, earnestly, "but I have no interest in them; that's the truth. Everybody wants to do the best they possibly can, no matter what business they're in. I want to do the best I possibly can for myself and for the Dodger organization, and I want to make a good life for my family. That's all I want to do. I don't think there's

a ballplayer alive who doesn't want to be the best. But you have to be realistic. Only one can be the best, and there are a lot of good ones."

A lot of good ones there may be, but there are not many who can hit a ball as far as Frank Howard. Did he not, after all, hit a home run in Pittsburgh last year that was measured at 562 feet by one of those ubiquitous elves with their ever-ready tape measures? "You know," Frank says, confidentially, "I think they overexaggerate these things a little. I hit that ball in Pittsburgh good; it was about the best I ever hit, but I do think they add a little on."

It is perfectly obvious, in speaking to Howard, that he does not yet appreciate the value of the long ball. The Dodgers, as he says, are loaded to the scuppers with talent. They have an embarrassment of fast young pitchers and a horde of speedy young outfielders. What they do not have is power. Despite all his misgivings about his first big-league season, Howard led the team in slugging percentage with .464 and was, in fact, 14th in the league. (Duke Snider's slugging percentage was .519, but because of that bad knee, the Duke came to bat only 235 times.) Be it at first base or in the outfield, the Dodgers will definitely find a spot for their big man.

This season, of course, will give Frank his last chance to loft fly balls over O'Malley's friendly neighborhood left-field netting. At Chavez Ravine, the distance will be more normal. As with all power hitters, though, most of Frank's home runs get real good distance. "I get a kick out of him," old Dodger shortstop Pee Wee Reese has said. "He hit one

pop fly that just fell into the net and he hung his head in shame all the way around the bases."

Howard generally gets tremendous heights on his long shots, but he also rockets a lot of line drives through the infield. In the minors, he blasted the ball through at such speed that he occasionally tore the glove right off the third-baseman's hand.

Baserunners are particularly wary when he comes to bat. On Frank's first quick trip to the Dodgers at the end of 1958, he whistled a low drive down the third-base line which glanced off Snider's shoulder and hit him on the ear. Duke, knocked temporarily unconscious, experienced dizzy spells for two weeks.

Don Zimmer, who pitched some batting practice when he was with the Dodgers, used to walk off the mound when Howard came to the plate. Don already carried a silver plate in his head and he saw little to be gained by having any more baseballs bounce off his skull. The wisdom of his course was shown in spring training when Howard lined a batting-practice pitch past Ed Roebuck's ear. Roebuck knew it went past his ear because he heard it hum past. A meeting of the pitcher's union was called that night and a resolution was advanced that in the future the big boy would see only inside pitches.

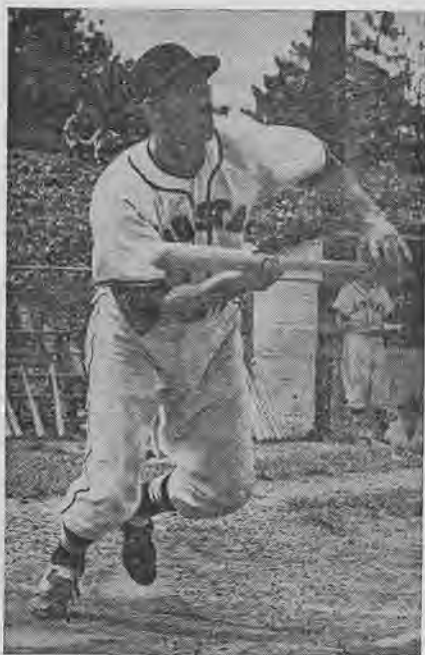
Frank was a big boy at birth, weighing 13 pounds, six ounces. His father, John Howard, a semi-pro ballplayer and railroad machinist, was six-three and weighed about 200 pounds. At the time of Frank's birth, his father was 46 years old. There were two sisters in the Howard family and three more children yet to come. The youngest, Bill, is only 14. "Billy's always out in some park somewhere just like I was when I was his age," Frank said. "He doesn't look as if he's going to be as big as me, though. I think he'll be a little more stocky, like my father."

As a kid, Frank dreamed of being a ballplayer. He played a lot of basketball and baseball but only a little sandlot football. "That always surprises people," he says, "but I was a skinny kid. First I was a little skinny kid, then I was a tall skinny kid."

One of the neighborhood kids Frank played with was Howard Cassady—known now as Howard (Hopalong) Cassady, an All-America football player, Heisman Trophy winner and Detroit Lions' halfback. Cassady and the rest of Frank's friends went to Columbus Central High, but Frank, two blocks out of the district, had to go to Columbus South. In Frank's sophomore year at South, the high school baseball coach got him a job with a city construction crew to enable him to make some money. "I worked hard," Frank says. "Ask anybody who ever worked with me and they'll tell you

I worked hard. In that one summer, I went from six-one to six-six and only put on about 30 pounds. I outgrew my strength that year and it seems to me that I've been catching up ever since."

Even in college, he points out, he was never strong enough to be a basketball center—although everybody seems to assume these days that he was. "I was a forward in college," he says, "and in my first couple of years in high school I was a guard. I brought the ball up. Our center was only five-eleven, but he could really jump, and we had a couple of other guys who could out-jump me too."



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At Ohio State, Howard began to polish his baseball skills. "I didn't hit with power until I was a senior," he says.

Frank learned to rebound pretty well, though, and playing for Ohio State University in the 1956 Holiday Tournament, he set Madison Square Garden records of 32 rebounds for a single game and 75 rebounds for three games.

It would hardly be consistent with Frank's personality for him to mention that record, but he seems pleased when it is brought up. "I got as much kick out of playing that tournament as anything I ever did," he said. "I guess the record has been broken by now." It hasn't been.

As an Ohio State junior, Frank made the second team of the consensus All-America. With him were Elgin Baylor, Guy Rodgers, Gary Thompson and Grady Wallace. The first team that year was Wilt Chamberlain, Chet Forte, Jim Krebs, Rod Hundley, Lenny Rosenbluth and Charlie Tyra.

Frank could have been a teammate of Chamberlain's. The follow-

ing year, he was drafted by the Philadelphia Warriors, but he passed up the sport. What basketball did for Frank Howard, though, was to make him a coordinated athlete instead of just another tall, ungainly boy. He went to Ohio State not as a baseball player, but as a basketball player. As a baseball player in high school, he says, he did not even hit .300 until his senior year.

Although Frank had scholarship offers from all over the country, he had always wanted to go to his hometown college. The Big Ten had just passed its rule prohibiting athletic scholarships. Instead, it had set up a grant-in-aid program based on need. Frank received a grant-in-aid scholarship and also got a job working with Ernie Biggs in the equipment department. "I don't know about any of the other colleges," he says, "but I know that at Ohio State we did the work. I was well paid for what I did, but I was expected to do the job."

As a ballplayer, he got almost no publicity. In his sophomore year, Frank hit .301 in 25 games, with five home runs and 27 runs batted in. The next year, he raised his average to .366 over 22 games, but he fell off badly in the more important columns with only two home runs and 13 RBIs.

Unknown to Frank, though, the Dodgers were already building up a scouting file on him. So, in all probability, were many other clubs, for scouting Big Ten players is a matter of routine. Leon Hamilton sent in the first Dodger report early in Frank's sophomore year. It was dated March 19, 1956, and said:

"Good arm. Below average fielder. Fair hitter. Good actions and will improve. Has the tools. Hits at bad balls but can improve on this. Outstanding basketball player."

In April, 1957, Cliff Alexander sent in the follow-up report on Frank. It said:

"Good arm. Fielding below average. Hitting below average (good potential). Running speed slightly below average. Major-league power."

"Remarks: Tall. Well built, agile, good coordination. Has good tools. Hits from open stance (faces pitcher too much). Definite follow-up."

Frank's immediate aspirations at the time were limited to the possibility of playing semi-pro ball over the summer. Early in the season, the Buckeyes' shortstop, Ronnie Shay, made contact with the Rapid City club of the Basin League, a fast semi-pro organization much in favor with Big Ten players. The club, Shay told Frank, was interested in having Howard and another Buckeye outfielder also come along. The team would get them all jobs as playground supervisors.

Since Frank was taking a physical education course, with a view toward working with youngsters, and since his great ambition was still to play ball professionally, he told Shay to have the director of the team get

in touch with him immediately.

"The funny part of it," Frank said, "is that Shay, who was graduating, got a chance to sign with the Cleveland organization so the other outfielder, Chuck Ellis, and I went to South Dakota without him. I had never played baseball five times a week before and I was anxious to see how I'd like it. It was hard work at times, very hard work, but I loved it."

The manager of the Rapid City Chiefs was Guy Wellman, an ex-catcher in the Dodgers' minor-league chain. Wellman and Howard hit it off fine. "I wasn't sure what to expect, but Guy was so easy-going and relaxed that he made it easy for you. Oh man, he could work you, though. A lot of times he'd take you out early in the morning and hit balls at you. I never used to charge the ball, for instance. I'd let it play me. He'd work on things like that. He'd get me to charge ground balls and make me get rid of it quick. He impressed me very much."

Howard impressed Wellman too. Although the Basin League was very well scouted in those days, it is probable that Wellman tipped the Dodgers that he had something special in Howard. The Dodgers had only to look into their file to see that they already had an optimistic report on the big fellow.

At any rate, Wellman introduced Frank to Bert Wells, the Dodgers' area scout. A short time afterward, Wells told Frank that it looked as if the Dodgers were interested in him. "I was pleased," Frank said. "I told him: 'Heaven knows, I'm interested in playing pro ball.'"

Wells not only watched Frank play a few games but sat in the stands while Frank put on a couple of power exhibitions in batting practice. Strangely, in this "bonus age," most of the powerful kids signed to big bonuses earned them with just such prefabricated batting-practice exhibitions. But perhaps it is not so strange at that. A young man is signed on his potential. Nobody really expects a young kid to be able to hit the good curve. If he has the power and the stroke, it is hoped that he will have the natural ability and coordination to adapt himself to the breaking pitches when he gets to see them on a day-in, day-out basis. This is why scouts like to protect themselves by signing kids who are good all-round athletes.

Wells's report on Frank, dated July 31, 1957, read:

"Strong arm. Ball carries well. Fair fielder. Below average hitter but will improve. Power. Ball 'sings' off bat. Lunges and chases bad curve. Just below average runner but better after start.

"Has very good chance to go all the way. Big, rawboned, fair agility

(All-America basketball). In two batting practices, this lad really opened my eyes. Also in one good game. Did not look good against left-hander O'Toole (note: Jim O'Toole, now with the Reds) but not many would in that game. Has power arm and great desire. More details via letter and phone."

The interest was definitely there. Other scouts were coming around too. Some of Frank's teammates began to tell him: "Play it cool; you might be able to pick up a little money."

"I'd been reading about these kids signing for a lot of money," Frank said, "but, believe me, I never knew I'd get a bonus. All I wanted was a chance to start in pro ball. Would I have signed for nothing? I expected to sign for nothing. If I were a scout, I don't think I'd have offered me anything. I was brought up to be polite, though. If the man talked, the least I could do was listen."

In cold print, that last sentence takes on the cast of sly and triumphant humor. In its own place and context, it is nothing more than a simple statement of fact. He was brought up to be polite to his elders, the man *did* want to talk, so Frank

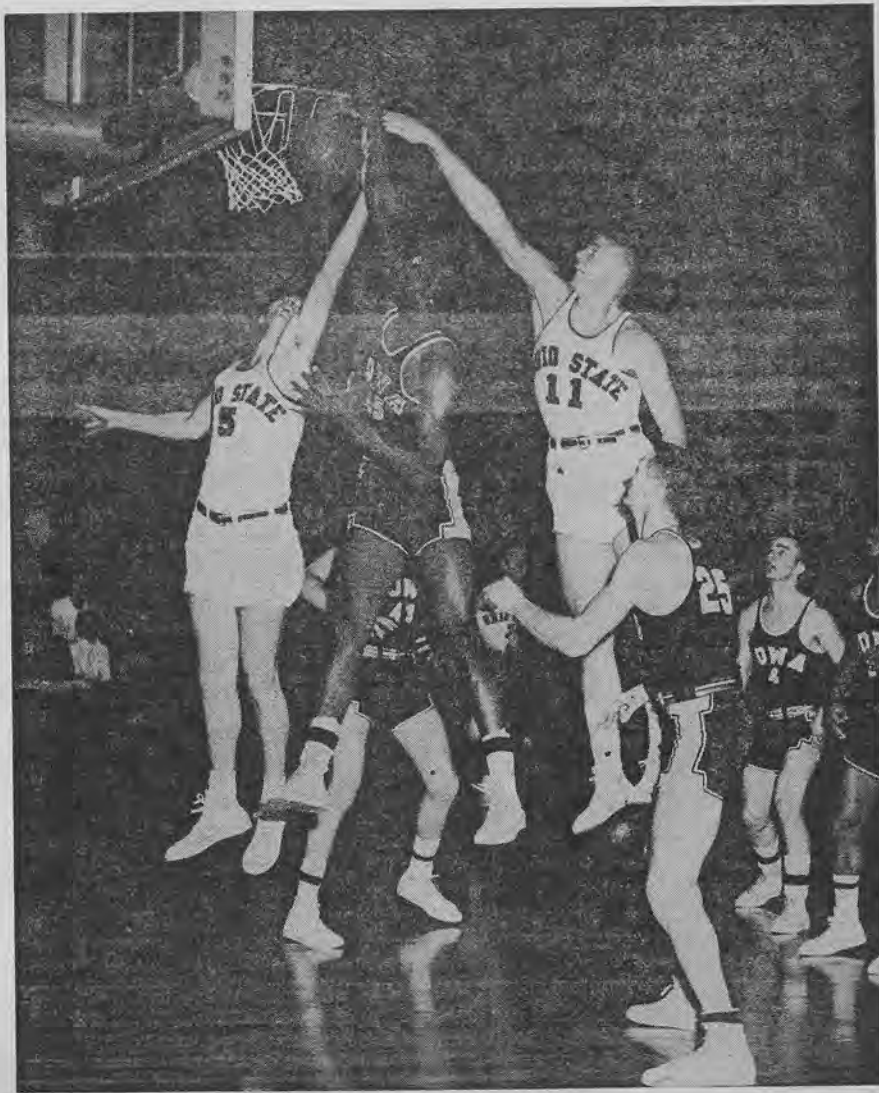
listened. If the man had wanted to talk about his children, Frank would have listened with equal patience and would have been happy to admire the pictures.

Toward the end of the season, Bill Schweppe, now assistant director of the LA farm system, came to look Frank over. Schweppe sent back another optimistic report.

With other scouts talking to Frank, too, Guy Wellman told him: "I don't want to influence you, so I'm not going to say anything more than this: I know you can't go wrong with the Dodger organization. I never got out of their minor-league chain, but they treated me wonderfully."

The exact point at which money began to be discussed is going to have to remain a mystery. Frank Howard refused to answer any questions on that subject. "I'd like to tell you," he said, in that open, sincere way of his. "Myself, I don't care who knows how much I got or how we arrived at the figure. But the club asked me not to talk about it at all and I promised that I wouldn't."

The club always asks its players not to discuss financial arrangements



More famous in college as a basketball player, Frank, No. 11, made All-America and also broke rebounding records.



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with the press, not only bonuses but current salary. For one thing, the club likes to "leak" such information itself both for publicity and negotiating purposes. In practice, bonus figures are usually misleading because the money is almost always spread out over three years for income-tax purposes. Harvey Kuenn, to give one example, signed with Detroit for \$55,000. Now Harvey could have taken the \$55,000 in a package. Actually he asked for \$10,000 in cash and took the rest in the form of a \$15,000 salary over his first three seasons. Since Kuenn was in the majors at the end of his first year and was leading the American League in base hits for the next two years, it would not be twisting facts out of joint to say that Detroit really paid only a \$10,000 bonus. As a matter of fact, the \$15,000 salary during Kuenn's first two seasons in the majors left him, on the basis of his performance, vastly underpaid.

Howard's figure is intriguing because of the \$8,000 hump at the end of that cool \$100,000. And for the

sake of argument, we will assume the \$108,000 figure is correct, since Los Angeles always uses it, and Howard tacitly accepts it. Indirectly Howard also more or less concedes that the \$108,000 was a flat bonus payment, not tied in any way to his salary. There was one report, out of Los Angeles, by a well-informed columnist, that the original contract also stipulated a \$7,000 salary over Frank's first three years, which—based on the conventional way of figuring bonuses—would raise the sum to \$129,000.

Frank does imply most strongly that no offer of any kind was made during his stay in South Dakota. "When I left," he said, "I told Guy Wellman that if he knew of any club interested in signing me, to let them know I was going to turn pro after the basketball season."

His timing could not have been better. In the winter meeting held at Colorado Springs that December, the majors rescinded the \$4,000 bonus rule. It then became possible to pay a young man an unlimited amount

When he packed before leaving for spring training last year, Frank was optimistic, but soon he was in hot water.

of money and still be able to send him to the minors for the experience such young men badly need.

During that same meeting, the Los Angeles club gathered its leading scouts together and came to the decision that Frank Howard was the player they wanted to sign above all others.

A couple of scouts from other clubs had called Frank at home to tell him that if it was true he was going to sign during the winter, they would like the opportunity of talking to him. Frank invited them to come right on up to the house. "I keep reading that the Dodgers outbid 15 other clubs for me," Frank said recently. "That isn't true. There were five or six other clubs I could have signed with, but the Dodgers were the only one that was really interested in me . . ." There was a slight pause while Frank thought further on what he had just said. ". . . Let me put it this way. There was one club—which I don't feel I should name—which offered me more money than the Dodgers did, so I can't say they didn't show very much interest in me. Perhaps Wellman had something to do with it, but I felt all along that the Dodgers were interested in me as a ballplayer and as a person, while the other clubs were interested in me mostly because they knew the Dodgers were offering me a lot of money."

Long before Frank actually signed with the Dodgers, he had definitely decided in his own mind that he was going to accept their offer. He didn't feel it fair, that late in the game, to get Los Angeles involved in a bidding contest; he didn't even ask them to match the higher offer—as they most assuredly would have. If they were willing to pay \$108,000, they had to be willing to pay, say, \$125,000.

Bill Schweppe and Bert Wells, who had handled the negotiations from the very beginning, came to Frank's home before the start of spring training with the contract. Since he was already 21, Howard was one of the rare bonus boys who did not need his father's signature. His father was not even present; Mr. Howard had gone to work as usual.

"It was because I was already 21 that I thought it would be best to get started right away. That's another reason why I was surprised anybody would be willing to pay me that kind of a bonus. Twenty-one is late to be starting in pro ball. You would think that at 21 a man would have matured as much as he could."

Either the Dodgers knew better or they were just plain lucky. For Frank Howard has been one of those men who matures late in life. "I know for a fact that I'm still getting stronger every year," he said. "I'm developing physically real late in

life. I know I've improved quite a bit, too, though not as much as I'd have liked. Or as much as others would have liked me to."

His physical condition was well documented two winters ago in the Dominican Republic when he alone within the American colony did not fall ill as a result of the change of diet. And as an eater, Frank doesn't have to apologize to anybody. His standard dessert, following fast upon a snack of perhaps a dozen chicken drumsticks, is a half-gallon of ice cream smothered in strawberries. His wife, Carol, sick from almost her first day in Trujillo's island paradise, spent a miserable season. "The rest of us would look at Frank shoveling food down," she says, "and, oh, how we grew to hate him."

Actually Frank is very popular with everybody. He says quite frankly, "I do my best to get along with everybody, and I can't think of anybody I don't get along with." It is possible that his extreme politeness when he first came up—the use of 'sir' and 'mister' in addressing sportswriters and ballplayers—sprang from his fear that others, particularly veteran players, might resent him because of that bonus money.

"To tell you the truth," he said, "I've been very fortunate in that respect. If anybody in the Dodger organization had been resentful, I couldn't have blamed him. But I haven't heard a word or had any inkling of it. And if there had been any feeling against me, I think I would have felt it."

"If I were a wise guy, there might be trouble. But if you're a regular guy and stay in your place . . . well, I try to get along with people, as I told you a little bit ago. I think they're a great bunch of guys."

His only dispute came at Vero Beach in the spring of 1960, and the other disputant was manager Walter Alston. Frank, hopeful of making the club, had shown very little. With four straight games rained out, he had little chance to recoup, and when the team finally did get in a Saturday game against the Phils at Clearwater, Frank wasn't put on the traveling squad. The next day, he was on the traveling squad and arrived at the airport just after the Dodger plane had taken off for a game in Orlando.

The next week, he was on the bench far more than he was in the lineup, and with only five hits to show for his 22 times at bat, there was general agreement that he wasn't ready. On Sunday, he found that he was off the Dodger travel list again. Instead he had been assigned to the Montreal club for an intramural game against Spokane at Dodgertown. Frank didn't show up.

Called in for an explanation the

next morning, Frank told Alston that he wasn't being given a fair shake: "I can't make the club if I don't play where you can see me play." Alston, normally a rock of patience, told Frank he was going to be fined. Howard petulantly replied that Alston couldn't fine him.

All this was exposed to public view when Alston's door came flying open and Alston, shaking with rage, burst out into the clubhouse.

Howard, still inside the manager's room, asked, "Where do you want me to go?"

"I don't give a crab where you go!" Alston shouted.

As Howard left, Alston sounded off to the newspapermen. Bavasi promptly went after Howard. "We can't fine you, can't we?" Bavasi said. "Well, let's see if your first pay check is going to be as big as you think it's going to be. We've fined Snider, we've fined Podres, we've fined Newcombe, and we can fine you."

(Frank started the season at Spokane, and the Dodgers didn't make good on the threat to take \$100 out of his pay.)

"I get along with Mr. Alston fine now," Howard said. "I consider him my friend. Mr. Alston straightened me out and I'm thankful to him."

Obviously, then, Frank has no doubt that he was completely wrong. "I was just thinking of myself and not the team, and that's the worst thing you can do," he said. "I knew I was wrong just as soon as Mr. Alston began talking to me. And I've been sorry about it ever since."

What did he do that Sunday? "I stayed home with my wife," Frank said. "She spent the day telling me how wrong I was too."

Up until last season, Frank's journey through the Los Angeles farm system had been quick and sensa-

tional. Sent to Green Bay after he signed his bonus contract in 1958, Frank began to hit at once. He has, in fact, always started out well. He tends to tire some toward the end, though, which would seem to indicate he is right when he says his strength is still catching up to that adolescent burst of growth. By the first week of June at Green Bay, he was hitting .338. Among his 49 hits were 17 home runs, six doubles and one triple. Taken all together, they had accounted for 51 runs. In a game against Rochester, he hit three home runs, one over each fence. The homer to right field, strange territory for him, came when his right hand slipped off the bat while he was swinging and he had to hit the ball with a flick of the left wrist. Because players like Howard build their legends as they go, the one-handed home run wasn't quite good enough. Somehow the story grew that he had not only hit it one-handed but had hit it while down on one knee.

He finished the season with .333, 37 home runs (one short of the league record) and 119 RBIs. One of the home runs was measured at 550 feet. Called back to Los Angeles to finish out the season, he introduced himself to the National League with a mighty home run off Robin Roberts. The ball exploded against a billboard on the left-field roof of Connie Mack Stadium with such force that leftfielder Harry Anderson later said he was sure, for one moment, that the billboard was going to topple over onto his head.

Alston, coaching at third, stuck out his hand for the routine handshake as Frank came bearing down on him, then hastily pulled it away. You see, Frank's handshakes are Herculean, not routine. "I suddenly thought that I'd look pretty silly



Sliding was one lesson taught to Howard by manager Walt Alston, right. Another was, "Think about the team first."

standing there with only one hand," Alston said.

At the end of his first season, Frank was voted the most valuable player in the Three-Eye League. He also won himself a bride, Carol Johanski, a secretary for the Green Bay *Gazette* and, like every loyal citizen of that remarkable town, a football fan. Before Carol was introduced to Frank by his roommate, pitcher Rick Warren, she had never heard of him. They now have a year-old son, Timothy, and another child due early in April.

Frank's sophomore season was even better than his first, although it was broken into so many parts that it has to be assembled like a child's toy before you can see what it looks like.

Starting at Victoria—with Pete Reiser (his Green Bay manager) sent along to manage him again—Howard tore apart the Texas League, traditionally a pitcher's league. After 63 games, he had 27 home runs, 79 RBIs and a batting average of .356. The Dodgers, in what was to be a pennant year, were floundering around in the second division at this stage of the race, and when Pittsburgh's Dick Stuart beat the Dodgers with a king-size home run, Bavasi's mind naturally turned to bringing up his own royal heir, Frank Howard.

Frank made the decision easy. The night Bavasi arrived in Texas to take another look at him, Howard broke up the game with a line drive that disappeared, still on the rise, over the center-field fence. In the morning, Bavasi set out to find the ball. He found it embedded in the mud, where it had apparently landed on the fly. Since general managers are never without tape measures either, the distance was duly certified to be 520 feet.

Bavasi stayed on for another night. "Frank came up in the ninth with the score tied," Buzzie said. "The pitcher threw two curves in the dirt and Frank swung at them both. Then he waited out three balls. With a full count, the pitcher tried another curve into the dirt. Frank swung again. Only this time he sent a screamer out against the fence to break up another game."

Frank's return to Los Angeles could hardly be called triumphant. In his few chances to play, he looked very bad. The Dodgers started to move, and Howard was quickly sent out to Los Angeles' top farm team, Spokane, where, over the final 76 games, he hit .319, with 16 home runs and 47 RBIs. Adding one home run and six RBIs compiled in his brief stay at Los Angeles, Frank had a total of 44 home runs and 132 RBIs, good enough, in the opinion of the *Sporting News*, to earn him its award as "Minor League Player Of The Year."

Last year, in Spokane, Frank was rolling along with a .371 average, although he had only four home runs and 24 RBIs, when the Dodgers

called him up in mid-May. He maintained a big-league average of .292 into August, when all at once he ran out of gas so completely that he is even willing to talk about it. "I was dead," he said. "I don't know whether it was the winter ball or what, but I could hardly swing."

Alston kept him in the lineup, on the quite valid theory that "you can't break out of a slump while you're sitting on the bench." Howard didn't break out of the slump playing either. His average plummeted to .268, and one gets the distinct impression he would have preferred to have left it somewhat higher. Still Frank led the team with 23 home runs, and with 77 RBIs was only one behind Norm Larker.



Frank is expected to star in many Dodger victories, such as the one he and Don Drysdale, right, brought home last year.

Frank also struck out 108 times, and he is the symbol of the player of the future in this respect too. With the minor leagues withering away, the big-league teams are bidding high for potential, polishing and sharpening the prospect on the major-league wheel and trying to add a hurried coat of experience in the winter leagues. The youngsters, as a result, come to the majors with many faults.

Howard has faults as a hitter, more faults, possibly, than any player of equal promise. Pete Reiser, whom the Dodgers practically assigned to Howard, knows him better than anybody else. Pete had him at Green Bay, at Victoria and, again, in the Dominican Republic. Reiser swings from optimism to pessimism about Frank according to the phases of the moon. "He has great wrists and tremendous eyesight," Pete said at one time. "He's the best coordinated big man I've ever seen. But he won't do anything to finesse it. In batting practice he'll look the greatest hitter since Babe Ruth, and in the game he'll look like the worst hitter in baseball."

Vic Power, Frank's manager at Caguas over the winter, said: "Before he can be considered a great hitter, he's got to lay off the low, outside curve. That's all they're pitching him. He's got to make them bring the ball up on him. He has to cut down on his strikeouts."

George Brunet, the Milwaukee righthander who lived next door to the Howards this winter, observed: "Yeah, but that low, outside curve can be awfully hard to lay off."

To which Howard, with typical self-deprecation, said: "I can see a man swinging at a pitch a little off the plate, an inch or two off. And maybe even getting good wood on it. But you've got to admit, George, some of the pitches I swing at are ridiculous. I swing at pitches anybody should be able to see are wild. There are times I don't have any idea of the strike zone at all."

The strike zone is Frank's big problem. "Some guys play all their life," he said, "and still have that big strike zone. With me it's sometimes from the bill of my cap to my shoelaces. There are times when I lay off balls that just miss the plate, but I have no consistency. There are times when I chase everything."

All young players, especially the power hitters, have that sort of trouble. One of the things they have to decide is whether they want to learn the official, arbitrary strike zone or whether to give themselves a little leeway in one direction or another. "I've looked at both sides of this," Frank said. "Pete Reiser would say: 'You'd be surprised at how you can hit balls two or three inches outside and hit them real good.' There are arguments for or against. If you go two or three inches outside, pretty soon you may be going five or six."

Howard has trouble not only with the low, outside curve, but with most breaking pitches, particularly when the pitchers take a little off it. "When you're geared for the fastball," he said, grimly, "and it's off-speed a bit, you have to wait or you're lunging and jumping at it. The difference between me and the good hitters is they're geared for the fastball but when they get an off-speed pitch they can adjust themselves or, even if their timing is off, still go to right field."

Last spring Buzzie Bavasi watched Howard blasting balls out of the park on one of his sharp days and announced: "I want no one, and I mean no one, to discuss batting with Frank Howard. I don't want him to become confused because of too much advice. Unless he asks, no one is to volunteer suggestions to him."

"If you get hot," Frank said, "you don't hear any suggestions. When I'm going bad, I might go up to another player, like Duke or Gil, before I'd go to a coach or manager. Most ballplayers are like that. You ask a player: 'Does it look like I'm doing something wrong?' and maybe he can tell you."

Howard's over-all feeling, though,

is that the more people you ask, the worse off you will be. "So many guys want to help you that they confuse you," he said. "They're all telling you something different and probably all of them are right. That gives you all kinds of things to think about, and the more you think, the less you hit. George (Brunet) says: 'You're climbing too many grapevines' and that's the best way I've ever heard it put.

"I try to keep baseball as simple as possible because it's tough enough for me even then. As far as I'm concerned, it's all getting the bat on the ball—seeing how much of the ball you can hit and doing it often enough. I've got a bad hitch, I lunge and I overstride. So they tell me what to do with my hands and what to do with my eyes. They tell me to spread my elbows and raise them high so I won't have time to hitch before I swing. They tell me to wait on the ball. They tell me to see the ball before I begin to stride. And while you're thinking of all those things, three strikes are past you."

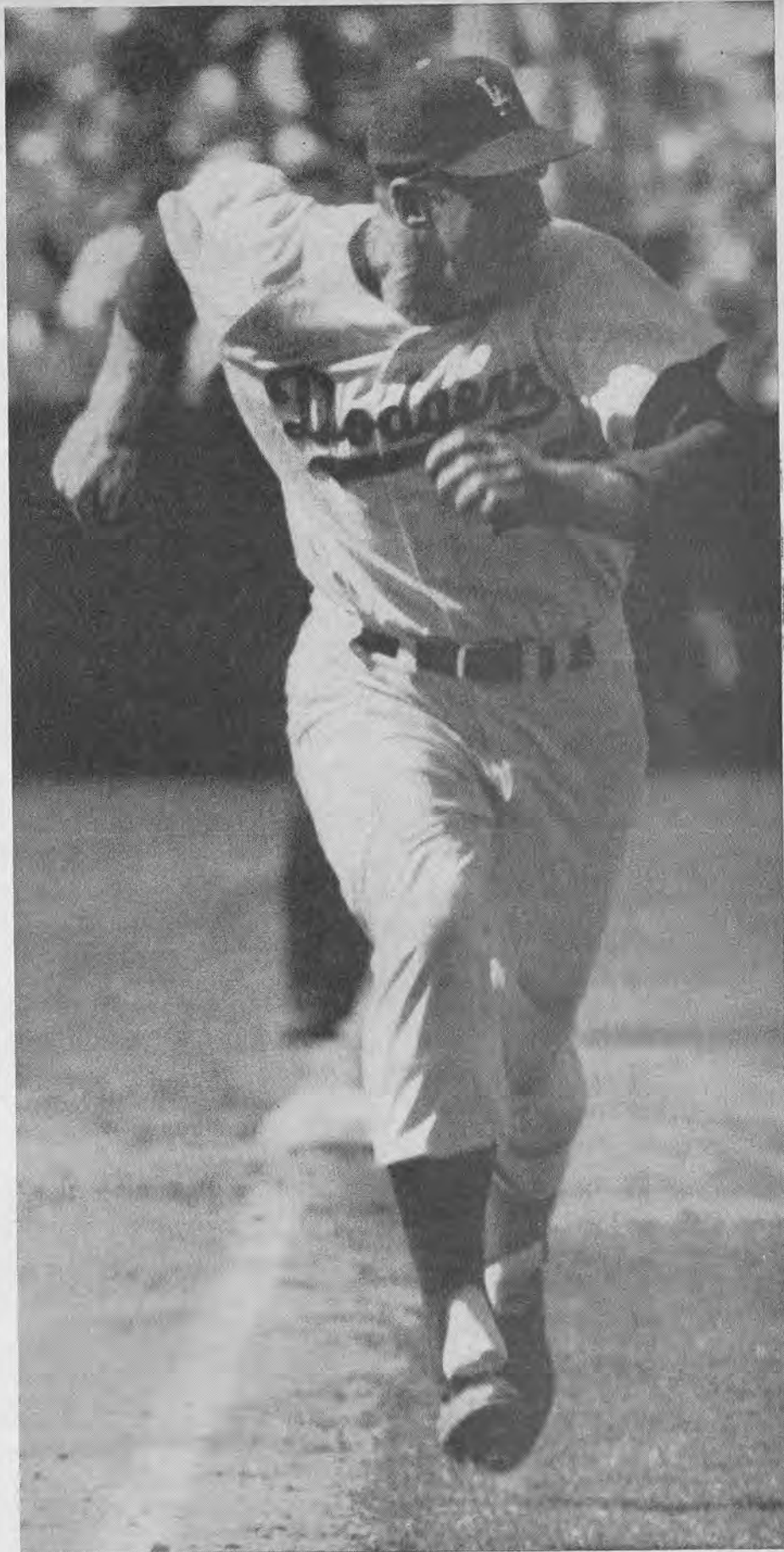
Still Howard is beginning to wonder if there isn't more to hitting than meets the bat. "You sit around and if you keep your ears open you can learn things," he said.

Although he has somehow got a reputation as a determined and dedicated hitter, he knows that he does not work hard enough at it. "I love to play the game," he said, "but I hate to practice. I don't think I've ever gone out for special practice unless the manager called me out."

And he is aware that he has not really tried to study the pitchers. "People expect me to be smarter than I am because I went to college. Don't get me wrong, I'm no dummy; but there's a lot of things I should know that I don't. There's a lot of baseball you can learn if you'll concentrate. I haven't really tried to think about each pitcher's pattern. I haven't asked myself: 'What is his best pitch? What is the pitch he's going to try to make me hit?' I don't pay enough attention to the count. I don't ask myself: 'Is this the pitch he's going to set me up on, or is this the pitch he wants me to go after?' I don't study the pitchers' motions or mannerisms."

He has not been a thinking hitter, quite obviously, because he has had to spend his time worrying about more basic elements. The pattern of the game does interest him, though. Vic Power made as many moves with his small squad as Stengel did with the Yankees, and Howard was frequently asking him to explain his moves.

"I'd hate to think of leaving baseball a no better player than when I entered it," Frank Howard says. The Dodgers' ambitions for him go much farther than that. The Dodgers will be disappointed if he departs from baseball without stamping his name all over the record books.



Dick Miller

A young man in a hurry here, Howard realizes he has a long way to go if he is to fulfill the predictions made for him. "Everybody talks to me about breaking Babe Ruth's record," he says, "but I don't know. Right now all I want to do is make the Dodger team."

PROGRESS CHART ON EXPANSION

	NEW TEAM	YEAR
BASEBALL		
American League	Los Angeles Angels	1961
	Washington Senators	1961
	Minnesota Twins	1961
By 1970: A 12-team league with new franchises to be selected at joint meeting		
National League	Houston	1962
	New York	1962
By 1970: Like the American League, NL officials dismiss idea of a third league		
FOOTBALL		
National Football League	Minnesota Vikings	1961
By 1970: Will spend next few years strengthening new franchises at Dallas and		
American Football League	AFL spokesmen predict expansion to 10 teams by 1962 and expansion to 12	
BASKETBALL		
National Basketball Association	Chicago	1961
	Pittsburgh	Undecided
By 1970: No tangible plans for further expansion. Will most likely wait and see		
American Basketball League	Commissioner Abe Saperstein says league will begin play in 1961 with eight	
HOCKEY		
National Hockey League	League still fighting expansion, but California's big sport boom is tempting. Some	

Here is a complete, up-to-date report on the new teams, the new leagues and the cities under consideration for future big-league status. Only the National Hockey League seems to be bucking the booming trend

PERSONNEL	STADIUM	FUTURE PLANS
Have 28 players drafted from AL pool at \$75,000 each. Other men picked up from minors or signed as free agents.	Wrigley Field	Will share Dodgers' new stadium at Chavez Ravine in 1962. Have plans to expand scouting and farm system.
Also picked up 28 players from the AL pool at \$75,000 each. Acquired other men from minors and through trades.	Griffith Stadium	Expect to be in new municipal park by 1962. Also plan to enlarge scouting system and build up a farm network.
Full squad of last year's Washington Senators moved here in the mid-winter shuffle of American League franchises.	Metropolitan Stadium	Will remain in Metropolitan Stadium, to be enlarged by 1962. No changes planned in scouting or farm structure.

with NL. Cities under consideration are Montreal, Toronto, Buffalo, Denver, Dallas-Fort Worth, Atlanta, San Diego and Seattle.

Owns two minor-league teams—Houston and Jacksonville. Other sources are scouting network and the NL pool.	Air-conditioned, domed, municipal stadium	Within a few years, team to be built around youngsters presently being discovered by scouting staff of 500.
Has working agreements with three minor-league clubs. Additional men to come from scouts and the NL pool.	Polo Grounds, Yankee Stadium or new municipal park	To move into new municipal stadium no later than 1963. Like Washington and LA, will expand scouting system.

although many baseball experts say it is inevitable. NL predicts 12-team league by 1970. Cities to be selected from list given by AL.

NFL pool will provide bulk of team's 36 players. Winter draft and trades have given club additional personnel.	Metropolitan Stadium	Hopes for NFL success rest not with their present players, but with scouting and development of youngsters.
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Minneapolis-St. Paul. Hopes to eventually incorporate the stronger American Football League cities into NFL structure.

teams by 1970. League expects to make Chicago its first new franchise. Other prospects: Atlanta, Seattle, Philadelphia and Cincinnati.

Some men from college draft; others from NBA pool to be set up with four second-liners from each league club.	Chicago Amphitheater	Like the football Vikings and the new baseball teams, the new NBA clubs know they can't depend upon players from a league pool to bring them top success. They will concentrate on scouting the colleges—especially the small ones—for young, promising ballplayers who will be able to help.
Same system as Chicago. Will get top choices in the draft, then will pick players from the league pool.	Municipal Auditorium	

how pioneer American Basketball League cities make out and then try to incorporate with new league or tap strongest cities.

teams: Washington, D.C., Cleveland, Kansas City, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Honolulu and Pittsburgh. Two more by '70.

chance of National Hockey League expanding to West Coast—Los Angeles and San Francisco—but not much sooner than 1970.

HOCKEY'S HOTTEST SCORER

(Continued from page 49)

past three-time All-Star Glenn Hall of Chicago. After that, the flak of criticism was replaced by clouds of syrupy adjectives all calling Mahovlich great.

Big M's sudden takeoff this fall had the surprise effect a screened shot has on a goalie. At first, Leaf followers refused to believe Frank had arrived. The fans recalled how Eric Nesterenko, touted as the "new Syl Apps," failed. They recalled the way junior whiz Brian Cullen had flopped. Worse still, they recalled Frank Mahovlich's previous failures.

Groomed at St. Michael's College in Toronto, Mahovlich graduated to the NHL in the fall of 1957 with all the trumpet of a coronation. "We're counting on him," said coach Billy Reay. "He can't miss." After 30 games, Mahovlich had 12 goals and was soaring. Then, like a rudderless plane, Big M went into a tailspin and the Leafs crashed into last place.

"He got into a feud with Reay," a Toronto writer explained. "Frank had been injured, but Reay insisted on dressing him. Mahovlich resented it, lost respect for Reay and wouldn't put out for him."

Reay further antagonized his prodigy the following season. The coach switched Mahovlich from left wing to center on a line with veteran left wing Bert Olmstead. "If he can't center Olmstead," Reay said, "he can't center anybody." Mahovlich, it turned out, couldn't center Olmstead—or anybody. "I'm a left wing, not a center," he said. "Left wing was my position in junior hockey and it's where I play best now."

The Mahovlich-Reay feud was resolved in mid-season when Reay was fired and replaced by George (Punch) Imlach, the team's general manager. The new coach soon returned Frank to left wing and Big M flared again. From seven goals in December, he catapulted to 22 by the end of the season. More important, Mahovlich became the balance-wheel of the Leaf's incredible surge to a playoff berth and powered Toronto to a Stanley Cup semi-final win over Boston.

Imlach logically figured Big M was ready for the ascent. "He should get at least 25, maybe 30 goals," the coach said when the 1959-60 season began. But by early December, Mahovlich was 58th in the scoring race.

How come? "That's easy," said Imlach. "He's not working. The question is, why? We've tried everything—telling him quietly, yelling at him, pleading with him, threatening him. It's got me worried."

There was only one recourse—to bench Frank. It was never done before but Imlach seriously considered the idea on the night of December 2 when the Leafs played Montreal. Although the Canadiens were on an 18-game winning streak, Imlach was determined to bench Frank. At the last minute, he changed his mind. "I'll give the big guy another chance," Punch said. At 8:23 of the first period, Imlach looked like a genius. Mahovlich took a double pass from Gerry Ehman and Marc Reaume and zoomed the puck past Jacques Plante. Toronto won the game, 1-0.

It then appeared that Big M might explode if someone could be found to light the fuse under him. The question was, who could light it and how?

Some suggested that what Frank needed was a good kick in the pants. "If you kick him, you get nothing," Imlach said. "He thinks you're being unfair to him. The only thing to do is take advantage of his ability when he's playing his best."

Just when the Big M program was looking hopeless in February, 1960, the Leafs traded Reaume to Detroit for veteran defenseman Red Kelly, and the fuse was ready to flame. Imlach put Kelly at center on the Mahovlich line. This seemed to be the most illogical, impetuous move of the year, since Kelly had been a defenseman most of his life. It turned out to be a great move.

With Kelly feeding radar-accurate passes, Frank strafed the nets with goals while carrying the Leafs into second place, their highest finish in nine years. Frank scored three goals in the semi-final Stanley Cup series against Detroit, including the winning goal in the decisive game, and played well in the losing final series with Montreal.

Mahovlich knows that Kelly played an important part in his takeoff. "I feel comfortable on a line with Red," Frank says. "He added experience and a calming influence to our line. He even had a psychological effect on me because I suddenly felt more confidence, particularly in the playoffs."

Frank slumped again, though, in

training camp this season and fizzled in Toronto's first five games. Then—BOOM!—Big M exploded with a chain reaction of goals. In one scoring stretch, he unloaded 23 goals in 12 games. And then they were saying around the league, "He's worth his weight in gold."

There is more than a nodding acquaintance, by the way, between sleepy-looking Mahovlich and gold. Mahovlich (pronounced Ma-HAV-litch), the son of Yugoslav-born parents, was born on January 10, 1938, in Timmins, Ont., within a few blocks of a gold mine. Seven years after Frank's birth, Peter and Cecilia Mahovlich moved to Schumacher, a nearby gold-mining center, where Peter worked at digging up the ore.

Peter never was hurt in the mines, but Frank almost killed himself several times. "My friend, Lyle Porter, and I used to siphon gas from township trucks," Frank recalled recently. "We'd make torches out of the gas and go down into the abandoned shafts. We didn't know it then, but we could have blown up the mine and killed ourselves. The only reason we stopped doing it was because there once was a landslide and we almost got buried alive."

In Schumacher the thermometer frequently dips to 30 below zero. Frank, generally bundled up, learned to skate on the public-school rink across the street from his home. He learned to stickhandle on snow-packed roads, sometimes with a puck, other times with a tennis ball or a hard bakery roll. Frank starred for his public school team, and like all Schumacher kids, he dreamed of some day playing in the NHL. Frank's favorite team was the Detroit Red Wings. "My school team had Red Wing jerseys," he explained, "so, naturally, I rooted for Detroit."

When Frank was only 13 years old, NHL scouts already had unearthed him, and for a while, the Red Wings had the inside track in the race for his signature. He was playing then for the Schumacher Lions, a town club unaffiliated with any NHL team. The Wings figured they could snare Frank by sponsoring the whole team, which they did. But before sponsorship became official, Frank had worked a tie with Toronto.

"We wanted to send Frank to high school in Hamilton and have him play for our junior team there," said Jimmy Skinner, who coached Detroit at the time. "Then the Leafs became interested. They learned that Mr. Mahovlich is an ardent Roman Catholic, and they had a priest from St. Michael's College interview him and offer to send the boy to St. Mike's if he'd sign with the Leafs."

Frank says his father chose St. Michael's after consulting with friends in Schumacher. "Dad pointed out what a fine academic job St. Michael's had done on our Northern Ontario hockey players and compared them with players who had gone elsewhere and returned home as misfits after their hockey was over."

Competition in the OHA Junior B League with St. Michael's was rougher than any Frank had known at home. He learned hockey's jungle law: either fight back or be run out of the league. He fought back. "One night," he said, "I got into a fight in Unionville. There were spectators in on it. It got so out of hand they had to play *God Save The Queen*. That didn't work, so they finally shut all the lights in the place

THREE OF THE YEAR'S HOTTEST EXCLUSIVES:

DON'T CALL ME A DIRTY FIGHTER

By Gene Fullmer

I BROKE BASEBALL'S RULES

By Jim Brosnan

A PLAN TO SAVE AMERICAN TRACK AND FIELD

By Bob Richards

In May SPORT at your newsstand March 30

and called the game off right there."

Big M moved up to St. Michael's A team and by 1956-57 was a league all-star and winner of the Red Tilson trophy as the league's most valuable player. By coincidence, the Leafs were finishing out of the playoffs, so the order went through—"Bring up Mahovich."

Frank scored a goal against Detroit in his three-game trial with Toronto and was impressive enough to be invited to the Leafs' 1957-58 training camp. There he showed definite talent. Spectators marveled at the way he used his long arms to nurse the puck out of harm's way while outracing opponents to the goal, how he used brute force to bull his way past defensemen and how he deked the goaltender with what was to become one of hockey's classic fakes.

Many observers said that Mahovich most resembled the great Beliveau in size and style, but now they admit that Big M has a style all his own. "He has a habit of standing still at the blue line," says the Rangers' Sullivan. "Then, as soon as a play develops, he'll stand on his toes like a thoroughbred and take off. Nobody's faster."

These days the Detroit Red Wings seem to be the only club able to repulse Frank's fire. Significantly, the man who guards him for Detroit is Frank's boyhood idol and the NHL's most valuable player, Gordie Howe. Detroit coach Sid Abel says Howe discovered a Mahovich weakness, bodychecking. "Gordie checked him early in a game in December," Abel says, "and Frank didn't do a thing for the rest of the evening."

Abel has a point. By nature, Mahovich is a fearless but non-belligerent type, who avoids heavy checking and fighting unless aroused. Last fall, in an exhibition game, he was piqued by Lou Fontinato, roughneck Ranger defenseman. The two wound up in a stick-swinging duel which cost them both \$100 in fines.

The most incongruous fight of Big M's career occurred early this season when Frank fired the puck into the face of Montreal's Henri Richard, cutting the little center. The Canadiens said it was a deliberate attempt to injure. Frank said it was an accidental clearing shot. The next time the clubs met, Richard belted Mahovich with a stick, touching off a brawl.

The feud is still lingering and Frank finds it distasteful. "What's the point of my fighting with a little guy like Henri?" Frank says. "I have five inches on him. If I beat him, I'm a bully, and if I lose, I'm a bum."

"Bum" was just the term critics used to describe Big M for three years. They still can't understand why it took so long for him to develop. Some fellows insist he simply was very young and gangly. Others say he was spoiled by success in junior hockey and that Reay and Imlach mishandled him. But the brunt of the blame, just as the brunt of the credit for his newfound success, must fall on Mahovich himself.

Kelly and Olmstead helped lift Frank to the top, but Big M got there mostly by himself. In a few days last October, he changed from an introverted, immature kid who brooded to himself over his own and his team's failures, into a raucous, commanding extrovert who acted as if HE himself was commissioned to lead the Leafs to the Stanley Cup. It wasn't a complete change, though. Frank was and



Great Moments in Sport by Howard Cosell

ABC-Radio Sports Commentator

MILWAUKEE MAKES THE MAJORS

THERE HAVE BEEN bigger crowds at baseball games, but there was probably never a livelier one than the 34,357 packed into every seat and standing room space at Milwaukee's County Stadium on April 14, 1953. After an absence of 75 years, the National League had returned to Milwaukee. The Braves had moved there from Boston—the first of a series of franchise changes that would revamp the spirit and character of baseball. The Braves were truly the pioneers of what has now become a major part of the new frontier, and they were greeted with a fitting celebration as they began to carve history.

As game-time approached, the streets of downtown Milwaukee were deserted. Banners reading "Welcome To The Milwaukee Braves" whipped in the stiff breeze outside shop windows but most of the business places had closed for the afternoon. Those not lucky enough to be at the game were home with radios tuned to the Milwaukee baseball station. The wonderful game of baseball had captured Milwaukee and surrounding communities. The fever of that afternoon may be repeated in Minneapolis-St. Paul this season and in Houston in 1962, but it belonged to Milwaukee that April 14.

In the catacombs of County Stadium, Milwaukee manager Charlie Grimm talked to his players before they took the field against the St. Louis Cardinals. "We can't let these folks down," Charlie said. "We must reward them with a victory. Their support has been wonderful." With that Charlie handed the ball and the starting assignment to ace pitcher Warren Spahn. Grimm had been swept with an emotion uncommon to big-league managers, but the marvelous receptions accorded him and his team in the new city had jolted his composure.

Warren Spahn's first pitch in Milwaukee was a called strike to Cardinal shortstop Solly Hemus. Spahn will never forget the crowd's reaction. "A tremendous roar went up," Spahn said. "I looked up to see what was going on, and then I stepped off the rubber and looked behind me. Then I realized that all they were screaming about was the first pitch. I have never experienced anything like it in an All-Star game or in a crucial World Series game. Those fans were welcoming our team to Milwaukee as no team has ever been welcomed."

It could have been a mediocre game and the fans still would have retained much of their enthusiasm, but as a further reward it was a tinger. Spahn walked Hemus, then retired the next 12 batters. The Cards' pitcher, Gerry Staley, was nearly as sharp. Milwaukee scored a run in the second inning on a hit by Joe Adcock and a wild throw by St. Louis third-baseman Ray Jablonski, and the run stood alone until the Cardinals came to bat in the fifth.

Then Enos Slaughter worked Spahn for a walk. Warren tried to pick Enos off and threw wild. Slaughter scored from second on a hit by Jablonski, and a 1-1 pitching duel continued into the late innings.

The good burghers of Milwaukee leaped from the edges of their seats when rookie centerfielder Bill Bruton tripled in the home half of the eighth. Bill scored on a scratch single by Sid Gordon and the Braves went into the ninth with a 2-1 lead. Spahn retired the first two batters and the partisan crowd began the victory chant. In their first major-league game in 75 years, the Milwaukee fans became witnesses to the rude fact that a baseball game is never over until its final out. Jablonski singled for a second time and pinch-hitter Harry (Peanuts) Lowrey scored him with a double. A gloom hung over the stadium as soon as Jablonski spiked home plate with the tying run.

The game went into its tenth inning. Spahn retired the Redbirds and Staley got his first Brave in the bottom half of the inning. And then it came with the crashing suddenness that typifies modern baseball—the homer, the end of the game and frantic, undisciplined joy for Milwaukee fans. Bill Bruton walloped the ball out of the park, then raced around the bases. There was no reason for a demonstration of his speed, but Bruton ran anyway. He was eager to join his teammates in a celebration of their first victory in Milwaukee.

The Milwaukee Braves have recorded many important victories—two pennant clinchings and a World Series victory among them—but none was quite so warmly received as the one on April 14, 1953. That was the first.

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still is a religious man and a deeply philosophical student of hockey and life. There are, really, two sides to Frank Mahovlich, and we saw both firsthand a while ago during a Leaf visit to New York.

Frank was wearing a gray fingertip coat when he met us in the lobby of the Commodore Hotel. We shook hands and entered the restaurant for breakfast. He ordered a half-grapefruit, hot, white cereal with brown sugar, rolls and coffee. He smiled easily, and when a question struck him as odd, he looked quizzically out of the corner of his eyes. He pursed his lips and often whistled lightly while thinking. His voice was quiet when not aroused and his manner pleasant and courteous.

"The rap against you," we said after a while, "has been that you're moody, a guy who plays when he wants to and only goes in spurts."

His smile disappeared. "I've always taken the game seriously," Mahovlich said. "When I first came up, nobody gave me a chance to develop. Right away they said I was supposed to be a super-star. If I didn't play like one, I was no good. But I'm the kind who likes to study. I examine my moves and see what mistakes I'm making. I needed a lot of time. I'd watch the game movies and see what I did wrong. I don't think that's moodiness."

"At first I didn't have a clue to what was wrong with me. I'd be mixed up, and when I needed advice from a veteran, there was nobody around to help me. At times, I'd think I was giving my best, then others would tell me I wasn't."

The more he thought about it, the more Mahovlich resented the criticism of his play in the first three seasons. "I scored 60 goals in three years," he said. "You know how many Gordie Howe got in his first three? He got 35 goals, that's all."

"You did well for an average player," we said, "but not for a super-star like you were supposed to be."

Furrows spread over his expansive brow. "Does learning to be a good hockey player come just like that?" he asked, snapping his fingers. "Look at the guys I had to play with in the first three years. If I had a Howe on my line, I'd have scored 50 goals in a season."

Presently, Frank asked what time it was and excused himself to go to church. He returned an hour later and we went to his room on the 18th floor. He moved his brown and black skates into a corner and arranged some brightly packaged Christmas gifts on the bureau. He flopped on the bed to relax before the game.

"You used to get booed a lot in

Toronto," we said. "Now they cheer you. How do you feel about it?"

"I ignore 'em both," he said. "When I go good, people come over to me in the dressing room and say: 'You played a helluva game, Frank,' and when I'm bad, they don't talk to me. But that's life."

The telephone rang and Frank answered it. It was Red Kelly's father-in-law, Kelly, Frank's roommate, was out, so Frank took the message.

"Kelly helped you a lot," we said, "didn't he?"

"Guys like Kelly and Olmstead put up with me," he said. "Red taught me a lot about life in general and hockey. He's been with winners; he knows what's going on. Olmstead's a real tactician. We do a lot of talking."

"Would you say they're most responsible for your improvement?"

Frank's face flushed with anger. He didn't want to sound as if he was knocking either Kelly or Olmstead because he respects them and knows they've helped, but he has strong pride. "Don't you think I've helped Kelly, too?" he said. "The papers always say he helped me. Sure he has. But I have to make it on my own. Nobody's going to do it for me when I make a rush at the net. I'm the guy who has to put in the puck."

He flicked the radio button a few times and finally settled for a station with soft popular music. We asked whether he thought he could score 50 goals this season. He smiled.

"If I say no, then I look bad," he said. "I try not to think negatively because that's bad thinking. I know it's possible for me to score 50 goals, but possible is one thing and doing it is another. I have to be careful about my thinking. I might get lax and figure I've gotten my share of goals for the season. The last games are going to be tough. I'll be double-teamed and all that, but I'm going to give it one helluva try."

"You must be thrilled with the goals you already have."

He pursed his lips and went into a trance-like pause. Finally he said: "Thrills? When I was a kid playing baseball in Schumacher, Ted Lindsay came to town with a team and I saw him up close. At the time, it was a great thrill—I mean standing next to a big-league player. But thrills? I don't get feelings like that any more. A person grows up to things, and I think I've outgrown that thrill stage."

Frank began to talk about his family. He is single and lives with his father, mother and 14-year-old brother, Peter, in a house in Toronto's Leaside area. His father now works as a skate sharpener in the Leaside Community Center rink. His brother plays center there for the Leaside Lions.

"Pete's a big boy—5-11," Frank said. "I don't watch him much, but I know he makes a lot of good moves. I don't want to push him. If he wants to play pro hockey, that's his business."

Mahovlich doesn't drink or smoke, drives a 1957 four-door, black Buick, studied psychology and public speaking last summer at Assumption College and says he's a sucker for his mother's cabbage rolls. He's also a sucker for a high stick, the proof being an ugly raspberry above his upper lip. "I can thank Fernie Flaman's stick for that," he said, referring to the injury caused by the tough Boston defenseman.

"Some people say you let players like Flaman, Howe and Dickie Moore belt you around too much without retaliating."

"Forget it," Frank said. "Howe can give me a whack today or tomorrow and it won't stop me. Moore went after me a few times. So what? He may be tough and all that bunk, but it's the guy who gets in the first punch who wins the fights. I can do pretty well if I have to."

He rubbed an injured lip again and said: "Flaman didn't have to come in with the high stick, but if that's the way he wants it, that's all right with me. He'd just better watch out next time 'cause I'll be damned if I'll take that stuff from anybody."

"You don't like fighting, do you?" we said.

"I'll fight any time," Mahovlich said. "But to me, it's a waste of time and energy. Swinging the arms takes a lot out of a guy. By the time a guy's through fighting, he doesn't have any power left to score."

Frank has plenty of power. His expansive chest was developed by competitive swimming in Schumacher, where he was area champ in the backstroke and crawl. He also was a versatile baseball player, good enough to be offered a Boston Red Sox tryout. He turned it down for hockey and is happy, of course, with his choice.

He loves hockey and is a sharp student of the game and its pro players. In the hotel room, he discussed hockey strategy like a general and personalities like a psychiatrist. We also coaxed him into telling us about his unsung visits to hospitals to cheer youngsters, although it was obvious he preferred that nothing be mentioned.

At three o'clock, Frank said: "Time for my steak." He leaped out of bed and we walked to the elevator. We asked him to be specific about the reasons for his breakout this year. "The big change came after the fifth game of this season," he said. "We got off to a bad start and I felt I wanted to do something about it. I suddenly felt more grown up and interested in the team, and I started to act more like a leader." There was more but he left it at that and excused himself to go to dinner with the players. We then sat down with Punch Imlach and King Clancy, who cleared up the details of Big M's metamorphosis.

Frank was too modest to say it, but Imlach disclosed that the personality change occurred during the dismal start of the season. Instead of holding back his thoughts and feelings about the team, Mahovlich suddenly broke out of his shell. One day he visited Imlach and suggested a line change. Imlach went along with it. "It made sense," Imlach said, "so I decided to take his advice. We began to win and after that he developed a new self-confidence."

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Within days, the change in Big M was apparent. "He no longer was a kid," Imlach said. "Until then he kept everything inside himself, never said too much. But after that talk, he became vitally interested in the team. Instead of sitting back and brooding to himself, he began to take over. He'd give a guy hell if the guy did something stupid on the ice. This maturity made him twice the player he was last season."

Clancy said that last season Big M played better than his 18 goals would indicate. "He was hitting goal posts by the dozens," Clancy said. "Now he's doing everything right and getting the breaks to boot. When he goes now, the only way to stop him is by committing a foul."

Asked to put a price tag on Mahovlich, Imlach said Frank is worth ten times as much as the difference between having a playoff and a non-playoff team for ten years, multiplied by ten. This comes to approximately \$5,000,000.

In the take-a-turn question and answering, Clancy then explained about Mahovlich's reluctance to fight. When Frank was a junior, Clancy said, the Leaf brass ordered him to avoid fighting because of his great potential. "It's too early for him to have a mean streak like Gordie Howe," Clancy said. "I'm glad he doesn't because if he ever hit somebody real good now, he'd maul him."

During the game that night, the talk in Madison Square Garden's press box was all Mahovlich. A Toronto writer told us that Big M and teammate Olmstead almost had a fight on the bench in the game at Boston because Mahovlich had criticized one of Bert's maneuvers. "Frank has suddenly realized what he can do and has come down off Cloud Nine," the writer said. "He's taking over the club and giving the other guys the needle and inspiration. The way he's flyin', he has a right to."

Against the Rangers that night, Frank helped engineer the first Leaf goal and he scored the third and winning goal in a 3-2 Toronto victory. "I wasn't good tonight," he said afterward. "I must've done too much walking on Friday night. Sorta tired me out."

"It's a good trick when you can have a bad night and get an assist and the winning goal," said one of the half-dozen writers surrounding him in the dressing room.

Finally the room emptied and it was time for Mahovlich to leave. "Have you found yourself as a hockey player?" we asked.

"Not really," he said thoughtfully. "I don't think I really know myself completely or that I'll know when I'll fulfill my potential. Maybe it'll be three or four years, maybe never."

"Do you like to play hockey?"

"You mean," he said, "do I do it just for a living or for the fun of it like they say Gordie Howe does?"

"For the fun of it," we said.

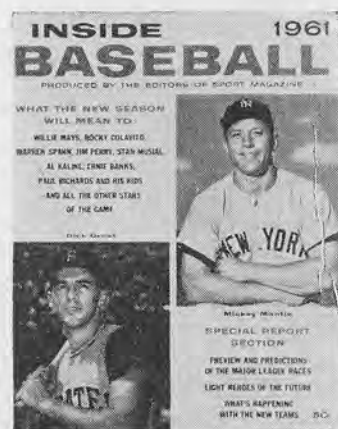
"Yeah, I like to play for fun," he said, but there was an air of uncertainty. "Y'know, Howe didn't find himself right away. Maybe I'll grow up the way Howe did."

"Sometimes," Mahovlich summed up, "I think it's possible for me to go all the way."

To this, Punch Imlach adds the feeling of the hockey world. "Sure Frank can go all the way," Imlach says. "But it's all up to him."



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(Continued from page 44)

enjoyed the rifle show more. Dee explained the caliber of the rifle, its power, the grain of the bullet, its striking and shocking power, then banged away at water-filled cans, kicking them 12 feet into the air. When Dee fired the .308, young Rael Diem, watching from the sidelines said: "Gee, sir, that rifle gives quite a big jerk, doesn't it?" Dee immediately brought the boy up front, put the empty rifle in his hands and explained recoil. He shoved the rifle sharply against the boy's shoulder, demonstrating the power of the impact.

"All right, he's impressed," Diem's buddy said and 50 kids laughed. Dee went on to explain the importance of keeping the safety on and the action open, illustrating this by sticking a white handkerchief in the open action.

After an hour of watching the rifles and shotguns in action, the 200 kids were split into lecture groups of ten. They were given "take-home" safety packs of shooting literature and they sat on the grass and listened to a pro talk about safety, the gun and its use, conservation, sportsmanship, hunting and shooting competitively. Each instructor was selected by Sergius Polevoy, New York State Hunter Training Coordinator of the Department of Conservation of lower New York, and each man, using simple language and graphic illustrations with an empty gun and the questions-and-answers technique, soon had complete concentration from the youngsters.

I sat in on three groups and listened to safety stressed: "Never point a gun, even an empty gun at anything or anybody! Keep the safety on at all times even if the gun is empty. Make it a habit! Never walk with a gun loaded. A gun is not a plaything. Treat it with respect and you will get years of fun from it." The lectures were made with the instructor putting into action as much of the lesson as he could (preaching was kept at a minimum), ending with the titillating words, "When you shoot after lunch, remember—"

Lunch, served by the Hempstead volunteer fire department, consisted of hot dogs and a wide assortment of sandwiches; and when it was over, there wasn't a bottle or a scrap of paper left on the grass. Litterbugging had been part of the instruction and the kids had listened. "Litterbugs," they had been told, "are responsible for much of the posting of good hunting lands. Clean up after you."

Then came the hour of firing. In groups of ten, the kids went to the firing line with their instructors and shot in 25-minute relays, enthusiastically burning up the A & S shells at crow targets 20 yards away. The .22 rifles were used in the careful "coach-pupil" system, where two young shooters stood on the firing line, one handling the rifle, the other handing him a single shell before each shot and correcting the shooter if he made an error in method or manner.

The only two girls in the group, a blonde, Carol Regan, and a brunette, Barbara Lechner, were among the first to stand on the firing line. They shot with vigor and the blonde was bubbling when she walked back with her target. "He's never said anything," she said. "But I know my dad misses not having a son. I want to learn how to shoot so I can go hunting with him."

A slim 14-year-old, John Gelshenen, stood looking at the crow target he had retrieved after firing ten shots. He had never shot before and he kept saying, "I didn't even hit the crow. Didn't touch it. This is no cinch!"

I asked him how he felt about the whole thing. "I like it," he said. "This shooting is for real. The kids are all nice and it's sure fun. That instruction is good. I want as much of this as I can get. Goodbye television."

The regulation National Rifle Association system was used in the firing. As the youngsters stood on the line, the loudspeaker blared: "Ready on the right? Ready on the left? Ready on the firing line? Commence firing!"

"Dramatic, ain't it?" said one boy as he stood waiting to fire. "Yeah," said the lad beside him, crewcut Patrick Cukierski, "but I've got to watch and make notes. I got three younger brothers to teach this stuff to."

Cukierski later told me that it was the most fun he ever had, that he enjoyed the safety lectures and that now he had more respect for guns than anything else. He was hoping that he could impress his father, a recreation director, into buying him a .22 for Christmas. "I'm getting the know-how," he said, "and how am I going to keep on with this valuable training unless I have a gun?"

Jim Dwyer, 14, told me he had fired his first rifle when he was 11, at a camp in the Adirondacks. "But I'm here today because I know that I have an awful lot to learn." He was impressed with the safety instruction such as: "What do you do with the

gun while you are eating lunch? Empty it, open bolt and place in safe position. Things you never think about. I'm really thinking now when it comes to guns." But he said he was here mostly because he wanted to get hunter-training so he could go deer hunting with his father. "Dad doesn't have the time to teach me."

Most of the 200 wanted to earn their hunter's licenses and signed up after the session with instructor LeRoy Tintle. Tintle, working with other recreation directors, had set up a continuing, two-hour weekly instructional program which lasts until each teen-ager receives his NRA Hunter Safety Course card, certifying that the bearer has completed a course of instruction in gun safety and has demonstrated a knowledge of safe hunting practices.

After the youngster receives his NRA card, he can buy a hunting license, permitting him to hunt in the field with a licensed adult over 21 years of age. At 16 the youngster is permitted to hunt alone.

Any city, group or school organization interested in forming a Teen Hunters' Club or investigating the possibilities should contact the Sportsmen's Service Bureau, 250 West 43d Street, New York 17, N. Y., for guidance and expert technical help. Most of the key figures in the shooting world are strongly behind the teen gun movement.

Stanley Mate, director of training activities of the National Rifle Association, observing the Hempstead project, was vocally enthusiastic about the idea of the Teen Hunters' Club and its rapid spread throughout the country.

"This group method is the most productive," he said. "But the real reward is the kids getting full satisfaction of completion in a program like this. Clubs come and go and often their benefits are meager. But the type of sponsors—business, industry, community—behind this Teen Hunters' Club means that this sort of thing can go on forever for the benefit of children and parents throughout the United States."

Mate also said that 50 years of experience in the gun world had taught him that the key to safety was "a lack of confusion."

Not one of the 200 kids I met that day were the least bit confused. They knew exactly what they were doing. Fourteen-year-old David Kaplowitz exemplified this clear thinking: He had made marksman first class last year at summer camp and I found him carefully examining his crow target which was nicely perforated, all of his shots in a tight group near the center.

"Exhibit one," he said. "First I show this to my dad, then I wait a day and he asks: 'Where did you do this?' I then tell him all about our Teen Hunters' Club and the great day we had today learning about guns. Then I wait another day, and I talk with him after supper. I tell him that not only have I found a safe place to shoot with other kids my own age, but that I am going to take lessons two hours every week until I'm good enough to get a real hunter's license. I have to do it all gradually, you understand. I wait another week this time, then I spring the big one: 'When do I get my own gun?'"

Such is the intelligent enthusiasm of the United States' budding hunters.

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By Tom Meany

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MAJOR-LEAGUE DECADE IN PICTURES

In May SPORT on sale March 30

FLOYD PATTERSON'S FIGHT FOR INDEPENDENCE

(Continued from page 52)

most sportswriters, who thoroughly enjoyed the opportunity to kick D'Amato when he was down, and some friends, who disappeared shortly after Johansson demolished him, Floyd suddenly was forced to take full command of himself. He thought long and hard and he resolved some personal struggles.

In the past, he had allowed himself to be torn apart by the barbed criticism of writers who refused to recognize his talents as a fighter. No matter whom he fought—Archie Moore, Hurricane Jackson, Pete Rademacher, Roy Harris, Brian London—the final reports always seemed to read the same: "Patterson Beats Another Bum." When Johansson, who knocked out Eddie Machen, then the top-ranked contender, signed to fight Floyd, most people said that the Swede was "another bum." Then Ingemar unloaded a knockout punch and immediately was compared with Louis and Dempsey. One year later, Patterson landed two lightning left hooks and once again Johansson was just another bum.

"This used to eat away at me," Patterson said in the camp, his soft voice blending with the mood music drifting from his phonograph. "My wife and friends would ask me how people could write some of those things about me, and that would only bother me more. I couldn't get it out of my mind. But sitting up there in Newtown, I promised myself that I'd show the writers and then never let it bother me again. Today I don't care what anyone writes so long as it doesn't affect the important things—the security of my family and my reputation as a man. I know now I'll never be fully accepted as a champion, but it's not important any more."

During the 360 days between his two fights with Johansson, Patterson hired a secretary to clip out every story deriding him as a fighter and as a human being. Today each one is pasted in a scrapbook facing a praise-filled story turned out by the same writer the day after the second fight. "When my children are older," he said, "I'll be able to show them how some of our biggest writers can change their minds."

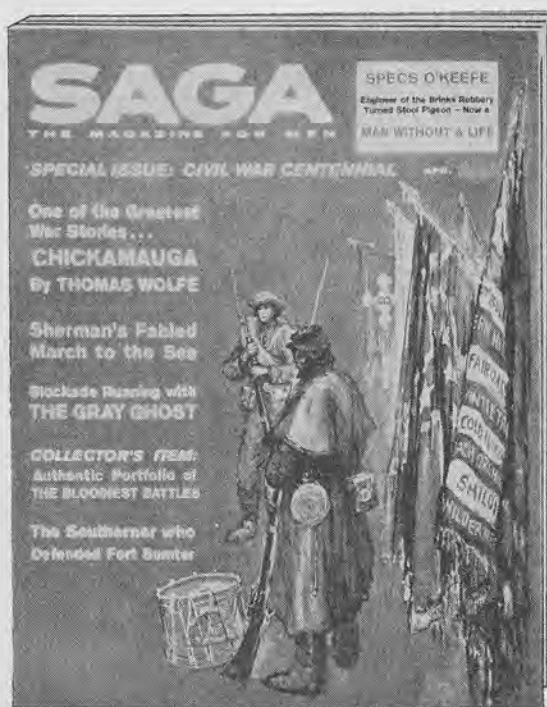
Anyone watching Patterson the first few seconds after he regained the title saw him turn to the press rows, remove his mouthpiece and shout in wild, uncontrollable derision. The next day, at the press conference, the champion explained that he had just re-read all the columns written the day before the fight—predicting his defeat—and he wanted to apologize for disappointing so many people. It was a laugh for the writers, but for Patterson, it was significant. "If you sat in my chair in Newtown, you'd have had a million things to say to the people who didn't believe in you," he said, gazing out the window of his room. "Now if anyone asks me about a story, I just say: 'As long as I make my regular deposit at the bank, I don't care what anyone writes.' It's my family I've got to think of."

Sitting alone in his chair at Newtown, Patterson spent days and nights thinking and dreaming about the one man who had taken everything away

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from him. Normally a mild man, even in the ring, Floyd does not hate easily and his antagonism for Johansson is almost forgotten today. But two days after his defeat, Floyd, dejected and almost numb, suddenly snapped out of his lethargy while watching television with his wife. They were sitting in their living room when Ed Sullivan introduced his surprise guest: Ingemar Johansson. There in front of Floyd was the man who had given him the most brutal and humiliating beating of his life, demonstrating how the right-hand knockout punch had been thrown.

"Sandra could see I was stunned and asked if I wanted to turn it off," Floyd said. "But I didn't want her to think less of me as a man so I just sat there and began to hate him. I had never felt that way about anyone before. I kept saying to myself, 'OK, you've beaten me. You're the champ. What more do you want?' Watching him laugh and throw the right was like driving a knife into me."

Later, at Newtown, Patterson thought frequently about his hazy future and the promotional scandal that had erupted shortly after the fight, and he began to have a recurring dream. Almost every night, he would play cards with his trainers and sparring partners, go up to his room at 11 and then toss and turn for hours until he could fall asleep. Each night, the dream, which he had at least ten times, was identical. He would be in the ring with Johansson, who was tossing out a pawing left jab. Then Patterson would move in under the left, landing combinations to the Swede's stomach and chest. Suddenly he would see Johansson throwing the big right hand. "No fight had ever bothered me before," Patterson said. "But I never stayed asleep long enough to see whether the right landed or not. I didn't want to know. I knew that if it landed and I didn't go down, then I'd never be able to be as vicious as I knew I'd have to be. If it landed and knocked me out again, I might never have been able to face him again."

From his first day in Newtown, the ex-champion refused to watch the films of the first fight. Every day, trainer Florio would press him to watch the movie, only to have Floyd resort to another excuse. Finally Florio realized that Patterson had built up a mental block and would probably never get himself to the point where he could study the films. Three weeks before the fight, a friend of Floyd's wanted to take a picture of him as he sat watching the knockout. At first Patterson refused, but his friend was insistent. Although he did try to study the action, he was unable to concentrate during the climactic third round. Only on the night before the fight, in his hotel room in New York, was Patterson able to watch himself being destroyed by the arrogant Swede.

Patterson had just gone to the bathroom to wash his hands when his two police guards and his brother, Raymond, turned on the television to watch a special show publicizing the fight. Before he realized what was happening, Floyd found himself sitting in front of the set, watching Johansson land the big punch. "I wanted to leave but I was frozen to the seat," he said. "I didn't want them to think I was afraid to watch. The more I saw, the more disgusted I became at myself. I had so many chances to get

out of trouble, but after that first punch I couldn't remember anything."

Watching the film in his room the night before the second fight was the final incentive Patterson needed to regain the title. He had to hate Johansson and he had to go into the fight not caring whether he hurt his opponent seriously. "I think the film may have done the trick," Florio said after the fight. "Floyd had to fight differently than he had before. If he wasn't ready mentally before, that film certainly helped."

Surprisingly, in his year as an ex-champion, Patterson also matured physically—from a light-heavyweight into a full-fledged heavyweight. The eight pounds he gained were incidental, but the bulging shoulder and neck muscles added tremendously to the power of his punches. It was clearly a new Floyd Patterson, free from his manager's possessiveness and from his own inner fears, who regained his title from Johansson last June. Yet to understand fully the sudden change in Floyd Patterson, it is also necessary to understand something of his childhood.

As a youngster, he was very big for his age and slow in his studies. Extremely quiet and self-conscious, he felt that everyone was laughing at him when he failed to answer questions in school. He was too shy to ask for help, and the teacher, with a class of 30, was too busy to give him the individual attention he needed so bad-

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MARCH 30

ly. When he was ten and had run through four schools, the laughter finally drove him out of the classroom completely and into the protective darkness of movie theaters in the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn. Within a few weeks, he became so truant that his mother decided to have him sent to Wiltwyck, a school for emotionally disturbed youngsters, in Esopus, N. Y.

At Wiltwyck the teachers, with only ten pupils to a class, had more time for the shy, withdrawn youngster, going over his lessons with him and building up his confidence. He had never boxed with gloves before, but the school's athletic director decided it would be good for Floyd if he entered the annual boxing tournament. To everyone's surprise, the quiet youngster bloodied the nose of a bigger boy and won a unanimous decision. For Patterson, young and inexperienced as a fighter, boxing provided a new feeling of superiority and pride. Two years later he left Wiltwyck and then, after one term of high school, he quit to go to work. He was 16, almost 5-10 and 160 pounds, and looked old enough to work on the docks with men ten and 20 years older. More than anything else, Patterson remembers the poverty of those early years.

"We were really poor," the champion said, as we walked through the woods at his new training camp. "I used to dream about having \$300 and putting it in my pocket. The dream was so real that I'd wake up and look for the money in the pocket. I also would dream that maybe one day I'd even have enough money to buy a few suits and be able to go to the movies or Coney Island with my girl friend, Sandra (now Mrs. Patterson)."

It was at this critical point that Patterson met Cus D'Amato, an articulate but unsuccessful manager who also owned a gymnasium. D'Amato encouraged the youngster, supplied him with equipment and gave him direction. For Floyd, Cus represented another father. He had taken him off the streets. He had faith in him when other people only laughed. D'Amato himself was fond of the boy, and from the first, he began to shield him. Patterson was young and it only seemed natural that Cus, older and wiser, should do the talking and make the decisions while Floyd did the fighting. Like the teachers at Wiltwyck, Cus D'Amato gave Floyd Patterson the confidence and friendship he desperately needed, and the champion will never forget it.

"I was just another kid with nowhere to go when Cus started looking out for me," he said. "That's something I'll never forget. He will always be my friend but he has to learn that I'm not a kid any more. I don't have to be told what to say and when to brush my teeth. I'm the father of three children and I have to make my own decisions. Some may be wrong but I've got to make them for myself."

Patterson, however, doesn't plan to make too many wrong ones. For the last eight months, he has been paying closer attention to his finances and studying the merits of various investments. With more than a quarter of a million dollars in savings, he has deposited the bulk of his money in banks and trust funds. "My lawyer used to handle everything for me," he said, "but we work together now. I want to know where every penny of my money goes. I don't plan on winding up like Joe (Louis) or Sugar Ray (Robinson). I'm paying my taxes now."

Eventually he hopes to invest his earnings in stocks, some sound businesses and possibly a farm where he could raise riding horses. For the present, his only business plans are to manage his brother, Raymond, an 18-year-old heavyweight, and Mickey Alan, a friend who sings professionally. In addition to his savings, the champion owns two cars—a station wagon and a convertible—and a home in Rockville Centre.

Perhaps the most significant change is Patterson's outspokenness about his religious and racial beliefs. A convert to Catholicism, he has been a regular church-goer for years but only in the last six months has he begun to talk of religion in relation to boxing. "If the Church banned boxing, I'd quit that day," Patterson said. He has told his wife that he will retire in four years if his interest drops or sooner if he is permanently eliminated from the heavyweight title range. "It may be hard for some people to understand," he said, "but I'm convinced that this life on earth is only the beginning and I have to plan for the future."

In every discussion about his independence, Patterson always returns to his feelings about racial inequality. In

the past, the champion made a point of refusing to discuss the problem. Before his fight with Rademacher, he told three writers that he was convinced the guarantee for the match had been put up by Southern white supremacists. Two writers quoted Patterson but he denied ever making the statement. Then, in 1959 before the Brian London bout, a woman refused to serve Patterson in an Indianapolis restaurant. The storeowners in the area discovered what had happened and flooded the champion with expensive gifts to convince him that they did not side with the woman. A writer heard the story and the wire services picked it up, but Patterson dismissed the incident as insignificant.

"The significant part of that story never was written," the champion confided. "The next day, the same woman stopped me in the street and started to apologize. 'I'm really sorry,' she said. 'But why didn't you say you were Floyd Patterson? That's different.'"

When a Long Island masseuse refused to treat his wife after she had made a telephone appointment last December, Patterson, who five months before would have refused to discuss racial inequality, sued the masseuse. "Violence will never help," he said, "but if I can do anything because I'm heavyweight champion, then I'm going to do it from now on."

Floyd was spared the sting of prejudice for many years. Although he was born in Waco, N. C., his family moved to New York before Floyd was a year old, and it wasn't until he fought down South that he began to see overt segregation. On one trip to Kansas City a few years ago, Floyd and his two trainers ate for six days at one restaurant. On the last day, they left their waitress, a pleasant Southerner, a sizable tip. That afternoon, Patterson passed her in the street and said hello. At first he thought she hadn't heard him, and he stopped to repeat the greeting. The waitress quickly turned her head and ignored him.

That same week, Floyd heard that Joe Walcott, the former heavyweight champion, also was in Kansas City and decided to visit Joe at his hotel.

"Who's there?" a voice said behind the door.

"It's me, Florio, and Patterson."

"OK, wait a minute. I'll open up."

"It was amazing," Patterson said, "but there was Walcott standing over a table with a container of milk and crackers because he didn't want to go outside and chance an incident. I've always known that these things happen. I've seen enough of them myself, but some people told me to forget about them and just stay out of trouble. Well, I can't stay quiet any more. I've got to speak out when I think something is wrong."

One of the first things Patterson spoke out against was the plan to hold the third fight in Miami. When he learned that he would earn more money fighting there, he agreed but demanded that the seating be totally integrated. "Cus and the promoters have promised me that anyone will be able to sit anywhere if he can pay for his ticket," the champion said. "If I see any segregation in the seating, I'll walk out of the ring."

For a while, it appeared that Patterson's new-found independence might stand in the way of a third meeting with Ingemar. Roy Cohn, counsel for the promoters, reportedly said that he didn't think he had to

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bother showing Patterson the contract. Why? Because he didn't think the champion could read. That almost put the promoters, Feature Sports, out of business. Cohn denied the remark but Bill Fugazy, his partner, commented candidly: "We would have shown Patterson the contract but we didn't think anyone was allowed to see him."

Fugazy, a bright young executive, was not insulting the champion. He merely was stating the facts of life as Cus D'Amato had decreed them in the past. Fugazy simply did not realize that Patterson finally was prepared to speak and act for himself. In the last few months, visitors to Patterson's camp discovered that the champion, an intelligent and humorous young man, no longer was waiting for Cus to supply the answers. During each of my visits, Floyd was entertaining, truthful and determined to give the impression that he was the man to see if I wanted to know anything about the heavyweight champion.

Eventually, in a late visit, Floyd turned talk to the man he always calls Ingemar. "I was going to give him the return fight even if I had to do it with other promoters," Floyd said. "I owed it to him. Some people have told me they didn't think he'd have the courage to fight me again, but they don't know how much Ingemar likes his money. I'm sure he'll fight."

When he regained the title, Patterson was urged to go on television—as Johansson had the year before—and capitalize on the championship. At first Floyd thought he'd follow this advice but later he changed his mind. "I can't dance. I can't sing. And I'm not a comedian," he said. "I'm a fam-

ily man and I'm a fighter. Ingemar is a very talented man. He can do a lot of things outside of the ring and the women really go for the bullet hole in his chin. I'll appear at a benefit if it's for a worthwhile charity, but I'm not going to try to do something I know I can't do. I never want people to laugh at me again."

It was a few minutes past three one afternoon this winter when the heavyweight champion of the world, well-rested and confident, entered his training room in the basement of the Spring Rock Country Club. Changing quickly into his trunks, Floyd Patterson climbed through the ropes, eased his way through three unimpressive rounds with his brother, Raymond, and then finished up with 30 situps and a session at the light and heavy bags. It was a fast workout but the champion, with a slight cold and still five pounds over his fighting weight, was sluggish. The forefinger of his left hand, injured during his fight with Johansson last June, still ached, and he obviously wasn't satisfied with his performance.

"Don't worry. I'll be ready for Ingemar," he said, walking toward the shower room. "I won't be as vicious as last year, but I don't plan to be overtrained the way I was the first time. He has a good right hand, but I don't plan to lose. Then I'll fight anyone." The heavyweight champion of the world paused, looking back at the empty ring. "You can be sure that I'll never forget Ingemar. He made me famous—but there's another reason I'll never forget him. He made me think for myself."

(Continued from page 25)

ball control, quick rebounds and tip-ins, smaller, all-round stars will have their day soon. Smaller men are more agile, make the unexpected move, set up dazzling combinations. And more emphasis on defense, fewer foul penalties, will open the courts to smaller players and spread the popularity of basketball even more widely.

"The big star of the Sixties will be Wilt Chamberlain, of course. With his height, he's got it made right now. Oscar Robertson will be No. 2.

"The team of the next decade will be the Celtics, and I'm being objective. At this moment, the Celtics are the greatest team in the history of basketball. We're going to dominate the league for many years to come. The team that troubles us most is the Philadelphia Warriors; they trouble everyone with Wilt in there.

"The Sixties will be a great decade for the game. I predict great play and league expansion to eight teams in each division. The colleges are packed with bright prospects. We've climbed a long way but we're not nearly at the top."

SAM SNEAD ON GOLF

Money is the secret ingredient in golf's formula for success, according to Sammy Snead. "Thousands of young men are planning a golf career," he said. "Why? Because the game is in the big-time sports bracket now—a hole-in-one was worth \$50,000 at Palm Springs recently. The game's future looks so bright that I predict we'll have \$250,000 tournaments by 1970.

"There are several reasons for this. Golf is the greatest participation game of all—a little ball, a tiny hole, a club, and you're on your own, no one to help you. It's always been the greatest of all participation sports and now, with more money to be earned, more and more people will be playing it for their daily bread.

"Television has hurt many sports in the box office, but it has helped golf. More people know the game and the players. More people want to take a whack at the ball, which means more courses, more fans, more golf.

"Young men realize today that golf can be a profitable career. The condition of young players is much better than in the old days when a lot of people were more concerned with heading for the 19th hole and partying than with the game itself.

"That doesn't mean that the quality of the game has improved. The old stars were great, too. But the competition is keener and it's harder to finish in the first four money brackets in a tournament than in the old days. But when you make it, the pay days are better and they'll be at their biggest yet in the Sixties. They'll be fabulous.

"I don't see how tournament scores can get any lower. When it takes 66 or 67 to make sure that you'll win, the limit has been reached. Scores may even be higher in the Sixties, for the tendency now is to lengthen the distance between holes on newly constructed links.

"The ball has reached a limit of speed, too. Balls are now officially

tested for speed by an electronic eye. I look for no changes in clubs, either. A few minor changes in rules have been made in recent years, covering situations such as the unplayable lie or the out-of-bounds tieup. There are fewer penalties on the greens. I hear some talk about repealing these changes, but I don't think it will go far.

"Today's matches are won or lost on the greens. Accurate putting can compensate for wasted shots on the fairways or loops into sandtraps. Golfers know that the real test comes when they must exhibit perfect self-control by putting a little ball into a four-and-a-quarter-inch hole.

Golf has become a game for students of human psychology; their own psychology, I mean. It's taken a firm grip on the public's imagination. Its future is very bright.

"By the end of the Sixties, golf will be officially recognized as America's most important as well as most popular sport. The number of courses is



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multiplying fast. I shouldn't be surprised if the government not only builds courses as part of a health program for adults, but opens golf schools to teach golf to children.

"After all, golf has been the official national game since 1952 when President Eisenhower and Vice-President Nixon put the game on page one. President Kennedy doesn't play much any more, but he's quite a golfer, too."

MAURICE RICHARD ON HOCKEY

Maurice (The Rocket) Richard, easily the Babe Ruth of hockey, is retired now, but as good-will ambassador for the Montreal Canadiens, he is still discovering things about his sport.

"I never really realized the hold hockey has on the people of Canada and the northern United States," he said. "The game has reached a peak, but it's going even higher. Play is

more balanced and players coming into the league seem uniformly better—they're better conditioned, better drilled and more aware of the importance of hard work. I have never seen a better young player than Bobby Hull and each NHL team seems to have one or two fellows who can equal the past stars. Chicago's Red Hay is a smart center, Toronto's Frank Mahovlich is terrific, Boston's Dallas Smith can become a great defenseman. The Canadiens have some fine young stars in the minors like Bobby Rousseau, Wayne Connelly and J. C. Tremblay.

"Records are going to be smashed in the Sixties. Gordie Howe has already broken my total-points record. And Mahovlich appears well on his way to breaking my record of 50 goals in a single season. With the kind of material now in the game, a lot more records will fall.

"The National Hockey League draft is evening up the clubs. I don't think any team will dominate the NHL in the Sixties as the Canadiens did in the Fifties. Right now it looks as if Detroit, Chicago and Toronto may challenge the Canadiens. Over the next few years Chicago, with a young team, might be the most consistent winner.

"Hockey is going to boom in the United States, too. The U.S. Olympic victory at Squaw Valley was the best thing that could have happened to the game in the States. Expansion of the NHL is coming, too, with more teams on tap for the U.S.

"The biggest change in recent years has been in the speed of the game. It is much faster now. Offensive play is harder. The puck is moved ahead faster to take advantage of the new passing rules. And the spectators like it that way.

"My only complaint is that I'd like to see the rules applied more vigorously. Referees aren't strict enough. If they were, hockey would be even faster and more exciting, with more high-scoring games. I think that this matter will be taken care of soon, which means that by 1970 hockey will be looking for more worlds to conquer."

RAFER JOHNSON ON TRACK AND FIELD

"Victory makes you forget you're tired," said Rafer Johnson last summer. He had just outlasted Chuan Kwang-Yang in a grueling athletic struggle and his reward was the Olympic decathlon title. "I always knew I could win," Rafer said. "I always knew I could stay in there with Yang, no matter how well he did."

With this inspiring spirit, Rafer made his predictions for the Sixties. "I set no limit on what a human being can do," he said. "I expect the mile to be run in 3:50 one of these days, probably in the Sixties. The minute that happens, then someone will be shooting to run it in 3:49, and that record will be achieved, too. The only limit there is in sports is the limit you set for yourself.

"That's why I say that talk and criticism over what happened last summer won't help the United States do any better in the 1964 and 1968 Olympics. It's up to the kids of this country themselves.

"We don't win distance events simply because not enough kids like to run distance events. We won't win the

women's events until we have enough girls who go in for track and field. Gymnastics is not a traditional American sport, and until it becomes one, we won't win points and medals against the crack European gymnasts.

"It's up to the growing kids of today to do it for themselves and the U.S. Thousands would welcome the chance to compete, to bring victory back to the United States. They can if they want to. 'Desire' is a tired old word, but you've got to have the desire first. If a kid has it early enough in life, he'll find the playground and the trainer who'll develop him.

"It's impossible to guess who will be the stars of the Sixties in track and field. Too many youngsters are starting their careers in all parts of the country for anyone to know who'll be the best. How well they do depends on themselves. The only coming star I know personally is Paul Herman of Westmont College in Santa Barbara, Calif. Even in his case—and he could be a decathlon champion—I can't make a prediction. It's up to Paul to do it for himself."

VIC SEIXAS ON TENNIS

The plight of United States tennis became glaringly apparent at Wimbledon, Forest Hills and Perth, Australia, last year. The amateur game dipped to its lowest point in decades, a situation that troubles Vic Seixas. Vic remembers not so long ago when U.S. champions ruled the courts; he was one of them himself. But under the present structure of tennis, he says, it will take a long time for the U.S. to develop another run of champs. "Champions cannot be produced overnight," Seixas says. "It takes years to separate the wheat from the chaff.

"The amateurs' dilemma has affected the pro game, too," Vic said. "For years Jack Kramer has been signing amateur champions as fast as they won their titles. Today Kramer needs fresh talent to hold the fans' interest. In the past, he caught stars who were at their peaks or just past them. Now he has to bid for young fellows, 18 to 21 years old, who are on their way up and haven't yet established themselves internationally as box-office draws.

"The solution will be to pool all players in one big Open each year. Fan interest will be revived. The amateurs will have a chance to test their skill against the pros. We're no longer in the simon-pure amateur past. Amateurs need financial aid to make national and international tours. Sporting goods companies are ready to pay the toll for an Open tournament.

"I predict that the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association will agree to an Open soon, perhaps next year. I say this knowing that the chief reason why tennis has survived for centuries is that it is a game in which fair play is paramount. But golf has been equally noted for its spirit of fair play. Open golf tournaments have not harmed golf; on the contrary, they've made it even more popular. Tennis needs a boost if our young players are going to be willing to develop their skills as amateurs, not turn pro quickly, like Butch Buchholz and Barry MacKay did. Open tennis can give it the boost it sorely needs."

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BILL HARTACK ON HORSE RACING

Bill Hartack is a talented jockey who rides his own way, thinks his own thoughts and hits as hard with his words as with his whip. Among his thoughts is the notion that racing is an unpredictable sport.

Attendance at the tracks is at an all-time high. Six-figure purses are commonplace. Billions are bet on horses annually. "That's how it is today," Bill says. "But what it's going to be tomorrow no one can figure.

"Racing is a money game. If the money sticks around in the Sixties, we'll be racing for half-a-million-dollar stakes soon. But if money gets scarce, it'll be scarce around the tracks, too. I'm not a financial expert; I'm a jockey.

"It's the same with the horses—win today, lose tomorrow, win the next time out. I like two horses for 1961—Vapor Whirl and Royal Native. That's as far as I can go. The super-horses of the next ten years are still a gleam in their sires' eyes.

"Trainers are only as good as the horses they train—the best trainers get the best horse flesh. Stables come up in cycles and the turn of the Calumet and Wolfson stables might be ready to come up now."

In recent years, the Thoroughbred Racing Association cleaned up many of racing's evils. But last year several major tracks withdrew from the association. No public explanation for the schism was made, but Hartack has his own point of view. "I don't know what others may think," he said, "but I'm willing to go on record with the state-

ment that racing has been under the dictatorship of the New York and New Jersey tracks. Every leading jockey knows this is true.

"Breeders, owners, trainers bring their horses up to the point where they are led into the paddock. Then it's the jockey's turn to take over. He must know the horse and what it can do. Some of us keep records on paper; I keep records in my head. And after I mount the horse, I've got to make decisions in a split second, with no time for a second guess.

"So far, so good. But if something goes wrong, we jockeys get it in the neck. We're accused of all the crimes in the horse calendar. All but three of the leading riders at the New York tracks were fined or set down last year. We were given no chance to defend ourselves, no trial, no hearing. That's not my idea of justice.

"I don't mean that we're never guilty of rule infractions. I do say that many a jockey has been punished and his reputation smeared without a chance to prove his innocence. I predict that this situation will be cleared up during the next few years.

"I can't put my finger on the star jockeys of the Sixties. Each year apprentices catch the public's eye with a string of wins, then are never heard of again. To be a star takes long experience, determination, courage and consistent handling of all sorts of horses, day in, day out. It also takes brains."

Bill Hartack is dead sure of one thing. He is sure that Bill Hartack will be a champion jockey of the Sixties, just as he was a star of the Fifties.

THE RON HANSEN MIRACLE

(Continued from page 57)

any spring training conditioning?"

"Not a bit," Ron said. "Look at it this way. This time a year ago I had been at bat only 23 times in the big leagues and I didn't have even one lucky scratch hit. Well, Mr. Richards traded off his two shortstops—Willie Miranda and Chico Carrasquel—and told me I was Baltimore's shortstop. 'The only person who can beat you out of the job is yourself,' he said."

"It worried me for a while," Ronnie said. "Then I figured they knew more about me than I did. I hadn't been in the majors enough to know what it took to stick. So I said, if they feel like I am a good enough shortstop, maybe I am. I know now what it takes to stay up. I didn't then."

"You were hitting .310 in July but cooled off and finished with a .255 batting average," I said. "Did pitchers discover a weakness?"

"I think everybody figured I was one of those flash-in-the-pans," Hansen said. "A guy who hits like mad until they start throwing curves. Then I'm supposed to be finished and heading back to the bushes. I've really been thinking about my average tailing off—and you get plenty of time to think in the pup tents—and I know now what's wrong. For one thing, I was dog-tired. I really had played only one full season of baseball before, but nothing like the big league pressure. Second, I was hurt. But I was so excited about playing big-league ball I didn't want to stop. Thought somebody might move in and get my job."

"Somebody belted me, trying to take me out of a double play, and I think I came away with some busted ribs. I told the trainer they were just a little sore, so he'd tape me up and let me play. Actually, at times, I couldn't raise my arm on that side. I even made three errors in a game against Boston. I didn't think it mattered then, but it stands to reason now that you don't hit with a sore side and a stiff arm, do you? Of course, too, I found out I had a little power after I hit a few homers and I may have been trying to pull too much. I'm not really sure."

We drove into the parking lot of Hillerich and Bradsby, manufacturers of Louisville Slugger bats, and Ron

said he would demonstrate his swing. "It doesn't look very good—people say—but it gets results," he said, smiling broadly.

Ron's eyes sparkled like a kid's on Christmas morning when a fellow handed him the G79 Slugger model. "That's my bat," Ron grinned, inspecting the "Ronnie Hansen" label. He spread apart his spit-shined black Army shoes in his usual stance. "See, I hit like this," he said. "Feet apart, my hands close to my body. Trouble is, you're not supposed to do that and play big-league ball. Mr. Richards suggested I move my hands out a little, but I couldn't hit that way. This feels natural to me. When my average dropped some, a coach suggested the same thing again. I could hardly get my hands out, my side was so sore and stiff."

Following the impromptu batting demonstration, Ronnie placed his order for a dozen L5 model bats. "Have one sent to me at Fort Knox," he said. "Say, I could almost have batting practice at Knox. Steve Barber and Bill Stafford are out there, too."

"They in the Army, too?" a fellow asked.

"Yes, they've got a free six-month scholarship, too. Free tuition, room, board, books and uniforms."

We drove to the Brown Hotel in downtown Louisville for a late lunch. "Going to seem funny eating in a restaurant again," Ronnie said, laughing. "Think we'll have to line up and scrape out our trays?"

Pausing briefly at the entrance of the Thoroughbred Room, Ron bought a newspaper. He turned to a sports page carrying the 1960 baseball highlights and a photo of himself. He started to twist, trying to fish up some coins from his tight Army pants. "Better give me a couple more of them," he told the clerk. "One for my family and my wife. I just got married."

After finishing his medium-well steak, the polite Oriole shortstop reviewed his life. "You know, I was born on a wheat and corn farm near Oxford, Neb.," Hansen said, resting his long arms on the table. "After I got to the majors, people started remembering playing ball with me in Oxford. I got a kick out of that because I never played ball there. My parents moved to Albany, Calif., when

I was two years old. We only lived three miles from the Oakland ball park. My dad—he's a molder—used to take me to the Pacific Coast League games. I remember seeing Mr. Stengel manage and Earl Torgeson play. They told me I saw Joe DiMaggio, but I don't remember. I barely remember Jackie Jensen."

"I worked on uncle Walter's farm and at a lumber mill in the summers. I was real skinny. Six-foot-one, maybe six-two, all through high school. Almost ashamed to get on a scale. Wasn't awkward, though. I read in the hometown papers that I was well coordinated for all sports and I took their word for it. They probably wouldn't have put it in if I hadn't been, don't you think? I played end in football as a sophomore, but then gave it up for basketball and baseball. Played four years at third base and shortstop."

"I was all-conference in baseball and basketball. Hit .442 my senior year and played independent or sandlot ball and made the all-drug-store teams and things like that. Basketball probably was my best sport. I was a forward and averaged 19.4 points a game as a senior and was set to go to Southern California on a scholarship."

"I got to daydreaming. I like to daydream and think in my spare time. I questioned my choice of going to college. I had always wanted to play big-league baseball. I saw one of those mail-order school ads, something like, 'Do You Know What You Want To Do? Send no money. Start on your career today. Don't waste time.' Well, I didn't send in the coupon, but I decided to start playing baseball."

A waiter interrupted with more coffee and another waiter rolled up the pastry tray. "No weight problems, Ronnie?"

He shook his head, studied the selection of pies and said: "I didn't start filling out until I was in pro ball. I probably need all the pounds I can get. I finished the '60 season at 185. I'm 205 now—Army chow—but nothing to worry about. I went to spring training at 215 last year. I sweat a lot and weight rolls off."

"I heard you turned down a big bonus to avoid spending a compulsory two years in the majors," I said. "Is it true that you picked the Orioles because it looked like the easiest route to the majors?"

"I heard that story too," Ron said, "but that's not true. Here's the way it was: I was 17 when I finished high school in February of 1956 and when a few people brag about you at that age, you think you're pretty good. I was reading those stories about 'unfried kids' getting \$50,000 and \$80,000 bonuses to sign and decided I wanted a big bonus. All the big-league clubs except the Cubs and Giants talked to me, but they all quit talking when I started talking about a bonus. I took the highest offer—\$4,000. It wasn't a bonus like I've been reading about in newspapers—it was my full year's salary. Don McShane, the Orioles' West Coast scout, recommended me, and Brick Laws, who owned the Oakland team, signed me on April 7, 1956, for the Orioles."

"I wasn't exactly dying to play for the Orioles, you know. I did figure it was the quickest way to the big leagues, but I dreamed of being traded to a pennant contender."

Hansen, of course, wasn't traded. Instead he helped transform the Orioles into pennant contenders. The stages of development in the Balti-

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more youth program correspond in large part with Hansen's personal development. Paul Richards began shaping the new dynasty just about the time that Ron was finishing high school. Through the staggering years of the Orioles, Hansen was polishing his skills in the minors. Then, at once, Ron and the young Orioles arrived last year—far ahead of schedule.

When Richards decided to go with the kids for 1960, he discarded a flock of his veterans. He was willing to risk another year of failure to bring along his prospects—fellows like Chuck Estrada, Marv Breeding and Hansen—under the demands of big-league competition. The most demanding job—that of playing shortstop—was thrust upon Ron. Before the 1960 season began, Richards cleared the way for Ron. He released Baltimore's two shortstops—Chico Carrasquel and Willie Miranda.

"Just play the way it feels natural," Richards told Hansen in spring training. "Except don't throw so hard. Throw about half strength and the ball will get there. You're our shortstop."

"I had some quick thrills," Hansen said, "but I didn't think anybody was really noticing me. I mean, I was just satisfied to make the club, but I had no idea of making the All-Star team. After all, Luis Aparicio was supposed to be the shortstop of the American League."

Although Hansen began the 1960 season as an almost unknown light-hitting question mark who had gone hitless in 23 previous major-league at-bats, and Aparicio had been a close runnerup in the Most Valuable Player balloting (1959), it didn't take established major-leaguers long to jump on Ronnie's bandwagon.

After ten weeks in the league, the players were so impressed with both Hansen's hitting and fielding that they overwhelmingly voted him the starting shortstop in the All-Star game. (And Hansen supported their judgment with three hits in six at-bats.)

"We all knew he could do the job with his glove," Richards said. "But I couldn't have known he'd acquire the knack of hitting major-league pitchers as quickly as he did."

Because of his work with the glove—he uses a specially made extra-sized one—and his lanky grace in the field, Ron was compared by many to Marty Marion, known as "Mr. Shortstop" in the Forties. When Marion saw Ron work in the All-Star game, the old Cardinal said: "He does look a lot like me. The things that impress me most are the speed of his hands and his grace when going to his right or left."

Hansen, the man now called "the new Mr. Shortstop," made his professional debut as a third-baseman with Stockton of the class C California League and might still be playing that position had it not been for the thinness of class C rosters. "Gary Robins, who was about three years ahead of me at Albany High School, was the Stockton shortstop," Hansen said. "He was hurt in the middle of the season and Roy Partee, the manager, looked up and down the bench and there weren't any shortstops. 'You're a natural shortstop anyway,' Partee told me. 'Move on over.' I didn't know anything about shortstop, but did about the same thing as at third. Played natural. I didn't hear any complaints, so I guess they were satisfied."



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During that first season (1956), Hansen gained 20 pounds, drove in 84 runs and batted .289. But it was Ron's wide fielding range that encouraged Jim McLaughlin, Oriole farm director, to promote the 18-year-old to the Baltimore roster for 1957. Partee's report to Baltimore, however, did advise that Hansen needed improvement moving right.

Hansen immediately went into winter league competition with Pueblo, Mexico. "And there," Hansen said, "is where I learned to become a shortstop. Jimmy Adair, the manager, hit ground balls to me until I was blue in the face. I'd get a solid half hour of chasing grounders to my right every day. I was weak at that, mainly because I had been playing third base and the foul line limits your range there. Adair taught me to slide with the ball. The infield wasn't too good and there were enough pebbles and clods to cause a lot of bad bounces.

"Playing for Pueblo doesn't sound like much," Hansen said, "but that winter tickled me to death. I hit .290, made the all-star team (over Maury Wills and bonus baby Kenny Kuhn) and was voted the team's most valuable and popular player. They had a night for me and gave me all the shirts I could carry."

The Orioles figured Ron could be their shortstop for the 1957 season, and the publicity department mimeographed a biography that contained three glowing adjectives when it came to his fielding. Hansen's fielding attracted additional raves from the spring-training critics.

But after Ron had made all three putouts in one inning in a spring-training game, he limped off the field.

His left leg was twice as stiff when he removed it from the whirlpool, and he was initially treated for a torn muscle. "Then the backaches started," Ronnie said. "I got stiffer every day. One night I couldn't leave my seat in a theater. The movie wasn't that good. I was almost paralyzed."

"I was sent to Mayo Clinic and all kinds of specialists stuck pins in my left leg. It would bleed, but I couldn't feel it. This was a couple days before my 19th birthday and I was scared. Real scared. The doctors told me I had a slipped disc that had ruptured and pinched a nerve in my leg. They operated on my back in Boston, then transferred me to Union Memorial Hospital in Baltimore. I felt great after the operation—mainly because I had been in pain so long."

Hansen's hopes for a quick recovery died three days later when Dr. James Arnold, the neurosurgeon who performed the operation, asked Ronnie his age.

"Nineteen, but why?"

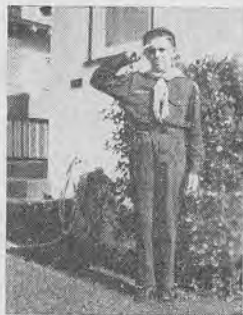
"Nineteen is a good age to start going to college," Dr. Arnold said. "So why don't you go? Plan a little for a job where you don't have to bend, slide and swing baseball bats."

"What for?" Hansen asked.

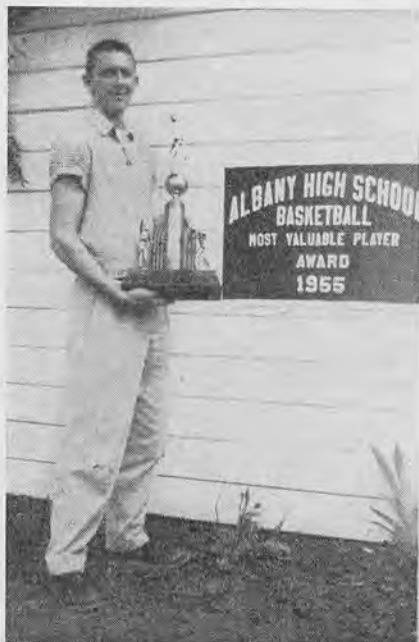
"You've got a 40 percent chance of playing ball again, which is pretty good. The trouble is, there is a 60 percent chance you'll never play again."

"I spent the next ten months thinking about some trade I could pick up," Ronnie said. "And people who see me play ball might not believe it, but I couldn't walk. I had to be taught to walk all over again."

Sent back to his home in Albany, Ron gradually regained his strength,



These Ron Hansen photos, picked from his family's album, trace the star shortstop's activities from his young boy days in 1945 through high school, 1955. Ron is shown as a cub scout (1947), a Little League star (1949), a trumpet player in the school band (1951), an American Legion baseball star (1952) and with his most valuable player basketball trophy, won at Albany High School (1955).



took daily whirlpool treatments and weightlifting exercises. He reported to the Orioles' 1958 spring-training camp and his flawless fielding had everybody, including Paul Richards, speaking enthusiastically. Ron opened the major-league season in the Orioles' starting lineup. After 12 games, he was 0-for-19 and had struck out seven times.

Richards sent the clubhouse boy after Hansen. "You know what you're hitting, don't you Ron?" Paul said. "Not very good, sir."

"You might go a week or more without getting into a game around here with that average," Richards said. "It would be better if you played every day at Knoxville."

At Knoxville, Ron's glove work impressed everybody, but his .216 batting average appeared too light to earn him a return trip to Baltimore. Manager George Staller's report mailed out of Knoxville did indicate Hansen "might be catching on." By the time it reached Baltimore, though, Hansen had suffered a broken hand and been dismissed for the remaining ten weeks of the 1958 season.

In order to compensate for the lost training, Hansen played with Boer in the Nicaragua League during the winter of 1958-59. He clubbed 17 home runs and his batting average remained around .300 all season, but he had to be helped off the field in the second playoff game because of pains knifing through his back. Ron was flown to Baltimore for examination, and preliminary reports indicated he could be finished as a ballplayer. But it turned out to be only a muscle spasm.

Ron opened the 1959 season with the Orioles, but after going 0-for-4 in two games, he was optioned to Vancouver, where he, third-baseman Brooks Robinson and second-baseman Marv Breeding formed one of the best infields in Pacific Coast League history. Hansen hit .256 and belted 18 homers. Then, in 1960, he exploded upon the majors, replacing Aparicio as the league's premier shortstop.

The sudden overshadowing of Aparicio created a controversy, especially around White Sox headquarters. Chicago's president, Bill Veeck, manager Al Lopez and traveling secretary Ed Short were eating lunch in Comiskey Park one afternoon recently and talking about it. "The Army isn't going to claim the Navy is better, is it?" Short said. "No," Veeck said, looking up from a tunafish sandwich, "but we're not knocking Hansen. Outside of Aparicio, he's the best shortstop in the American League and one of the best to come along in years."

"People will be bragging about Hansen for a long time," Lopez added. "He's what you'd call an opening-night hit headed for a long run."

Hansen hasn't let praise go to his head. "Everybody says I have the ability," he said, as our interview ended in Louisville. "I have determination too. I'm going to the movies now because I don't have anything else to do. Baseball is my life and hobby. It's really all I like to do. I'm going to be spending every spare minute I can get between now and my discharge in April running and keeping in shape for baseball. I've never played in the same league two straight years, but somehow I feel like I'm going to be around the American League a long time."

Most people who have seen Ron Hansen in action agree.

(Continued from page 31)

like you—although it is no good if they hate you—but they must respect you for the type of person you are and the player you were.

I asked a lot of questions throughout my playing career—in the minors, then with the Cardinals from 1949 to 1956 and finally with the Phillies from 1956 to 1958. Since I had about a dozen managers and about 15 dozen teammates during that time, I learned a lot of baseball.

The Cardinals gave me a chance to apply that knowledge when they hired me as manager after the 1958 season. Some people said my appointment was a reward for apple polishing. When St. Louis traded me in May of '56, I sent a letter to Gussie Busch, the Cardinals' owner, thanking him for all the nice things he had done for me, my wife Marguerite and my daughter Peggy and telling him that some day I hoped to manage a team in his organization.

I did not know Mr. Busch closely then, but I sincerely felt that writing the letter was something that should have been done. After all, I had spent ten years in the St. Louis organization. Apple polishing? That's silly. I'm sure it didn't hurt my chances, but what intelligent businessman would hire a manager just because he wrote a letter? After all, Mr. Busch is one of the nation's top executives, and I think he believed I had the qualifications to mold a winner for him.

Although I was only 34 when I took over the Cardinals, I don't believe I missed anything by not gaining minor-league experience first. I think that anybody who has played at least five years in the majors and is still up there when his managing chance comes can do the job. He knows the league and the strong and weak points of each club, park and player. Of course, he will have things to learn. As I said before, I sure learned a lot in my first year. But the things I learned were essentially the tricks of handling a big-league ball club. Even if I had managed in the minors for several seasons, I would have had the same things to learn. The adjustments that must be made exist for any fellow when he takes over his first big-league club.

My first season, 1959, was pretty bad. I argued with umpires often and we lost games even more often. A young club with little power and less pitching, we finished seventh. Most fans and writers were naturally disappointed, but they supported us because they knew we were building for the future.

How quickly things changed in 1960. After winning 18 of our 26 spring exhibition games, the best record in the majors, we went sour as soon as the season opened. We lost our first five games—two to the Giants and three to the Dodgers—before we came home and won nine of 12. But the minute we left home, we flopped again, losing another seven straight on the road. Even when Larry Jackson snapped the string by four-hitting the Cubs on May 15, nobody noticed because Don Cardwell no-hit us in the second game of that doubleheader.

The St. Louis newspapers broke stories that I was being replaced by either Leo Durocher or coach Johnny Keane. The writers accused me of

overselling the club to the public. They roasted me for benching Stan Musial and said that I was immature in shifting my men around so much. No one in our front office complained, however, so I didn't panic. I stuck to my pre-season prediction, that we were capable of finishing in the first division and going all the way if we got the right breaks.

During batting practice on our first day back in town after that rocky road trip, Mr. Busch came on the field. "I read that you're going to get fired," he said. "I tried to call your wife the day the story broke. I wanted to reassure her that there was nothing whatever to the rumors about your being replaced. Bing Devine and I have not contemplated any such thing. We think you have done a wonderful job under the circumstances." It sure was great to have both the general manager and the owner on my side.

Four or five weeks later, when we got hot and started challenging the Pirates for first place, all the firing talk stopped and people began calling us the "miracle men." Now that things are quiet, at least for a while, I'd like to explain a lot of my moves during that slump. Most of all, I'd like to clear up the rumors of dissension between Musial and me.

Stan and I are very close friends and have been for about ten years. I'll never forget that he was the guy who helped me stick in the majors. When I reported to the Cardinals, Stan was a well-established superstar and I was a young kid who didn't know enough to come in out of the rain. He walked up to me in spring training one day and advised me to pull the ball more to take advantage of that short right-field screen at Sportsman's Park. When I told him I had trouble pulling, he suggested that I get rid of my thick-handled bats and start using thin-handled ones like his. I tried it, and as a result I picked up the nickname "Mighty Mouse" when my home-run output jumped from two in 1951 to 15 in 1952 and 14 in 1953.

For 20 years Stan has been one of the game's superior players, and when he retires there will be a giant-sized void that baseball will find hard to fill. I probably could fill this whole issue of *SPORT* with personal stories showing what a wonderful person and player Stan is, but personality and past performance did not influence my thinking last year. When we were losing early in the season, I benched him for one reason: I was shuffling my lineup to come up with a winning combination. I would do it again under the same circumstances.

I can't blame the fans and writers for wanting to see Stan play every day, but I know that my prime obligations are to Mr. Busch—he's paying me approximately \$40,000 a year to win as many games as possible—and to the whole St. Louis team. Only thirdly, can a manager consider a player's personal feelings. Believe me, I would bench myself or my own brother if I thought that another Cardinal could do a better job.

After Musial skidded to .255 in 1959, about 85 points below his lifetime batting average, I figured he might be finished as a full-time star. He proved I was wrong when he broke back into the lineup as a leftfielder last



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year. He was great. Although he hit only .275, he led the club by driving in the tying run in four winning games and the winning run in 11 games. This year? We'll wait and watch. Stan, of course, will be a definite asset whether he plays 20 or 120 games. We have seven or eight outfielders, though. I don't care who plays out there; it's up to the individuals. I just know that the three men who can best help us win will be playing.

Benching Musial was typical of the way I do things. I make the decision I think is best and worry about the consequences later. Very often I discuss things with Mr. Busch, general manager Bing Devine, vice-president Dick Meyer and personnel man Eddie Stanky, or with my coaches and a few players like Musial, captain and third-baseman Ken Boyer and pitcher Larry Jackson. I welcome their suggestions (since they are not yes-men), but in the end all the field decisions are mine and mine alone to make. Don't misunderstand. The fans pay the bill and you should try to please them by giving them a winning ball club. But they don't get paid to run the team. I do. And as long as I do, I'll make the decisions and hope that most of them turn out right.

A manager isn't hired to build character or to make men out of boys. His job is to win ball games with the material he has. Since pitching is at least 80 percent of the game, it follows that he must develop a solid pitching staff, understanding that all pitchers have different sets of values and problems and therefore must be treated differently.

Consider our staff. Each of our top five pitchers last year—reliever Lindy McDaniel and starters Ernie Broglio, Larry Jackson, Curt Simmons and Ray Sadecki—improved tremendously over 1959 for one reason or another. They deserve all the credit because they were throwing the ball, but let me point out how a manager, aided by a good pitching coach like our Howie Pollet, can help.

LINDY MCDANIEL—He's the best relief pitcher I've ever seen. Last year he appeared in 65 games, won 12 of 16 decisions, saved 27 other games and led the National League with a terrific 2.09 earned-run average. He thrived so much on hard work that

it became a joke. Most parks have dugout-to-bullpen telephones that we use to tell a pitcher to warm up. "You know," Lindy said one day, "I guess I've been pretty busy lately. When the phone in my hotel room rang last night, I crawled out of bed and started to warm up."

Funny as it was, it reminded me of how lucky we were that Lindy came back. He was 15-9 in 1957, then fell off to 5-7 in '58. When he continued to slump in '59, I went to him around mid-season. "I think you'd be better off going back to your overhand motion instead of that sidearm you've been using," I said. "I'm not so sure," he said. "I tire too easily that way." After I told him to try it anyway, he pitched overhand the next time out, did well and stuck with it while he finished with a 14-12 record.

Where did I get my brainstorm? I was one of the first guys to hit against Lindy when he was trying out for a Cardinal bonus back in 1955, and I never forgot his speed and delivery. Although I was considered a pretty good fastball hitter, he fired that big overhand blazer right by me. By slipping down to sidearm later, he had lost some of his skill and confidence, which he regained by switching back to overhand.

ERNIE BROGLIO—Like McDaniel, Ernie is a 25-year-old righthander who became a tremendous pitcher after he gained confidence. Broglio spent six up-and-down seasons in the minors before we got him from the San Francisco Giants in 1959. That year he was 7-12. Last year he was 21-9, tying Warren Spahn as the major-leagues' winningest pitcher.

Why the dramatic reversal? When he joined us, Broglio had a strong arm, a fine curve, a good fastball and an improving changeup. All he lacked was the self-confidence to take charge on the mound and make the hitters come to him. We had to fire him up. After he lost his first five games in '59, I told him to drop his no-windup delivery and use a windup. "But I feel so much more comfortable pitching without a windup," he said. "Would you rather be uncomfortable in the majors or comfortable in the minors?" I snapped. He pitched with a windup after that.

Last spring we roomed Ernie with Darrell Johnson, an experienced, in-

telligent catching coach, and the move paid big dividends. Johnson and Pollet helped build Broglio's confidence to the point where he began to throw his curve on a three-and-two pitch. He gained confidence and victories slowly. Pitching mostly in relief, he was only 5-4 on June 26. Then, promoted to a starting role, he went wild, winning 16 of his last 21.

LARRY JACKSON—The opposite of Broglio and McDaniel, Jackson is so confident that I once named him "Cocky." A 29-year-old righthander, he has a lot of drive and will do anything to win. He thinks a lot and knows how to pitch. For proof, look at his 1960 record—18-13.

How do we handle Larry? When he's going bad, he doesn't get rattled. We simply give him plenty of time (he led the majors in 1960 with 282 innings pitched) to work out his problems. He had good stuff against the Pirates one day, but they scored five runs on nine dinky hits before I took him out. Instead of getting upset, he just went out and pitched a good game in his next turn.

CURT SIMMONS—This lefthander gave us a real shot in the arm. He won seven games and had a 2.71 earned-run average after he joined us in mid-June. Most people thought Curt was washed up when the Phillies released him—he had won only seven games in three seasons. But I felt he could do a job for us. I called him after he got his release. "Your arm okay, Curt?" I asked. He said yes, so I told him we wanted him to help us out.

That conversation gave Curt the early confidence that helped make him a strong candidate for comeback-of-the-year honors. He plans to stay around for a few more years, too. "Why not?" he said last September. "I'm only 31. Do you call that old? Lots of guys are playing when they're pushing 40."

RAY SADECKI—He's our ace in the hole this season. Only 19 when we brought him up early last year, Ray didn't last longer than six innings in his first five starts. But a couple weeks after pitching coach Howie Pollet and I told him to switch to a full-windup delivery, he shut out the Reds on three hits. Sadecki wound up with a 9-9 record and he could explode like Broglio did.

Whether you're building a pitching staff or simply flashing a bunt sign, you quickly discover that baseball is a game of mistakes. The team that makes the fewest wins the most. Nobody is perfect. Like all managers, I have made many mistakes and will make a lot more. The whole secret is to try to avoid making the same mistake twice. As Joe Garagiola says, a star who hits .333 has been wrong two out of every three times. Unfortunately, a manager gets fired for being wrong that often.

It's funny how your strategy sometimes backfires. I laugh every time I recall our game against the Reds last August 6. In the seventh inning, Walt Moryn homered for us against Bill Henry and tied the score at five-all. After Alex Grammas singled, I flashed the hit-and-run sign. Flood swung and missed and Grammas was thrown out at second. While I was still cursing in the dugout, Flood belted the

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next pitch into the left-field stands. We won, 6-5.

Things don't always turn out so well when you overmanage, though. I remember a game against the Braves in June. We were losing, 2-1, in the ninth and we had Julian Javier on third, Joe Cunningham on first and Bill White up. White, of course, can hit the long ball, but I tried to fool them by calling a squeeze play. White fouled out. Even though Ken Boyer drove in the tying run, we blew the chance for a big inning and ended up losing in the 12th, 3-2. I threw \$20 into our player kitty for making a bad call on that one. The percentage just wasn't there.

Percentages also play a big role in pinch-hitting. Keeping in mind that a man on the bench seldom can do as good an over-all job as the man on the field (otherwise their positions would be reversed), you must know when and how to exploit your pinch-hitters' capabilities. If you maneuver too early, you leave yourself short-handed late in the game. Therefore, instead of wasting a powerful pinch-hitter like George Crowe, I use him only when he can tie or win a game with one swing.

On the other hand, a hustler like Grammas does a different kind of job. I use him whenever I want to advance a runner and keep a rally going. One time last year, we were losing by one run and had a man on with catcher Carl Sawatski coming up against a lefthanded pitcher. I thought of pinch-hitting Grammas for Sawatski but decided against it. Grammas could hit lefties well and Sawatski didn't hit them very well. Yet I knew that if Sawatski connected, he had a good chance of hitting a game-winning homer. Well, Carl got two strikes on him and I sent in Alex. Grammas singled on the first pitch, moving the man from first to third and we went on to win by one run.

That's the kind of game I like to play, heads-up and hustling. I don't knock mediocrity because I was a small, journeyman ballplayer who lasted through eight full major-league seasons by making the best of my limited ability. Like I used to tell Robin Roberts, if you can't hit, run or throw, you can at least use your head and holler at them.

My hollering kept me in trouble with the umpires during 1959, but I have learned to control my temper somewhat. After being thrown out of eight games and fined \$700 in '59, I decided it would be wiser to watch the game on the field than to listen to it in the clubhouse. Last season I was thrown out only three times and fined only \$125.

Don't get me wrong, though. It is not my nature to be completely subdued. I'll pop off occasionally. I'm representing my team when I ask an umpire why he made a certain call. Every player likes to know his manager is backing him up. If I have to argue to make a point, I'll argue, but I don't think I've been to blame for all those shouting matches. Umpires can be wrong, too. Good ones like Al Barlick, Jocko Conlan, Augie Donatelli and Ed Sudol know they miss one once in a while and they'll let you jaw. Although I say what I think on the field, I have nothing personal against any umpire and I don't expect them to carry any grudges either.

The same holds true with my players. Any time I find fault with a

man, I never tell a writer or anyone outside the team. I bring it up in the clubhouse—in front of the other players if I think it will benefit them—and expect it to stay there.

Our regular clubhouse meetings are pretty routine. We hold them before every series and discuss the other team's hitters. Since we chart every opposing batter—where and what kind of pitches he hit against us last time—we review how to pitch him and where to play him. We also go over their defensive abilities—what outfielder has a weak arm, what catcher we can steal on, what pitcher has a tricky move to first base and important facts like that that can mean an extra base, an extra run and an extra victory to us.

Pep talks, like some college football coaches give, don't belong in a big-league clubhouse. Our men are pros and they want to be treated like pros. They know whether or not they have a good ball club, and they know that sound baseball, not cheerleading, wins games. I might remind them that false hustle means nothing. I don't care whether they run into the dugout from the field, but I make them understand that putting out all the way to first is essential every time they hit the ball. We get only 27 outs a game, and every time our player eliminates one, he is helping our club.

That's why I will go all out for a team man. My players don't have to hit .300 to make good money. A .260 hitter may be more valuable than a .320 hitter if he can consistently come up with the hit that will score a man or move him into scoring position. As funny as it sounds, my biggest asset as a player was my bat. I hit only .273, but I could pull the ball on the ground against both righthanders and lefthanders and push those runners over to third. I tried to think as a player the same as I do as a manager.

Making hundreds of decisions a day, as managers do, can present problems if you second-guess yourself very often. I have learned that the first hunch is usually the right one. But whether a hunch is your first or fifth, and whether you go by the book or not, you never have a guarantee that it will work.

I remember one time we were playing the Braves. Twice we put men on first and second with nobody out. Both times I let Boyer and Daryl Spencer hit away instead of following the book and sacrificing the runners along. Both times we failed to score. Then, when the same situation came up in the tenth inning, I went by the book and ordered Sawatski to bunt. He did, forced the man at third and we lost the game.

A similar thing happened against the Giants, but that time I came up smelling like roses. Spencer, our sixth hitter, stepped in with men on first and second, none out and the score tied in the ninth. The book called for a bunt, but I figured that if he bunted, the Giants would walk the seventh hitter intentionally and then have the eighth and ninth men to face. We didn't have many pinch-hitters left so I let him hit away. He singled in the winning run.

And so it goes. Like I said before, baseball is a game of mistakes. The fewer you make, the more you win. And the more you win, the better manager you are.

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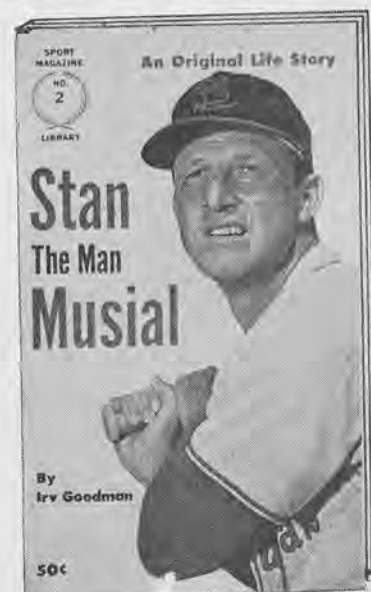
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(Continued from page 27)

he had offered Maz \$1,000 and expenses to make a speech at a sports dinner there—and had been turned down. "Is that a fact?" I asked Maz.

Bill grinned. "Money isn't everything," he said.

Maz fiddled with the collar of his red woolen shirt, open at the neck. He spread his eight cigars on the table and toyed with them. "I just don't like to make speeches," he said. "I've made only two speeches in my life. After the World Series, they had a celebration for me over in Tiltonsville, Ohio, where I went to high school. I made the two speeches there and both of them lasted about 20 seconds."

Chester Smith, the sports editor of the Pittsburgh Press, once accurately described Maz as a guy "who threatens to set a new major-league record for keeping his mouth shut." During the winter, while Pirates Elroy Face and Hal Smith cashed in on their World Series fame by playing guitars and singing folk ballads in night clubs up and down the East and Midwest, Mazerowski—the guy who hit the home run that touched off the wildest metropolitan orgy since Nero's boys lived it up in Rome—shunned lucrative public appearances and went hunting. Characteristically, he moved, with his wife Milene, into a new ranch-style home off in the country, some 30 miles from Pittsburgh. There he owns 20 acres on which he can hunt deer and pheasant, and he would not emerge to cash in on his glory—not even for his own brother-in-law, a visionary with promotional instincts who offered Maz a job pumping gas in a filling station.

"I'm just a country boy," said Maz, while sitting in Gustine's. "Back in Ohio they called me Catfish. When I was barely old enough to walk, I used to go down to the Ohio River fishin' with a length of kite string and a bamboo pole. The older guys would throw their lines 'way out and I'd just drop my kite string into the river, but every day I'd come back with bigger and better fish than they did. At Forbes Field, when I hear someone yell, 'Hey, Catfish!' my neck jumps out and I start searching for hometown folks."

It seemed improbable that this retiring young man sitting in the booth was an established star whom rookies pester for tips on how to play second base. But such is Bill's status. He is a star in the field and at bat, too. Mazerowski today is one of the most valuable all-round properties in baseball. Just when the pitchers thought they had found a way to relegate him to the good-field, no-hit category, he learned to hit their breaking stuff and now appears to be a finished player with something like 12 or 15 years of baseball still ahead of him. The knottiest problem he faces is avoiding making speeches.

In the field last season, Maz, whom Los Angeles manager Walter Alston has called "the best second-baseman I have ever seen," made only ten errors in 872 chances for a fielding percentage of .989. This was not only the best percentage compiled by any second-baseman in the National League but also the loftiest statistic owned by any second-baseman in Pirate history. Only ten errors in 872 chances! Such fielding was almost tantamount to shooting bullseyes in a darkened corridor, for Maz had played on a Forbes

Field infield that was the slickest, hardest tract this side of the Pennsylvania Turnpike.

"I didn't play that infield any special way," says Maz. "I didn't play any deeper than I played in other parks. The only thing you do differently at Forbes Field is you look for the bad hop—and usually you get it."

Teaming with shortstop Dick Groat (the league's Most Valuable Player) and third-baseman Don Hoak, Maz handled 127 double plays in 1960—more than any other second-baseman in the league. "He's the quickest double-play man I've seen in all my years in baseball," says Pirate manager Danny Murtaugh. Ballplayers call Maz "The No-Touch Kid" because on double plays he gets the ball away so fast that he scarcely seems to touch it. He saves a split second by flipping the ball almost underhanded. Yet there is another aspect of his technique that helps explain why he is death on the double play.

Taking a throw from Groat or Hoak, he whistles the ball to first on a low, straight-as-a-clothesline trajectory that is only a couple of feet off the ground, and it is this extremely low throw that explains why he cannot be taken out of a double play by a



runner. The runners don't think about dumping Maz. They are scared stiff of being conked on the head by his throw and are thinking about only one thing: the well-being of their noggins.

Runners on first base yell to Maz: "Now take it easy if that double-play ball comes up, Maz! I'm not gonna come in hard. Don't you worry about me, boy. Just throw that ball high!" "I've had guys start their slide halfway between first and second," Maz said.

It is a remarkable fact that Bill has been taken out of a double play only once in the seven years he has been playing professional baseball. "When I was with Hollywood in 1956 we were playing Los Angeles one day, and Bob Speake took off from first to steal second," Maz recalled. "Just as he did, the batter hit a double-play grounder to short. I took the throw from the shortstop and Speake was on top of me already. Ouch! Did he hit me! I was out two weeks with a banded-up knee." A dozen years from now, Bob Speake may still be the only player on record to have eliminated Bill Mazerowski from a double play.

There is irony—pleasant irony, to be sure, but irony nevertheless—in the fact that while Mazerowski has been a fielding wonder since the June day in 1956 when he first put on a Pirate uniform, decades from now he will best be remembered for a feat of batting power. His World Series home run, coming as it did in the ninth inning of the seventh game, must go down as the most timely home run in baseball history. In 1951 Bobby Thom-

son won the National League pennant for the New York Giants by blasting a home run off Brooklyn's Ralph Branca in the ninth inning of a play-off game, but Thomson, compared to Mazerowski, was a piker because Maz had chosen the ultimate moment—the last breath of a Series. And it may come as a surprise to many to learn that Mazerowski went to the plate with one purpose in mind: to hit that home run.

In the clubhouse after the game, he told sportswriters that he had merely been trying to get on base. But Maz was simply mouthing the modest words that are accepted form for men who win big games with home runs. In Gustine's, Bill told me he had had home run on the brain when he marched to the plate, his jaw stuffed with a tobacco chew the size of a tennis ball. As he went up to face Ralph Terry, leading off the bottom half of the ninth inning, Maz said to himself:

"Now don't overswing. Don't try to hit it real hard—or you'll just pop up or ground out. Just meet it."

The Yankees, in their half of the ninth, had wiped out a 9-7 Pirate lead, tying the score. Their bats were hot and they figured to be troublesome if the game went into the tenth, so Maz knew that he—or some other Pirate—had to end the game before the Yankees got another crack.

"I'd been up in the seventh inning with a runner on first and one out," he said, "and I had tried too hard. I wasn't after a home run then, but I did want to hit the ball hard and I overswung. I grounded into a double play. In the ninth inning, I really did want a home run and I thought about that double-play grounder and reminded myself not to overswing."

"I said to myself: 'If the first pitch is in there, I'm going to hit it. Don't pass up the first pitch if it comes down the strike zone.' Terry's first pitch was a slider, but it was high, so I let it go. I thought: 'Well, he's thrown the slider, so now I'm going to get fastballs all the way.'"

Maz did not have to guess long. Terry's next pitch was a fastball—chest high. Maz stepped forward, whipped his bat against the ball, and the crowd was on its feet. Leftfielder Yogi Berra was chugging to the wall in left center. Centerfielder Mickey Mantle was gliding, swiftly but uselessly, to meet Berra. Ralph Terry stood on the mound watching helplessly, his arms limp at his sides. Berra reached the wall finally, but he just stood there and looked as the ball barely fell over the wall at the distant 365-foot mark. At one and the same moment, Ralph Terry flung his glove high into the air in disgust and Pittsburghers began the wildest celebration that has ever followed a World Series victory.

At least 300,000 people jammed the downtown Golden Triangle, carousing from four in the afternoon until six the next morning. From one end of Pittsburgh to the other, Pirate fans toasted Bill Mazerowski in the street. A toothsome gal did a strip tease at the corner of Forbes and Atwood, three blocks from Forbes Field. A couple of brothers, Archie and Louie Liedey, climbed atop their car and happily worked off their delirium by bashing in the roof with sledgehammers. In the ensuing days, a Yankee fan sat down and wrote Maz a bomb threat and six different men showed up claiming to have recovered the

home-run ball. They offered to sell it to Maz for prices ranging from \$5 to \$50. Bill Mazerowski, the guy with the slick glove, the guy who batted only in the eighth spot in the lineup, had won a place in baseball history as a slugger.

The word slugger, when applied to Mazerowski, is not as far-fetched as it might seem at first glance. He always has had the long ball in his bat, but for the better part of the past two seasons, he was lucky to hit singles, let alone home runs. The 1959 and 1960 seasons composed the critical phase of his career—the period in which National League pitchers put Maz to the acid test and came very near proving he never would be anything but an easy out.

The year before, 1958, was the year Pirate fans, in their misguided optimism, concluded prematurely that Maz not only was a great second-baseman but a hitter of importance. In 1957—his first full season in the majors—he hit .283 but smacked only eight home runs. In '58 he clubbed 19 home runs while hitting a respectable .275. Nonetheless, there were a few doubters on the sidelines. Moose Moryn was one and Don Hoak was another.

In August of '58, while Maz was going strong, Moryn, then an outfielder with the Chicago Cubs, said to a sportswriter:

"I'd like to spend about 15 minutes with Mazerowski sometime. I'd like to talk to him about his hitting. Sure he's doing okay right now. I don't have to be told that. He hit a home run off Dick Drott the other day and Drott told me it was the hardest ball anyone had hit off him all season. But you can spot flaws in Mazerowski's hitting. Every now and then the pitchers catch him lunging at curveballs low and away. He's gotta learn how to handle those pitches."

Maz finished the season big, but Don Hoak, then with Cincinnati and soon to be traded to Pittsburgh, was not impressed. Hoak made a winter appearance at a sports banquet near Pittsburgh and was asked by a fan:

"Do you think Bill Mazerowski will have another big year next season?"

Hoak, brusque fellow that he is, answered with one word. "No."

Hoak did not explain his reply at the time, but later he said privately:

"Sure Mazerowski was pulling that ball out of the park, but big-league pitchers are no dummies. If he thinks they're gonna keep pitching him the same way, he'd better think again."

Just as Hoak predicted, the pitchers changed the book on Maz in 1959, and he hit only seven home runs, batted only .241.

"They pitched me low and away," Maz said. "They threw it low and away time after time. I started going for pitches that I couldn't reach with a ten-foot pole."

Maz saw little but curves and sliders in 1959 and was surprised to learn he could not hit them. "The year I hit 19 home runs, I hit 11 of them off breaking balls, so I figured I could hit breaking stuff. But everything changed. Take Don Newcombe. I hit him good in '58, but in '59 I couldn't touch him. He could have thrown the ball up there underhand and I wouldn't have hit it. I lost my confidence, and I'll have to admit I lost a lot of sleep, too. After all, this was my living and if I couldn't hit curves on the outside corner I was in trouble."

At the time, Pirate fans blamed

Maz's decline on a more obvious fact—the sad fact that he was 11 pounds heavier around the hips. He had married a Pirate front-office secretary—an attractive brunette named Milene Nicholson—and it developed that she not only could take shorthand, but also could cook. Maz ate up a storm.

His weight soared from 185 to 196. Ground-ball shots that he formerly had gloved with diving stabs flew by him and he came up with nothing but facefuls of dirt. His once-enthusiastic fans clucked garrulously about his weight, for there is nothing that gives a baseball fan as much perverse pleasure as the opportunity to put down a player for failing to train properly.

"I don't know how much my weight had to do with my having a bad year," Maz said. "Hoak says it had nothing to do with my weak hitting, but you'll have to judge that for yourself."

In any case, Pirate general manager Joe Brown decided that Maz's salary, too, was overweight and shaved it down severely. Maz started shedding his fat. He meant business. In fact, he bet a friend \$20 that he would hit 20 home runs in 1960. He arrived in training camp last spring weighing 185 pounds—his normal playing weight.

In the second game of the season, Maz drove in four runs with a homer and a double. Jack Hernon of the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette happily referred to him in his story that day as "Slim-Trim Mazerowski." But for the first month of the season nobody really could decide whether Maz had recaptured his ability to hit or whether he was still a patsy for pitchers. He was an enigma. By May 13—exactly 31 days after the season had opened—he was leading the club in runs batted in with 25. He was tied with Roberto Clemente for most home runs—six. But his batting average was a tubercular .231.

In short, he was hitting with amazing timeliness, smacking the ball hard when there were men on base, but the pitchers were still getting him out almost four out of five times.

And then, in mid-May, Maz stopped hitting with men on base—stopped hitting, period. It was the same old story—curveballs, sliders, low and away pitches. Frantically, Maz changed batting stances. He experimented as frantically as one could possibly imagine, for at one point in the season he adopted the batting stance of teammate Rocky Nelson, of all people. Nelson bats like no other man in baseball, standing deep in the box with his rear leg bent, his backside drooping and his chest puffed out. His stance is called the John L. Sullivan stance. With a desperation that was comic, Mazerowski stepped into the batter's box one night in Cincinnati and assumed the John L. Sullivan stance.

"I went three for four that night," Maz recalled. "I thought: 'Hey, Rocky's stance is the thing for me!' But the next night I got hit on the fists a couple of times, and the night after that I couldn't do a thing either. So I gave up Rocky's stance."

George Sisler, the Pirates' elderly batting coach, worked hard with Maz. One day in the tail-end of July, Sisler was standing behind the batting cage watching Bill take extra batting practice. Rocky Nelson joined Sisler and they talked back and forth for a while and finally worked out a formula which they presented to Maz:

Stand deeper in the box, they told him. Quit hugging the plate. Get



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away from it. Stand in the corner. It was as simple as that. Maz had always been a plate-crowder. The idea was to move him back so far that he could not possibly reach the low, outside pitches and therefore would not be tempted to go after them. Then, too, by standing deep in the box he would have a fraction of a second longer to watch the pitch, to judge the curves. The formula worked out by Nelson and Sisler was one part psychological and one part physical advantage.

Maz adopted it at once, willing to try anything, but for a week he showed no improvement. On August 3, he was hitting only .237. The next day, however, he went one for three—a single—against the Dodgers, and though a single is nothing to celebrate with champagne, it was the beginning. The day after, he got two singles; the third day, one single; the fourth day, two singles in the first game of a doubleheader and two more singles in the nightcap. He went eight straight games without being stopped and in that stretch got 12 hits—ten of them singles. In the ninth game he went hitless but the next day started another streak that lasted 12 games. In his streak he rapped 18 hits, 14 of them singles.

Surely Maz was striking fear into no pitcher's heart—he had not hit a single home run during his two streaks—but the pitchers knew they no longer could dish him low, outside curves and count on cinch outs. In 19 days, or by August 23, he had jumped his average from .237 to .270.

The pitchers retreated. "Toward the end of the season," Maz said, "I noticed I was seeing more fastballs."

Maz finished the regular season with only 11 home runs, but he had driven in 64 runs in his eighth slot in the batting order and had batted .273. With renewed confidence, he waded into the World Series. In the first game, he smashed a two-run homer that ultimately meant a 6-4 victory. His celebrated seventh-game homer provided the finishing touch to a Series-long performance that had seen him drive in five of Pittsburgh's 27 runs and hit .320. Clearly Bill Mazerowski was Pittsburgh's World Series hitting star.

Only one man found fault with Maz's final 1960 hitting statistics—the friend whom Maz had bet \$20 he would hit 20 home runs. The man won the \$20, true, but he had lost a pile to others. "When I made the bet with him," explains Maz, "he must have figured I was real confident of hitting 20 home runs, so he went out and bet that I would hit 20."

Twenty home runs seems to be a goal that Bill Mazerowski has long coveted—as much as pitchers covet 20 victories. Back in 1958, he bet another buddy five dollars that he'd hit 20, even though he'd hit only eight the year before. Maz almost won the bet—he hit 19. Today, as he talks about his home-run wagers, he stops and says: "Look, I hope this doesn't make me sound like a pop-off guy, going around betting on myself."

No pop-off guy is Bill Mazerowski, that much is certain, but he does know that he has natural power and he does believe that it will be felt. After he had hit 19 home runs in '58, he told me he believed he eventually would hit 25 to 30 home runs a season. "Do you still think you can?" I asked him recently.

"Yes, I do," he replied. "I'm no

killer at the plate, but I do have enough power to hit that many home runs. I've got to go up there and just try to meet the ball. I've got to remember not to overswing."

If Lew Mazerowski were alive today, there would be no danger of his son William Stanley Mazerowski forgetting anything. Lew, who died two years ago of lung cancer, dedicated his life to making a major-leaguer of Bill, and even after Bill became one, Lew continued to ride herd on him. When Bill returned home in the off-season, Lew would string up a pillow on a clothesline in the backyard, hand Bill a bat and tell him, "Go out and swing. If you're a hitter you've got to swing."

Bill was born in Wheeling, W. Va., on September 5, 1936, but his father, a coal miner, soon moved the family across the state line to southeastern Ohio and they lived in such places as Piney Fork, Rush Run, Turkey Point, Skunk Hollow, Rayland, Warrenton, Tiltonsville and Barberton. At each point, Lew Mazerowski worked on his son's baseball, barking, "Shift your weight before you catch the ball! . . . Don't draw back to throw!" Back in 1916, Lew himself had been a hot prospect, a clever sandlot shortstop about to move out of the mines and into organized baseball. But the oil lamps were dim in 1916 and when a 500-pound slab of rock fell from the roof of the mine where he was working the mule cars, Lew never saw it coming. It crushed his right foot.



CAN DICK GROAT FIRE UP THE PIRATES AGAIN? THE SPORT SPECIAL FOR MAY

"I could have made it as a short-stop easy," said Lew in later years. "Then it was all gone. But I never forgot about it. The minute Billy was able to walk good, I started in on him. Somebody was going to make it." Lew Mazerowski knew his baseball, all right. "The slider," he said one day shortly before his death. "I've got to work on Billy hitting a slider. They give him trouble with that one."

At Warren Consolidated High in Tiltonsville, Bill Mazerowski had been an all-state basketball player two straight years, and though only 5-11, he had played the pivot and set a state class A record by scoring 553 points in his senior season. But baseball was the career Lew Mazerowski and Al Burazio, Bill's high-school coach, had carefully charted for him. Curiously none of the scouts who looked Bill over would offer him as much as a \$1,000 bonus, so Burazio took him to Pittsburgh and had him work out before the eyes of Branch Rickey, Sr. and Rickey's top echelon staff men. In fact, Burazio brashly insisted that the kid would not take the field unless the top brass were there.

Rickey offered Maz a \$4,000 bonus—a little more than \$2,000 of it in cash and the rest as part of a \$300 monthly salary at Williamsport in the class A Eastern League. This arrangement suited Lew Mazerowski and Al

Burazio. Had the bonus been higher than \$4,000, Bill would have been compelled by then-existing baseball rules to start cold in the majors, and Lew Mazerowski wanted none of that.

Bill was 17 and jittery when he began his professional baseball career in 1954. It took him two seasons to settle down, and in 1956 at Hollywood he began burning up the Pacific Coast League. He was hitting .321 in July when Branch Rickey came to town and immediately made a nervous wreck of him by saying: "We're bringing you up this week, Maz."

"I played three days with Hollywood after he told me I was going up," Maz recalled, "and I was so nervous I got only one hit in 20 at-bats and my average dropped 15 points to .306."

Only 19, Maz had the shakes for a month in Pittsburgh but finally pulled himself together and hit over .400 in the final month of the season, finishing with a .243 average. The next season, 1957, he hit .283 and fielded so well that he moved umpire Lee Ballanfant to declare, "He's one of the three or four best prospects I've seen in my 22 years of umpiring." In 1958 Maz made the National League All-Star squad at 21, and when he began taking infield practice before the All-Star game, the American Leaguers quit warming up and studied him as they did when Ted Williams was in the batting cage.

The next season, although Bill went into his tailspin, he still won a seat on the All-Star squad's bench, for at his worst he was an outstanding second-baseman. Last season, even before Rocky Nelson and George Sisler straightened him out, he was named to the All-Star squad for the third straight year.

Now that Bill Mazerowski is entering his sixth season of major-league baseball, it seems incongruous to say that he is one of baseball's outstanding young comers, and yet it is a fact that he just turned 24 last September. What might the future hold for him? Will baseball men resume describing him as a candidate for the Hall of Fame?

More than likely they will stop short of so lavish an estimate, for their enthusiasm was somewhat tempered by Maz's disappointing performances through 1959 and much of 1960. They have seen that he has apparently learned to hit the curve, but they will want to see him prove it beyond doubt this year. They saw him shed excess weight last season and regain his quickness afield, but some suspect he is the physical type who puts on weight at the hips with age. For that reason, some feel he eventually will become a third-baseman.

In any event, Maz would just as soon do without the experts ticketing him for Cooperstown. "When they bragged me up in the papers back in 1958," he says, "I tried to let it go in one ear and out the other. People came out to the park expecting something spectacular, but I'm no colorful ballplayer. When they brag you up, people expect more than you are."

This much can be said of Bill Mazerowski: He has the surest glove and the quickest flip-throw in baseball, and he has home-run power in his bat. On those references alone, he is set for a long, lucrative career. Few major-leaguers would not trade their futures for his.

(Continued from page 59)

and chafing with inactivity. He nagged Devore incessantly, pleading for more work. Devore, a kindly, fatherly man, finally relented at the tag end of the season. The Eagles had lost six out of eight games and Hughie figured there was little more to lose.

Devore put McDonald at right end against the Washington Redskins and Tommy stormed to success at what was a new position for him. He scored two touchdowns, the first on a 61-yard pass-and-run play. He raced down the sidelines between two defenders, out-leaped both of them on the 29 to grab the pass, then outraced the same two Redskins into the end zone.

The late NFL commissioner, Bert Bell, called it "one of the greatest catches I have ever seen in football."

From then on, Tommy had it made. When Shaw succeeded Devore in 1958, he installed McDonald at the right, or slot, halfback spot, otherwise known as "the third end" in pro football. In three short years, Tommy became one of the most feared pass-catchers, at his best when hauling in one of Norm Van Brocklin's long ones. Tommy grabs long passes on the tips of his sensitive fingers, and so great is his speed that no defender a step behind can ever hope to catch him.

"Most of the time," Van Brocklin observed, "Tommy doesn't have to run a pass pattern against a defensive halfback. He just beats him."

Van Brocklin and McDonald blended their skills with the most important impact in last December's NFL championship playoff game. With the league title on the line and the Green Bay Packers ahead of the Eagles, 6-0, Tommy took off on a second-quarter sprint downfield. He moved straight from his right flanker position, then cut toward the sidelines and scooped a Van Brocklin pass out of the air for a 22-yard gain.

On the next play, Tommy raced 35 yards into the end zone, bobbing, weaving and head-faking all the way. Once there he twisted around a Packer defender and, tumbling headlong, grabbed another of Norm's heaves for the tying touchdown. Some of the sturdier fans among the 67,325 jammed into Philadelphia's Franklin Field raced toward the goal posts to surround, pound and congratulate McDonald.

More congratulations poured in for Tommy after the Eagles won the title game the same as they had been pouring in all year. In 1960 McDonald was the man who came through in the clutch for Philadelphia. He caught 39 passes and gained 801 yards for the team over the season and most important, 13—a phenomenal one-third—of his catches were good for touchdowns. The football player whom almost nobody had wanted—either for college or the pros—had come a long way.

"When I graduated from Highland High School in my hometown of Albuquerque (N.M.) in 1952, I didn't attract much college attention," Tommy recalled recently. "I had an all-state reputation, but I only got two offers to play college football—one from the University of New Mexico and the other from Southern Methodist. I weighed only 158 at the time."

"I didn't want to go to New Mexico because it was de-emphasizing football. I went to see the coach at SMU, but while I sat outside his office, I

heard him bawling the heck out of a player. I didn't like that. I sneaked out and never came back."

There the saga of Tommy McDonald took a strange twist. He had been a track star in high school, a youngster who could run 100 yards in 9.9 seconds. But it took a basketball coach, a man who lives in another world of athletic giants, to spot the little pigskin genius.

"Bruce Drake, Oklahoma's basketball coach, was in Albuquerque looking for talent," McDonald recalled. "He saw me run in a track meet. He knew that Mr. Wilkinson (Bud Wilkinson, Oklahoma football coach) doted on speed. He recommended me. Eddie Crowder, Mr. Wilkinson's assistant, interviewed me and arranged for me to go to school there."

New Mexico U. was outraged by the Oklahoma grab. Its officials saw Tommy riding around in a new car and accused Oklahoma of giving it to him. The New Mexico people demanded an investigation by the NCAA.

"I got a laugh out of that," Tommy said. "My folks had given me the car as a graduation present. All I ever got from Oklahoma was the usual room, board, tuition and \$15 a month laundry money. And, oh yes, all the pinto beans I could eat."

Life at Oklahoma U. under Wilkinson (to this day, Tommy refers to him as Mr. Wilkinson), is not for the namby-pamby. Here is the football practice schedule as outlined by McDonald and corroborated by this correspondent on an August afternoon in Norman, Okla., with the heat at 102 degrees and no shade:

Arise five a.m., eat quarter of an orange. Practice six to eight a.m. in pads and helmets. Ten to 12—skull work or "brainwashing." One p.m.—lunch. Two to four—practice in pads and helmets. From 4:30 to 5:30—more brainwashing. Six p.m.—dinner. Seven p.m.—to bed.

There is never any water on the Oklahoma practice field except that shed by the sweating gladiators. Scrimmages, held daily, are followed by six wind sprints of 50 yards each. Those fellows classified as "fatties" by the coach do an additional run over a nearby golf course.

"Mr. Wilkinson sure made a man out of me," Tommy said. "But he confessed to me not so long ago that he never thought I would make the grade as a pro. Thought I was too small."

Bud didn't express that pessimism, though, when the Eagles sounded him out on drafting McDonald and Jimmy Harris, Oklahoma's quarterback. Wilkinson told Eagle scouts that Tommy was more of a passer than a receiver in college. "But," Bud said, "he has the greatest hands of any player I've ever coached, even better than Max Boydston (a great Oklahoma end who played with the pro Cardinals)."

In his personal ledger, however, Wilkinson was skeptical about McDonald's pro chances as late as September of 1958. At the time, Tommy wasn't in a position to prove Bud wrong. A pulled muscle had limited Tommy to one play during an exhibition game in which the Eagles defeated the Detroit Lions, 31-28, in Oklahoma's stadium at Norman.

"I sure wanted to get in there and play," Tommy said. "Until the Eagles drafted me, I had had no intention of

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playing with the pros. But when they were good enough to take me as their No. 3 pick while all the other pro teams were saying I was too small to be picked at all, I determined to show everybody what a little man could do.

"But the farthest thing from my mind was becoming a pass-catcher. I had seen Doak Walker, who only weighed 175, run for the Lions and I thought I could emulate him and make the Eagles as a halfback. I even thought I might become a passer. In my junior year at Oklahoma, I completed 17 out of 24 passes, and when I was a senior, I had 16 out of 21.

"Come to think of it, those little tricks I did when I was a kid must have given me pretty good hands. The last year I was at Oklahoma, we had a special play that faked me into the line, then shot me into the clear. I caught four touchdown passes from that play, one of them a 55-yarder against Texas."

What were those tricks? Tommy says that when he was ten years old or thereabouts, and for some years thereafter, he would amuse himself by lying on his back in his room and throwing pennies, tennis balls or anything in the air, then seeing if he could catch them instinctively without watching them in flight.

"I think that got me off to a good start," McDonald says. "Anyway, that's what I tell them when they ask me how I am able to stick out my hands and catch a football without appearing to glance at it."

Tommy is a realist in both his professional and personal life, sometimes to the point of deprecation. He claims that if he had had to depend on his running alone, he never would have stayed with the Eagles.

"Clarence Peaks and Billy Barnes, who were drafted by the Eagles along with me, had the leg power to bust through the line and bowl people over," McDonald asserted. "I didn't have that kind of leg power. My legs were made for speed."

In the opinion of this writer, who has followed the Eagles for ten years, Tommy's statement is still moot. His legs are as large as Barnes's, and although he weighs 25 pounds less, he has a sturdy body that absorbs hard knocks with amazing resiliency. He played most of the 1959 season with a jaw so painful that it has to be a story in itself.

The Eagles opened the 1959 season in San Francisco with the 49ers. McDonald was cutting across the middle for a pass—one of his favorite maneuvers—when he was walloped in succession by two former Oklahoma teammates, linebacker Jerry Tubbs and defensive halfback Dave Baker.

"I never thought Dave would do anything like that," Tommy said in almost childish wonder. "He's a real religious boy. His elbow wallop chipped a wisdom tooth. I had to have it pulled and it was a toughie."

The next week in Philadelphia, McDonald scored four sensational touchdowns, one of them on an 81-yard punt return, another on a 55-yard pass from Van Brocklin. Early in the game, a Giant defender walloped Tommy on the jaw and reopened the gaping wound where the wisdom tooth had been pulled.

Two weeks later against the Steelers, McDonald caught four more passes, one of them for the winning touchdown, despite another crack on the jaw that "almost tore off the top of my head." Tommy had refused to

wear a special facemask, insisting it would obscure his vision.

The pain was so intense that in the dressing room the Eagles' dentist, Dr. Frank Loftus, forced McDonald to drink two shots of whiskey. "The first shots I ever had in my life," Tommy said, "and I didn't like them." On his way to the whiskey, Tommy was in such pain that tears were in his eyes, but when a half-dozen boys approached him for autographs, he told an Eagle convoy not to chase them away. He signed the autographs with a pen in one hand and an icebag clamped to his aching jaw with the other.

The X-rays revealed a hairline fracture of the jaw. For the rest of the season, life off the field was just a bowl of soup for him, specifically pinto bean soup from a recipe supplied by Tommy's mother. "I'm a steaks and chops man," Tommy explained. "I suffered more from hunger than from the jaw. And my weight dropped to 163 pounds. I felt weak."

Tommy wasn't so weak that he couldn't leap from 23d in the NFL pass-receiving statistics to second be-

then start cutting the patterns."

McDonald believes that above all, a good pass-catcher has to be an excellent actor.

"You pull that false face on the defender," he said, "and make him think you are going one way when really you are going another. Or you run three or four fake patterns at him, then find and exploit his weakness."

Some defensive halfbacks don't have many weaknesses, particularly Dick (Night Train) Lane, formerly of the Cardinals and now of the Lions. Lane, whose speed is as great as McDonald's, held Tommy to two receptions in a 1960 Eagles' victory over Detroit. One of them was for a vital touchdown, but Tommy was upset.

"Look at that Ray Berry," he said. "The guy's 15 catches ahead of me. How am I ever going to catch up to him if I play so poorly?"

Earlier, against the same Lions in an exhibition rout at Norman, Okla., Tommy made ten catches, three of them for long, sensational touchdowns. Lane, though, still hadn't come to the Lions. McDonald was covered then by Bruce Maher, a rookie from the University of Detroit.

"Maher was a fresh kid, so I decided to pour it on him," Tommy explained. "When I caught the first touchdown pass, he made some remark about 'Well, shrimp, you've had your night; from now on, I'll take care of you.' Well, I just decided he wouldn't take care of me."

Before the 1960 season opened, Tommy was thrown for a severe loss—a matrimonial loss—and the Eagles feared it might affect his playing. In the beginning, the McDonald ego was injured dreadfully, and no wonder, considering the background of his shattered romance.

Tommy and the beautiful Anne Campbell had been classmates at Oklahoma. The campus queen, she was sent to the Atlantic City Beauty Pageant in 1954 as Miss Oklahoma and finished fourth. After Tommy's graduation from college, they were married and everybody hailed it as an "ideal match, the college queen and the campus hero."

The marriage seemed idyllic as recently as three months before the breakup. In mid-April of 1960, Tommy and Anne had returned to Philadelphia from Albuquerque. He had taken a job as sales manager for a packaging concern, and when he did, I interviewed him in the company of the president, a brisk, handsome young man of around 32.

"This packaging company guy had called us up and said he wanted a sales manager, and that he thought Tommy McDonald would be the right man," Joe Donoghue, executive vice-president of the Eagles recalled. "I got in touch with Tommy and the guy hired him right away."

The packaging company president apparently wanted more than Tommy. He also had a yen for Tommy's wife. Two months or so after he took the job, a greatly agitated Tommy burst into the Eagles' office and said: "Anne tells me she wants a divorce; she's in love with my boss."

Eagle teammates were shocked. They dissuaded Tommy from rushing out and punching his packaging boss in the nose. Meanwhile, I sat on this hot newspaper item, expecting an eventual reconciliation. It never came. On July 26, 1960, Tommy was granted a divorce from Anne in the courthouse at Albuquerque on grounds of

The SPORT Quiz

Answers from page 16

1 New York Yankees. 2 (a) Detroit; (b) Cincinnati; (c) Los Angeles. 3 (c) Bill Gadsby. 4 Abner Haynes, Dallas Texans. 5 Darlene Hard. 6 (a) White Sox; (b) Indians; (c) Tigers. 7 (c) Halbrook (seven feet, three inches). 8 Jon Arnett. 9 Jim Lemon. 10 (a) Turk Farrell; (b) Fuzzy Smith; (c) Ach Duliba. 11 (b) 22. 12 Hank Greenberg hit 58 in 1938. 13 Rafer Johnson. 14 (b). 15 (c) Venturi second, losing by one stroke in 1956. 16 Red Schoendienst, Del Rice and Vernal (Nippy) Jones.

hind Baltimore's Ray Berry. Tommy piled up 47 catches for ten touchdowns and an average catch of 18 yards. The year before, 1958, he had missed two games because of a succession of pulled muscles, yet he had managed to snare 29 passes for 603 yards and nine touchdowns. The case of the pulled muscles mystified Tommy. Never, in high school, or at Oklahoma, had he been bothered with that ailment. But, as usual, he studied himself and found an explanation. "I think too much running did it," he said. "Before I came to training camp in 1958, I put in a month and a half of constant running. That was too much for a lad of 24. My legs were dead. When I stretched for a pass in the exhibition opener, the muscles just strained so hard they pulled."

"Now I do things differently. I wait until three weeks before training begins. Then I run four miles a day—two in the morning and two at night. I do no sprinting at all."

McDonald also has an explanation for his slow start toward the pass-catching heights.

"Working from the single wing in high school and the split-T at Oklahoma, I didn't know much about pass patterns when I came to the pros," he said. "I would cut off the pattern five yards in front of the defensive halfback. Now I go right up to him and

incompatibility. The property settlement—and this is worth going into—gave Tommy all his real estate in New Mexico and Oklahoma, two cars and other personal property. Mrs. McDonald was granted the wedding gifts and two Chihuahua dogs that Tommy had given her as Christmas presents.

The property claims relinquished by Mrs. McDonald were not inconsequential. Mr. McDonald is only 26, but he has a shrewd head on his thrifty, Scotch-ancestry shoulders. Besides real-estate holdings in New Mexico, he had acquired interest in a bowling alley in Norman, Okla., and was the director of a suburban bank in Oklahoma City.

McDonald moped for a while after the divorce, and his touchdown pace ran a bit below the previous year's. But this could have been due more to double-teaming by the opposition than mourning over a lost wife.

But double-teaming, or even a half-nelson wrestling hold, can't hold The McDonald for long. Those who saw him catch a 38-yard scoring pass from Van Brocklin in the Eagles' bizarre 17-10 victory over the Giants in Yankee Stadium last November 20 might have noticed the tactics of Lindon Crow, the defensive halfback. From the ten-yard line in, he had Tommy's neck in a cobra grip. At the goal line, he was draped all over McDonald. But Tommy still made the catch and flopped into the end zone.

"I don't think any pass-receiver around today, except McDonald, could have made that catch," coach Shaw said. "He and Billy Wilson are the best receivers I have ever coached."

Besides his natural abilities, McDonald can credit his accomplishments to a fetish for physical conditioning. He isn't one of those weightlifting, yogurt-swilling fanatics, but he does believe in early to bed, early to rise, no booze, and keeping company with respectable damsels.

After his marital breakup, his mother, Mrs. Clyde McDonald, called him from Albuquerque and said: "Now, Tommy, don't you let it bother you so much that you will go out and get drunk."

"Don't worry about that, Mom," Tommy answered. "I just don't like the stuff."

Then, after scoring three touchdowns in a 34-7 rout of the Pittsburgh Steelers, McDonald told a well-wisher: "I was rather pleased with myself. I think I'll celebrate. I'll have two cokes instead of one."

After the Eagles clinched the NFL's Eastern Division title in St. Louis, McDonald staged another celebration, probably the most unique in the annals of football or any other sport.

"We won, and I'm in love," Tommy yelled. Then he hurled himself into a mass of his teammates posing for the victory picture. But this leap wasn't enough for his exuberant spirits. In the middle of the dressing room lay a huge canvas hamper. Tommy took off with a high-jumper's sprint and leaped into the hamper head-first. It was filled to the brim with sweaty T-shirts, rubber girdles and discarded athletic supporters.

"The guy's nuts," said Eagle equipment manager Freddie Schubach. "He could have broken his neck."

Breaking his neck was the least of McDonald's worries. Just a few minutes before, he had caught a 25-yard Van Brocklin pass for the final touchdown, pulling a pretty in-and-out fake on Billy Stacey in the corner of

the end zone, then doing a somersault as he came up with the ball. It was his third tremendous catch of the sunny late November afternoon. Stacey, an able defender who is one of the league's fastest defensive halfbacks, said afterward, "This is my first season as a corner back. The first time in Philadelphia against the Eagles, (Pete) Retzlaff tore me to pieces. Today McDonald ran me ragged. Retzlaff is so all-fired quick, but McDonald has a style all his own. He seems to have no set pattern. He goes along two or three straight plays doing nothing. Then, poof, he's gone."

The week before, when the Eagles surged from a 17-0 first-period deficit to win the second of their back-to-back games against the Giants, Van Brocklin discarded his long ball to McDonald strategy by whipping short sideliners and over the middle shots to Tommy, who set up two scores in the 31-23 thriller with his catches.

But Tommy, a good team man, was displeased with himself.

"I should have busted loose for at least two scores," he said. "I had the coverage beaten, but I just couldn't get into that breakaway stride when I came down with the ball. And that one the officials disallowed (a third down, twisting end zone catch in the second period); I swear I had the chalk line beaten by at least a yard."

McDonald is virtually unstoppable on those quick "look-in" passes unless the defender knocks him over before he gets to the ball. The Giants were knocking him over all afternoon in the second game at Franklin Field, emulating others before them. The result was more pass interferences called on McDonald's behalf during the 1960 season than in almost any previous season. It's sound strategy, of course, but not if the ball comes close to Tommy while he's lying on his back. If a count were kept, not even Ray Berry could match the little Sooner in catching from a prone position.

"The best thing you can do, after you knock McDonald down," observed ex-Eagle Jerry Norton, now with the Cardinals, "is to sit on him and pin his arms to the ground. Even then, he's liable to catch the ball between his feet."

Several days after the Cardinal clincher, McDonald was finally found in a saloon, nuzzling up against a bar. But the bar was only part of the big restaurant which was throwing a victory party for the Eagles, with the aid of McDonald, who rounded up the

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guests, then played host at the entrance.

"My friend Johnny Taxin (the restaurant keeper) asked me to help him out on the party," Tommy explained. "There was only beer for the players, and when I saw a couple of newspapermen come in, I said to myself, 'I know they don't want beer, so I'll take them up to the bar and buy them a couple of drinks and see, for the first time in my life, what it feels like to put my foot on a brass rail.'"

Tommy's only concession to dissipation are long, fragrant cigars, which he excuses by saying "they make me look bigger." He also has a weakness for beautiful damsels, even after being thrown for a loss by one.

But with the girls, he keeps his balance and sense of humor. Before a 1960 out of town game, he appeared at the Philadelphia airport with a dazzler on his arm. He was asked to identify her and explain.

"She's a schoolteacher," Tommy said. "How did I meet her? I just went up to her and asked for her autograph."

McDonald is cute in other ways, too,

ways more important to the Eagles. He has learned how to hook beautifully on the short pass, and more and more, Van Brocklin was able to use him for a sideline target.

Furthermore, for a 176-pounder, McDonald has become a better-than-fair blocker. His job on end sweeps is to take out either the corner linebacker or the wingback. Now and then he misses, but most of the time he doesn't. He is proud when he takes out a linebacker, usually 40 pounds heavier than himself.

But McDonald also is modest. He is a leading member of "Van Brocklin Is The Greatest Club," contending that hardly any other passer can match the rubbery-armed Dutchman in pinpointing the long ones.

"Van can figure out how to cut a defense apart in two minutes," McDonald says. "Other quarterbacks can't do it in a whole game."

To which Van Brocklin replies:

"He's the most amazing little guy in a football suit. I throw things that nobody but he could catch. He's a magician out there."

— ■ —

ELGIN BAYLOR AND BASKETBALL'S BIG EXPLOSION

(Continued from page 29)

usually is hot and, as we spoke, owned a 37.5 average per game. Never, though, had Wilt approached the record.

"Wilt's got to put his whole game together one night," Baylor said. "He's got to have a night where he's hitting consistently on his jump shot. He's got to be dominating the offensive board completely and, of course, he's got to be hitting his free throws. Without them he couldn't reach 100."

"But let's suppose everything's going right for him. He could score 30 points alone on tip-ins, following his own shots and his teammates' shots. He could get 25 baskets on his jump shot and the occasional hook he throws up. On a night like that when he's so active, he's going to be fouled more than usual. He could make 20 points easily from the foul line. It would take a lot of work, I know, but when a player's hot, he doesn't feel the fatigue. Chamberlain's strong as a bull under most circumstances. He can play 48 minutes where most players can't without paying the price. That's why I'd pick him over anybody else in the league to get 100."

"You'd pick him over yourself?" I asked.

"I can't see myself scoring 100," Elgin said. He stood up and walked about the room, as though weighing a sentence he wanted to deliver. He is a marvelously built 25-year-old. He is six feet, five inches, 225 pounds. His neck is large and his chest barreled, but doesn't look it because he is so well-proportioned. His thighs are powerful and give him his drive. If there is anything at all about stoic-faced Baylor that is not classic, it is a nervous tic, which makes his head bob during a game as though he were trying to tuck it into his shoulder. Off the court, there is no tic.

"The only difference between Wilt and me," said Baylor, "is his height. I just don't have it. The games are won and the points are scored off the board. He can get 28 or 29 rebounds a

game and make 40 points with them. That's a pretty good start toward 100. Why he got 46 points against us this year and still missed ten free throws."

There could be no question that Chamberlain, day in and day out, is devastating, but I was curious to know why Baylor had not included such stars as Bob Pettit, Jack Twyman and Oscar Robertson among those who could assault his record. Twyman last season was second to Chamberlain in the NBA scoring race. He had a 31.2 average to Wilt's 37.6. Until Baylor scored 64 points in a game, Twyman had come closest to breaking the NBA's single-game scoring record of 63, set by Joe Fulks in 1949. Jack scored 59 against Minneapolis last season.

"Pettit couldn't do it," Baylor said. "He doesn't shoot that much. (Elgin took 45 shots from the floor and hit the target on 28 the night he scored 71.) Pettit takes his shot, but it's got to be his shot. Besides he's not as good a shooter as, say, Twyman."

"Pettit's not physically strong enough to do it either. As I said about Chamberlain, a man's got to be able to go without a stop, without a rest. In that way Bob's a little frail. Twyman's strong. Maybe if he were able to shoot the way he could last year, that is, before Robertson came along, he might be able to hit it. Some night Oscar and Jack may score 100 between them, but playing on the same team I don't think either one can do it."

Baylor weighed his words carefully, offering thoughtful analysis. Basketball for him is more than a game. It is a way of life—the open sesame from poverty to plenty. Not too many years ago he lived with his parents, both of whom had to work, in the Negro slums of Washington, D.C. He was the youngest of their five children. "I wasn't a kid who had everything," he says of those days. Today he is in the \$25,000 salary bracket. Basketball changed his standing in the community and he makes it his business to know the game's minute details.

A subsequent check of NBA records, in fact, bore out all of Baylor's conversational statistics. In five of the 14 NBA seasons, a 23- or 24-point average did win the title. It hasn't happened in the last five years. Ten years ago, George Mikan, who won his recognition as basketball's Babe Ruth on merit, won the scoring title with a 28.4 average. Only Alex Groza and Ed Macauley also averaged above 20 points a game that season. All the rest of the players were below 20. Last season Chamberlain's winning average was 37.6. Eleven others in the league averaged over 20 a game. In late December of this season, there were six players above the 20 figure, with Chamberlain averaging 37.5 a game and Baylor 35.2.

"Averages are up all around," Elgin said in our third discussion of basketball's big explosion. "A major reason is the perfected jump shot. There just isn't a defense against it. The only way really to stop a player from getting off his jump shot is to keep him from getting the ball and how often can you do that?"

"When you're defending against a jump shot, and practically everybody in the league can score one, you're always late. You never know when the guy is getting the jump on you. The way the players screen nowadays, all the man with the ball needs is the slightest suggestion of a screen and he's up in the air. The guy fakes you and you've got to go with his move if you want to block the shot. Most of the time the best you can do is get a hand up just enough to disturb him. You just want any little thing to distract him, to make him think."

What Baylor failed to mention is that NBA players have developed their marksmanship to a degree that would make a rifle-shooting Tennessee backwoodsman quiver with respect. In addition, today's pros sneer at the law of gravity. They play basketball on a pogo stick, without the stick. They bound into the air and seem to walk on it. Their body control is so perfect that they seem to hang suspended, the ball resting at the ready on their virtuoso's fingertips, waiting for the defender to commit himself. Once the man on defense has made his move, the shooter manipulates his body sideways or backward to clear his field of vision for the shot.

Contrast this with the kind of outside shooting that was in vogue years ago. Players used a two-hand set shot. It was the kind of shot which could be blocked by a defender of the same size as the shooter, certainly far more easily by a defensive player taller than the shooter. The shooter always came to a halt before he shot. He jumped with his shot, but because of his body position, the height of his jump was limited. The defense had a chance to harass the man because usually the man had to telegraph his shot before taking it. Accordingly, it may be more than coincidence that the two-hand set has fallen into disrepute and disuse. In the NBA today, only Dolph Schayes and Larry Costello use it as an important feature of their arsenals.

Baylor said, "The reason that you can't rush in on a man to try to keep him from getting the ball—although once he gets it, you know he'll get off a shot on you—is that today's players are so fast, so shifty and can do so many things. They've got all kinds of shots, all kinds of fakes, all kinds of moves."

Elgin, of course, qualifies as the supreme authority. Baylor is a complete offensive player. He is as equally effective outside as inside. He is a scorer as well as a feeder. He has an uncanny sense of timing for rebounding and what is known as "second effort." When he throws up a shot, he follows it into the basket. If the shot is missed, he is up tapping the ball in before it has fallen off the rim. Because of this, the sentiment around the league is that it is impossible to play one defensive man against Baylor.

Coach Carl Braun of the New York Knickerbockers, for instance, made the mistake of employing one-on-one strategy the night Baylor scored his 71. Since then, the Knicks' coach has ordered Elgin double-teamed and even triple-teamed at times. This testimonial previously had been paid only to such skyscrapers as Chamberlain and Mikan.

Soon after Baylor's record-breaking performance, the Lakers played the Cincinnati Royals. In the pre-game discussion of tactics, coach Charlie Wolf debated with himself about how his team should try to handle Baylor. There weren't any volunteers overflowing with eagerness to defend against him until Twyman said he'd like to try. This was devotion over and beyond the call of duty. Ordinarily a scorer of Twyman's caliber isn't interested in saddling himself with such a thankless job. It takes all of a player's concentration and energy and limits his own scoring.

In the first half that night, Baylor scored 28 points. Afterward, however, Twyman was asked why he had volunteered.

"I thought I did a heck of a job on him," said Jack, meaning every word. "It's not just me," said Baylor when I discussed this phase of the offensive-defensive argument with him. "I don't think there's anybody in this league who can stop any one of 75 to 80 percent of the players on any night, playing him one-on-one. A defensive man might do it one night when the fellow is having a bad game, which all of us have. But other nights he couldn't shut the other man out. I don't even think he could hold him below his average."

I asked Elgin what he thought his average should be. In 1958-1959, his first season in the league, he finished fourth among NBA scorers with a 24.9. Last year he was third in the league, averaging 29.6. This year he was consistently above that figure.

Elgin answered, "My first year I thought that if I could average 20 a game it would be terrific for me. That's a lot of points, but I guess I adjusted to the league sooner than I expected. I don't really know what I can expect now. My average has gone up every year, but I don't think I can maintain all year what I had early this season. I think 35 would be too high for me. Chamberlain should go about 39 or 40, the way I see it."

At first glance, it would seem that Elgin is discounting himself in a forced comparison with Chamberlain. This is scarcely the case. It is merely Elgin's concession to Wilt's superior height. Not in years has Baylor doubted that he can do anything on the basketball floor. This, perhaps, is the secret of his rapid advancement among the professionals. When you talk to him, his supreme confidence in himself is his most overwhelming characteristic. When you watch him driving for the basket and getting off

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his shot no matter who is in front of him, that same determination is translated into action.

To pinpoint the last moments when he experienced real doubts, Elgin must go back to his days as a schoolboy in Washington, D.C. He attended Phelps Vocational High School for two years, played on the school basketball team and earned all-high ratings both years; but he was discontented.

"Several times I wanted to quit school," he says, "and I finally did. I just left. I stayed out a whole year and worked as a kind of a checker in a furniture store. My mother and a cousin of mine kept trying to convince me that I was all wrong. Meantime, I was playing basketball with recreation center teams. Most of the boys were older than I, but I was doing well against them. My mother, who worked in the Department of the Interior, kept telling me that because I played ball so well I could get a chance to go to college if I went back to school."

Baylor makes no pretense now that he was any kind of a student. "My marks were lousy. I just didn't care," is the way he explains it. Nevertheless, he entered Spingarn High School after working for a year. His talent on the basketball floor attracted widespread attention. Honey Russell, then the coach of Seton Hall in Orange, N. J., confided to a friend at the time, "I've got the best high-school basketball player in the world, a kid from Washington." Ducey Moore, then Duquesne's coach, indicated his extreme interest in Baylor, but finally had to lose interest. "With his marks," Moore said, "nobody'll be able to touch him."

The College of Idaho, an institution of 480 students in Cardwell, Idaho, finally accepted Baylor, but almost as a blind item.

"A friend of mine, Warren William, from Dunbar High School was offered a football scholarship out there," Baylor said. "Then he wrote me to come out. I had no idea where I was going. I just wanted to go away from home, West if possible. Tell you the truth, the thing that worried me most was how I'd do in college; my grades, I mean."

At the end of Baylor's first year at Idaho, his coach, Sam Vokes, was dismissed. Several junior colleges and Portland were interested in hiring the coach. According to Baylor, Vokes asked him if he would be interested in leaving Idaho and following him. Baylor said he would.

"I got to like Sam as a person," Baylor said. "I was all set to go with him wherever he was going, when I received a letter from a Ralph Malone, a car dealer in Seattle. He wanted to know if I would be interested in seeing Seattle if I were leaving Idaho. I wrote him and told him I'd be interested in seeing the place."

Malone's brother-in-law flew to Cardwell in a private plane and transported Elgin to Seattle. The university impressed Baylor. Baylor impressed the university.

"I stayed for a weekend," Baylor said. "The coach, Al Brightman, and some of the players were there. I thought they were terrific. They'd had a 21-4 record that season. Then I played against some of them three and four to a side. I said to myself, 'Heck, I can make it here.' I knew right off I was better than them."

Baylor showed how much better when he almost singlehandedly made Seattle a contender for top national

seasons. Most basketball fans outside the northwest Pacific Coast area do not know, however, that Baylor actually was a student at Seattle during the 1955-56 season. He played ball, but not for the university. His first year in Seattle he played for an amateur team owned by Malone.

In the fall of 1958, Baylor left Seattle to play NBA ball with the Minneapolis Lakers. He was a year away from his college degree, but was eager to make money and marry Ruby, the girl who is now the mother of his year-old boy, Alan. Elgin knew that at that point, after two straight seasons as a dominating All-America, he could demand a considerable salary from the Lakers.

Bob Short, the Laker owner, has never had reason to regret it. From Elgin's first game, when he made his team's first six points, he felt he had it made.

"After my first shot," Baylor recalled, "I considered it as easy as college or school ball. Right then I knew I could go in this league. I thought to myself, 'I can make it.'"

But Baylor has done more than just make it. At the moment, there are many who consider him the best all-round basketball player in the world, certainly the most versatile offensive player in the game.

"For doing everything, Elgin's got to be the best," says Knick coach Carl Braun. "He can take the big man or the small one. Put a press on against the Lakers and it won't be Hot Rod Hundley or Jerry West who'll handle the ball; it'll be Baylor. Not even Bob Cousy can dribble the ball as forcefully as he and control it better. He can play inside or outside. He'll kill you off the offensive board because he has such a fine sense of timing for the rebound and the brute strength for the second effort. We used to concede him his outside shot. It wasn't too good. Now we can't concede him anything."

This last might be the clue to how Baylor has come on so fast this year where you can, in all conscience and authority, wonder whether you would select Baylor or Chamberlain if you were a coach and had your choice.

For example, a few hours before Baylor scored his 71 points, he had every right in the world to have been in bed, resting. Travel conditions in the NBA are almost spartan. There is little time for sleep in this demanding league unless it is done in the hours before a game.

But that very afternoon, Baylor was alone on the Madison Square Garden court. He practiced for 40 minutes. Why?

"My outside shot hadn't been going so well," he said. "I figured I needed some work on it."

That night Baylor's shots looked as though they had eyes for the basket. Those which did not go in were on the rim. It made a man who has been watching professional basketball from the days of the two-hand dribble appreciate anew that the only ceiling on scoring is the number of times the watch may tick through a game. These are a new race of men. They have swiftness, grace, strength and accuracy unmatched in our heritage. They have made basketball a new game in which one man scoring 100 points would not be incredible, simply another giant tremor in the big explosion.

THE MAKING OF A BASEBALL STAR

(Continued from page 41)

and to the rear, and both take the hard, flat cut of the line-drive hitter. "I hope they don't expect me to hit a lot of home runs in Boston," he said. "It's pretty tough for a lefthanded hitter in Fenway Park, but I expect to get plenty of doubles and triples. And I'll put a few into that right-field bullpen and over that short wall in left-center field. I'm not a pull hitter and I have good power to all fields."

Playing for Minneapolis in the class AAA American Association last year, Carl started slowly and then hit at a .400 pace in the last two months of the season. He ended up at .339, five points behind the league leader, Larry Osborne of Denver. It was a solid performance that meant even more than Carl's spectacular 1959 debut with Raleigh of the class B Carolina League.

In 1959 Carl had figured he was good enough to start his professional career in class A. He more or less proved it by hitting .377 for Raleigh, the highest Carolina League average in 11 years. As an indication of Carl's impact upon the league, consider that the second top hitter in '59 hit .313.

"I went there figuring the pitching would be no tougher than I had seen in semi-pro ball around Long Island," Carl said. "All I needed was to prove it to myself with one big day—one big splurge. I got that day in July and I was real hot all the rest of the way."

It usually takes from three to five years of minor-league seasoning before a player is ready for the big leagues. Yastrzemski has been able to cut that down to two because of a remarkable blend of talent and attitude. There is nothing of the prima donna about him, nor is he likely to dissipate his potential in night clubs and early-morning card games.

An incident last season perfectly illustrates the combination that makes Carl such a good bet for glory. In a game against Charleston, he made three hits, then approached manager Ed Popowski and asked for some extra batting practice. The manager blinked, saw that Carl wasn't kidding and granted the request. The next day, in a doubleheader with Charleston, Carl homered in each game to provide the winning margins in a pair of games won by a single run.

If there is any sort of chink in Yastrzemski's armor, it might be his lack of size. At five feet, eleven inches and 175 pounds, Carl is not built in the heroic, muscular mold of most sluggers. His problem has always been adding weight and not losing it. As a high-school and semi-pro player, his weight fluctuated between 150 and 165 pounds. At Raleigh the range was between 170 and 175 pounds, but at Minneapolis it dropped off alarmingly to 165 pounds and less.

"I just couldn't seem to get enough sleep or eat properly," he said. "I think it was the crazy-quilt American Association schedule that did it. We had a lot of long plane trips. We'd go from Minneapolis to Houston, then up to Omaha, back to Dallas and return home. I was never able to set up a schedule for myself, and I'm sure the loss of weight hurt my power. I know I didn't have the strength or snap that I had at Raleigh, and the statistics prove it."

At Raleigh Carl had 15 home runs and 102 runs batted in on 170 hits. But

at Minneapolis, despite 193 hits, he had only seven home runs and 69 runs batted in.

"I'd like to play at around 180 pounds," he said. "I weigh that in the off-season, but I always lose weight once I start training. I'm still filling out, though, and I should be adding more power as I get older."

For Carl Yastrzemski, the simple assurance of a regular job on a major-league team is not enough. He will never be satisfied with anything less than being the best. It is a drive that has been building up in him for most of his 21 years.

Carl was born on August 22, 1939, in Southampton, the plush "summer capital" of New York society. The Yastrzemskis, however, are from another world. Carl Sr. is one of a large colony of Polish-American potato farmers who grow their small, tasty spuds inland, away from the beach resorts. The potato farmers are hard-working, clean-living men who like to relax on weekends by hunting or fishing—or playing baseball.

The Bridgehampton White Eagle Club, a Polish-American fraternal group, sponsored a baseball team and most of its players were related to Carl either through the Yastrzemski or his mother's Skoneczny families. Carl Sr. was the team's best hitter and Carl Jr. was the little batboy.

The Bridgehampton Little League wasn't formed until 1952. By then young Carl was 12 years old—the maximum Little League eligibility age—but more than ready. His father and uncles had taught him well and Carl alternated between the pitcher's mound and the shortstop position, all the time contributing heavily with his bat, as his team won the Long Island championship.

Graduating to the Babe Ruth League the next year, he kept up the double duty and by 1955 his Bridgehampton team swept to the New York State and Middle Atlantic States championship. They were finally stopped by the Maryland champions, a team which impressed Carl chiefly because it included the two sons of former New York Yankee star Charlie Keller.

It figured that Carl would be a baseball star at little Bridgehampton High School, and he was. In four years, ending in 1957, he hit over .500 and pitched ten games without a defeat. In his last two games, he pitched a two-hitter and a no-hitter, striking out 34 men. But at Bridgehampton, Carl Yastrzemski is remembered chiefly as the best basketball player in the school's history. In his senior year, he broke the Long Island scoring record with 628 points in 22 games.

It wasn't until young Carl began burning up the sandlots of eastern Long Island as a semi-pro star that major-league scouts began taking an interest in him. One of the earliest and most interested was Frank (Bots) Nekola of the Red Sox.

Nekola first spotted him when Carl was a 16-year-old infielder for the Bridgehampton White Eagles and the Lake Ronkonkoma Cardinals. The youngster had a good arm but was only an average fielder, Nekola remembers. What impressed the scout then—and on every subsequent visit—was Carl's perfect, level swing.

Nekola sent the Sox a note on Yastrzemski and was told to keep an

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eye on the kid. There were other eyes looking, too. The Philadelphia Phillies and Baltimore Orioles were paying whopping bonuses to every good-looking prospect their scouts could corral. So were the transplanted Los Angeles Dodgers, whose scout, Tommy Holmes, calls Yastrzemski "the best prospect I ever saw on Long Island."

There were 14 solid offers, a couple of them ranging up to \$100,000 in bonus deals, when Carl finished high school in 1957. In the end, he accepted none, but took a baseball scholarship at Notre Dame.

"It was a tough decision to make," he said, "but I always wanted a college education and I always admired Notre Dame. When they offered me one of the three baseball scholarships they give each year, I felt it was too good an opportunity to pass up."

Carl moved into a dormitory, enrolled in the School of Commerce and played freshman baseball for the Fighting Irish in 1958. When he returned to Long Island to play semi-pro ball that summer, he found the scouts were still very interested in him—especially Bots Nekola. Carl was then the regular shortstop of the Lake Ronkonkoma team, having replaced his 41-year-old father, who moved over to third base.

Nekola watched both Yastrzemskis in 20 games that summer and sent back an interesting report to Red Sox farm director Johnny Murphy. It seems that while young Carl was hitting .345, his father—who once was offered a Dodger minor-league contract—was blasting at .455.

"I wonder if we're going after the wrong Yastrzemski," Murphy wrote back.

Carl still hadn't made up his mind when he returned to Notre Dame in September, but the Red Sox made their final—and successful—effort when he came home for the Thanksgiving holiday. Nekola brought Carl and his parents to Boston, where Murphy and general manager Joe Cronin went to work. The special treatment paid off.

"They were very frank with me," Carl said. "They didn't make any promises, and they told me that I would be better off playing full-time in triple-A ball than part-time with the Sox. In the end, there were four factors involved in my decision to sign with them: They had a good organization; I'd get a chance to play in the East, near home; I figured they wanted me to replace Pete Runnels; and they gave me an excellent bonus."

Estimates on the bonus have ranged from \$75,000 to \$125,000, spread over a five-year period. The previous record bonus paid out by the Red Sox was \$125,000 to pitcher Frank Baumann in 1952. Baumann finally began to produce last year—for the Chicago White Sox—so the Boston front office is understandably touchy about the subject of bonus boys. Most of theirs have been flops.

"I doubt if Carl is the highest-paid bonus player we ever signed," one official said, "but I guess you might say he received as much as any of them. I know I'd like to have his money."

Pete Runnels, the man Carl expected to replace, was—and still is—a second-baseman, so it was not surprising that the Red Sox detailed Bobby Doerr, the best second-baseman in Red Sox history, to teach the newcomer his craft the following spring in Florida. Carl preferred to play

shortstop, but quietly accepted the switch. Later he didn't complain at all about being moved to the outfield at Minneapolis.

"I thought at first I was a shortstop," he explained, "then a second-baseman. Now I like the outfield."

The important thing, as far as the Red Sox were concerned, was that he got settled somewhere. They had paid out all that money for a hitter, not a fielder, and they were quite willing to shuffle Carl until he found a position he could handle.

At Raleigh Carl started off slowly. For his first dozen games, he hit .240, but then his average began to climb. Carl retains some vivid impressions of that first season in organized baseball.

"The biggest thing was to get used to playing every day," he said. "In college and semi-pro ball, we played only once or twice a week and got plenty of rest between games. But Raleigh was completely different. We played most of our games at night and that turned our usual schedule inside out. We got to bed late and slept late. Breakfast was around 11 and the big meal was in the middle of the afternoon."

"After I got used to that, it was fun. The bus trips were actually enjoyable. The cities in the league were all close together, so we were able to go home every night. The people down there were great, too. But I didn't really learn anything new except how to conserve my energy. Playing every day, of course, gave me a lot of experience."

The distance down the right-field line in Raleigh is 386 feet, a highly respectable belt even by major-league standards. Carl struck more than half of his 15 home runs over the right-field wall. He won both the Most Valuable Rookie and Most Valuable Player Awards and the Red Sox proudly brought him to Boston after the Carolina League season had ended, to show him off to the Fenway faithful.

On September 11, before a game with Kansas City, Carl took batting practice with the "big team" and drove two balls into the right-field bullpen. Then, like a proud parent patting the baby on the head, the Red Sox sent Carl to Minneapolis, their top farm team.

Carl joined the Millers, replacing a drafted outfielder, just in time for the American Association playoffs of 1959. Manager Gene Mauch created a furor by using him in a playoff game against Omaha. The Omaha manager shrewdly said nothing until Yastrzemski singled in the winning run in the tenth inning. Then he protested, pointing out that the newcomer was ineligible for the Omaha series and wouldn't become eligible unless Minneapolis made the final round. The game had to be replayed the next day.

In the final series of playoff games, against Fort Worth, Carl played five games and hit .389. He went three-for-four in the second game, with three runs and two runs batted in. Minneapolis won the championship and then faced the International League champion, Havana, in the Little World Series.

"We played the first two games in Minneapolis and nearly froze," Carl said. "The league presidents got together and decided to play all the rest of the games in Havana. What an experience!"

"The stadium was packed with screaming fans every night, but the

games couldn't begin until the biggest fan of all—Castro—got there. Sometimes he was an hour late. Some of Castro's soldiers were always in the dugout, acting as guards or cleaning their guns."

Minneapolis lost the Little World Series, but Yastrzemski hit a creditable .278 in the five games he played. Minneapolis manager Mauch, who left the next spring to take over the Phillies, admired him.

"Carl showed great potential," Mauch said. "He has a lot of ability and he drives a ball hard. I'd say he has as sweet a swing as you'll find in baseball."

That winter Carl began swinging a leaded bat at Notre Dame; he also practiced running starts. Red Sox manager Billy Jurges invited Carl to Boston's spring training camp and openly speculated about moving him in at shortstop to replace the disappointing Don Buddin. Carl felt that his big moment had come.

It hadn't—at least, not quite. Jurges changed his mind when he got to camp and threw Yastrzemski into the second-base fight along with incumbent Runnels, Pumpsie Green and Ray Webster, all experienced men. There were plenty of lefthanded hitters on the squad and Carl played in only a few exhibition games. He made a couple of hits against the Cleveland Indians and San Francisco Giants, but he was finally sent down.

Carl's father had gone to Arizona with him and helped to smooth over the disappointment. So did Ted Williams, who had worked on Carl's hitting.

"Your swing is perfect," Williams said. "Don't you dare let anybody change it."

Back with Minneapolis, Carl found himself with a new position. The word had gone down from the Red Sox front office to make him into a left-fielder. The long search for Williams' successor was almost over. Yastrzemski didn't disappoint them.

On the day Charleston's erratic Ralph Lumetti threw a four-hitter against Minneapolis and struck out 15 men, Carl got a single and triple to

account for the winning runs. In a game with Houston, he drove in the tie-breaking run with an eighth-inning single and then protected the lead with a great catch. In August he launched a hitting streak that extended through 30 consecutive games and pushed his average from .321 to the final .339.

With two games of the season remaining, he led Osborne for the league batting title. But while Carl got four-for-nine in those games, Osborne went eight-for-ten and breezed home. Carl had to be satisfied with a trophy as top rookie of the American Association.

Carl Yastrzemski has turned his back on the minor leagues now. He is being tabbed as one of the top two or three rookies in both leagues even before he dons a Red Sox uniform. The prospect does not fill him with awe, nor does it make him nervous. He is a sincere young man who has always been completely honest with himself. All his life he has been priming himself to make it, and make it big, in the major leagues. Now that he is on the threshold of what could be a brilliant career, there is no false modesty in his attitude.

"I'm a family man now, with a wife and little daughter, but if I had to do it all over again, I think I'd do it the same way," he said that afternoon in Bridgehampton. "I wanted a college education, but I felt it was more important to start playing ball right away instead of letting those valuable years slip away. I still think I made the right decision. It will take me a few more years to finish college, but baseball will give me a chance to make the money and the contacts I'll need to go into business later."

How much later?

Carl Michael Yastrzemski, Jr., age 21, smiled and savored the question. "I'd like to keep playing as long as possible, at least 15 years," he said quietly. "Business sidelines will never be that important to me. I'm going to be around for a long time."

You never can tell about rookies, but Carl may just be right.

—■—

THE INCOMPLETE ALL-AMERICA

(Continued from page 47)

Franciscans at St. Bonaventure. Tom refused 35 offers and joined Sam a year later.

Tom and Sam led the Bonnies to a pair of successful seasons, and Tom has carried on alone with skill. Sam graduated in 1960 but was with the team as a visitor during the Holiday Festival tournament. Before the Ohio State game, Sam sat in Tom's room at the Hotel Manhattan, disputing the theory that Tom loafs on the court. "To say Tom loafs is another way of saying he doesn't care," Sam said. "It could never be true. Tom learned to care very early. Way back when we played for Franklin Douglas. We were in the elimination round of a citywide junior high school tournament and we were playing Cooper at a gym on East River Drive and 116th Street. We were losing by one point when the buzzer went off, ending the game just after Tom was fouled in the act of shooting. He had two shots to win and only needed to make one to tie it. He missed them both. The coach was furious. None of us kids had any

money and he wasn't about to give us the usual carfare. He made us walk home. The walk wasn't much but the humiliation lingered.

"Two years later, Tom was faced with the same situation. Only this time there wasn't a handful of kids watching and it wasn't a local gymnasium. We were playing Cardinal Hayes High School in Madison Square Garden and there were 8,000 people watching Tom. It was the semi-finals of a citywide tournament. This time Tom made both foul shots. Any guy who comes through in the clutch like that has to have guts. He can't be a loafer."

Most fans agree with Sam Stith. Some don't. The proof will come next season when Tom Stith faces the pros. His ambition is to play in the National Basketball Association, and incomplete ballplayers, whether they are college All-Americans or not, can't make it any more in the NBA. Tom Stith expects to make it—and a lot of people who know expect him to be around, as a star, for a long time.

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AN URGENT GOAL FOR SPORT'S NEW FRONTIER

THE NEWSPAPERS called it "Black Thursday" that hot summer day in Rome, 1960, when the United States lost two key Olympic events that it was clearly not supposed to lose—the 100-meter race and the high jump. Our best sprinters lost to a German; the greatest high jumper of all time, John Thomas, lost to two Russians. It was inconceivable that it should happen, but it did and the newspapers called it Black Thursday for the U.S. It was that, all right, but for reasons that go beneath the surface of any scoreboard, even an "unofficial" one as is used in the Olympics.

It wasn't the defeats themselves that hurt. After all, we have no right to expect the United States to remain omnipotent on the world scene. The other nations, recovering from the ravages of war, are catching up to us in athletics; and why shouldn't they? No, it wasn't that we lost those two events. It was that Black Thursday, to one observer at least, seemed symbolic of a general deterioration in our attitude toward sport. It seemed that the other athletes from other countries were working a little harder, were more dead serious about the accomplishment of goals. We were perhaps too confident, too cocky, inclined to let up. Nothing better exemplifies the fog that seemed to hang over the American team in the Olympics than the remark of the U.S. diving coach after his star woman diver had been beaten by an unknown German girl. "We didn't know anything about her," the American coach said. "If we knew she was that good, we would have really borne down."

That seemed to tell it all. Bear down when you have to, but only when you have to. Have we become a nation of goof-offs, of fat cats? Why is it that there are barely 400 legitimate major-league baseball players in the country today? Why is it that the new teams in the American League are saddled with yesterday's stars and tomorrow's (they hope)? Why is it that the Archie Moores and Ray Robinsons still are major men in boxing? Why has amateur tennis reached the lowest state in its history in this country? One reasonable answer is that we have had it too good, that among the

kids of today the hunger to excel has been lost. As one noted tennis coach put it, "The big problem today is that so many things are being done for the kids to keep them entertained, which don't require physical effort. They're driven to school. They watch television, put themselves in the place of the hero and just dream. It's being made easier for them all the time to sit and watch. The big problem is to develop their desire to use their muscles."

What has all this got to do with our special issue, "The New Frontier in Sport"? Simply this. There is indeed a New Frontier. There is a tremendous opportunity today—the greatest in our history—to make it on the professional level tomorrow. Professional baseball, football, basketball, tennis, golf

—all the sports—are expanding. But the ultimate success of this expansion will depend on the professional skills of the participants themselves. Thus the potential benefits in sport for boys and girls today are limitless.

One more thing must be said. Supposing you don't have the skills to become a sports hero. Will you be losing out? Certainly not. A person who learns the value of good physical condition as a youth will always retain that habit and benefit by it later in life. And the country will benefit, too. One of the most depressing facts of American life today is contained in two statistics: (1) that 40 percent of the youth called up for the draft between 1950 and '57 were turned down because of moral or physical deficiency; (2) in six tests of coordination 58 percent of the American children failed one or more of the tests while only 8.7 percent of European youngsters failed.

By the time you read this, the new administration in Washington may have put into effect a program which emphasizes that "all children should participate in sport." We are behind such a program 100 percent.

In the 20th Century, sport has been a way up the ladder. It takes boys up to their goals and dreams. It gives the underprivileged equality. It gives the poor boy wealth. On the edge of this new era, on the edge of this New Frontier, sport can do this now more than ever.

THE NEW FRONTIER IN SPORT



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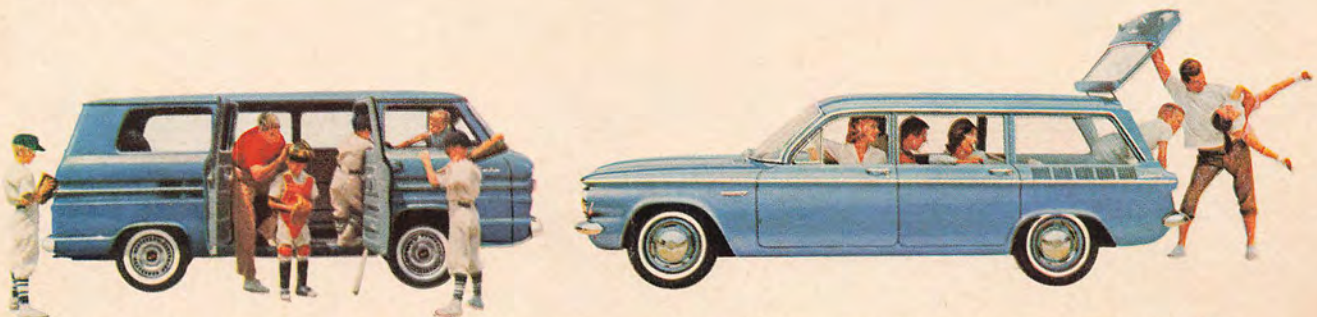
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